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THE

POETS AND THE POETRY

OF

THE ANCIENT GREEKS;

WITH

AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION,

AND A BRIEF VIEW OF

GRECIAN PHILOSOPHERS, ORATORS, AND HISTORIANS.

BY

ABRAHAM MILLS, A.M.

AUTHOR OF THE LITERATURE AND THE LITERARY MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND, ETC. ETC.



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TO
CHARLES KING, L.L.D.,

PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

This Volume

IS, AS A MARK OF GREAT RESPECT,

Inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IN offering to the public the following Lectures on Grecian Literature, the author would avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded, to express his unfeigned gratification with the flattering manner in which his recent lectures on the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland were received, and to assure the generous admirers of that work, that such unexpected commendation of his past labors are duly appreciated by him.

In the present volume the author has endeavored to present the result of many years' study and investigation in the department of literature to which it pertains, in a style sufficiently removed from antiquity to give to the subject all the freshness of which it is susceptible, or to which his own abilities are equal; and should he have failed to excite the sympathy and elicit the interest of his readers in the literary affairs of the great nation and the distinguished men of whom he treats, he will be constrained to feel and free to confess, that his failure is not attributable to a want of value in the materials at his command, but to a want of skill in the use he has made of them.

To avoid burthening and deforming his pages with the numerous authorities which he has consulted in the preparation of this work, the author deems it proper here to remark, that he has availed himself of every aid that the labors of previous writers on this subject, with whose works he is familiar, afford. Besides to *Plutarch*, *Athenæus*, *Suidas*, and many other ancient biographers and grammarians, the author acknowledges himself

particularly indebted to *Eschenburgh's Manual of Classical Literature*, *Müller's History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*, *Schlegel's Lectures on the Greek Drama*, *Browne's History of Greek Classical Literature*, *Mure's History of the Language and Literature of the Greeks*, *Peter's Poetry of the Ancients*, *Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, and *Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*. From the papers in *Cumberland's Observer*, on the *Comic Drama of Athens*, the author has also derived much valuable information, and obtained many gems of poetry very accurately and sweetly rendered into English. The poetical translations with which the work so extensively abounds are uniformly taken from authors whose reputation as translators, is established beyond peradventure; but as each translation will indicate the source whence it is taken, any farther reference here to the subject, would be superfluous.

With these brief remarks, the author sends forth to the world this second *literary* venture, fondly hoping that it may be wafted over the sea of public opinion by as favoring gales, and finally be moored in as safe a haven, as its predecessor.

GLOBE HOTEL, BROOKLYN, }
June, 1853, }

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Lecture the First.

INTRODUCTION.

OF all the countries of Ancient Europe, none was so advantageously situated as Greece. On the eastern side the *Ægean* sea, studded with islands, brought it into immediate contact with Asia Minor and the frontier of Phœnicia; and the voyage to Egypt, across the Mediterranean, though it afforded not so many resting places for the mariner, was neither long nor difficult. Towards the west, the passage to Italy was both short and easy, being interrupted only by the Adriatic.

This interesting country, according to information received from both sacred history and tradition, was peopled at an earlier period than any other portion of the western world. The first inhabitants were tribes of hunters and shepherds, whose earliest approaches to civilization were associations for mutual defence against the robber-tribes, and the Phœnician pirates, whose vessels swept the coast of the *Ægean*, to seize unsuspecting men and women, and reduce them to slavery. Of these tribes the Pelasgi were the most conspicuous, and the first that acquired any ascendancy in Greece. They were, doubtless, of Asiatic origin, and their earliest permanent settlements were Sicyon and Argos, both within the Peloponnesus. The former was founded about 2000 A.C., and the latter two centuries afterwards. Of the adventurers who formed the first of these settlements, Inachus, a contemporary of the Jewish patriarch Abraham, was the leader; but of his history nothing certain is known. From the Peloponnesus, the Pelasgi extended themselves northward to Attica, Bœotia, and Thessaly, under different leaders, and here learned to apply themselves to agriculture, and continued to flourish undisturbed until 1500 A.C.

The Pelasgi were followed by the Hellenes, a milder and more humane race, who first appeared on Mount Parnassus, in Phocis, under Deucalion, about 1433 A.C. Being, however, soon after driven thence by a flood, they migrated into Thessaly, and expelled the Pelasgi from that territory. From this period the Hellenes, who derived their name from Hellen, one of the sons of Deucalion, rapidly increased, and finally extended their

dominion over the greater part of Greece, dispossessing the more ancient race, who retained only the mountainous parts of Arcadia, and the land of Dodona. Numbers of the Pelasgi, thus driven from their own country, emigrated into Italy, and there laid the foundation of those Etruscan States which afterwards held so prominent a place in the history of that peninsula.

The Hellenic race soon became divided into four great branches—the Æolians, the Dorians, the Ionians, and the Achæans, each of which, in the historic age of Greece, was characterized by many strong and marked peculiarities of dialect, customs, political government, and we may, perhaps, add religion; or, at least heroic traditions, though these appear to be connected more with the localities in which they settled, than with the stock from which they sprung. Of these different races, the first and second received their names from Æolis and Dorus, two of the sons of Hellen, and the third and fourth from his grandsons, Ion and Achæus.

The attractive features of the Grecian territory becoming, about this time known throughout the more advanced nations of the east, many adventurers thence flocked thither, and, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the fourteenth century before the Christian era, established colonial settlements in the country. These colonists were chiefly from Egypt, Phœnicia, and Phrygia; and as they brought with them the improvements in arts and sciences that had been made in their respective countries, they greatly advanced the progress of civilization in Greece.

The first of these was an Egyptian colony from Sais, in the Delta, and was led by Cecrops into Attica, 1550 A.C. This prince is said to have brought with him, and introduced into the country, the institution of marriage and the first elements of civilization. A second colony, from Lower Egypt, was led by Danaëus, who fled from a brother's enmity, and settled in Argos, 1500 A.C. The fable of his fifty daughters is well known; but its historical foundation is altogether uncertain.

About the same time that Danaëus settled in Argos, Cadmus, a Phœnician, led a colony into Bœotia, and founded Thebes. To this adventurer the Greeks are indebted for the first introduction of alphabetical characters into their country. Phrygia also, the north-western kingdom of Asia Minor, contributed, at this time, her share towards the improvement of the Greeks. Pelops, a prince of that country, led a colony into Peloponnesus, 1400 A.C.; and though he did not acquire so large a kingdom as the other adventurers just mentioned, yet his descendants, by intermarriages with the royal families of Argos and Lacedæmon, acquired such permanent influence, that they became supreme over the peninsula, and gave it the name of their great ancestor.

But, notwithstanding the presence of these more enlightened settlers, several circumstances still contributed to impede the progress of Grecian civilization. The coasts of the country were temptingly exposed to the Phœnicians, the Carians, and the islanders of the Ægean, who at first

made the art of navigation subservient to piracy rather than commerce; and the Thracians, the Amazons, and other barbarous tribes from the north, made frequent incursions into the exposed Hellenic provinces. To resist these incursions, the celebrated Amphyctionic league was founded by Amphyction, a descendant of Deucalion; and the confederation thus formed was soon found to be so beneficial, that it gradually received fresh accessions, until it soon embraced the greater part of the States of Greece. The deputies to the council representing this league met semi-annually, and alternately at Delphi and Thermopylæ.

Greece was also, at this period, infested with bands of robbers, who deemed plunder an honorable profession, and some of whom exercised the most atrocious cruelties on their hapless victims. These freebooters eventually became so bold and desperate, as to render their destruction the only security for the prosperity of Greece; and the adventurers who acquired most fame in the contest that followed were Perseus, Hercules, Bellerophon, Theseus, and Castor and Pollux, whose romantic histories form a very large portion of that part of Grecian mythology which was of native origin.

In this early and uncertain period of Grecian history, the most celebrated events are the *Argonautic Expedition*, the *Theban Wars*, the *Siege of Troy*, the *Return of the Heracleidæ*, and the *Migration of the Ionians and Æolian Colonies to Asia Minor*.

What was the real nature, and what were the objects of the Argonautic expedition, it is very difficult to discover. It appears certain, however, that in the thirteenth century before the Christian era, a Thessalian prince, named Jason, collected the young chivalry of Greece, and sailed on an expedition, partly commercial and partly piratical, in a ship called the *Argo*, to the eastern shores of the Euxine sea. After a series of wild and romantic adventures, and many severe contests with the natives, the Argonauts succeeded in planting a colony in Colchis; and on their return, Jason, their leader and chief, brought Medea, a princess of that country, home with him to Thessaly. But though impenetrable darkness veils the nature of this expedition, there can be no doubt as to the consequences that resulted from it. From the era of the Argonauts, we discover among the Greeks not only a more daring and more enlarged spirit of enterprize, but a more decisive and rapid progress towards civilization and humanity.

Cadmus had no sooner given permanence to his new settlement in Bœotia, than he established at Thebes the worship of Bacchus; and the mythology of the country is full of the miseries and crimes that debased and eventually ruined the family of the founder of the State. Œdipus, the most remarkable of the descendants of Cadmus, having been removed

from his throne for an involuntary series of criminal acts, his sons, Etioeles and Polynices, seized the kingdom, and agreed to reign alternately. Etioeles afterwards refused to conform to the terms of the agreement; and Polynices being joined by six of the most eminent generals of Greece, commenced the memorable war of *The Seven against Thebes*. This event occurred 1225 A.C., and the result was entirely favorable to the allies. Etioeles and Polynices fell by mutual wounds, and Creon, who succeeded to the Theban throne, routed the confederate forces, five of whose leaders were left dead on the field. After the lapse of about ten years, the sons of the allied princes, called the Epigoni, marched against Thebes, to revenge the death of their fathers; and a sanguinary conflict ensuing, the Thebans were routed with great slaughter, their leaders slain, and their city captured. These wars rendered the Thebans, for a long time, odious to the rest of the Greeks; and we shall see that they repaid this hatred by infidelity to the Hellenic cause during the Persian war.

In a plundering expedition of the Pelopidæ to the Phrygian coast, a young prince named Podarces, was carried away captive, and detained until a large ransom was paid for his liberation. From this circumstance he was afterwards called Priam, or "the ransomed." At a subsequent period, Priam having become king of Troy, sent his son Paris, or Alexander, as an ambassador to the Peloponnesian princes, probably to negotiate a peace. By his winning address and other accomplishments, the young prince beguiled Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, of her affections, and conveyed her with some valuable treasures to Troy. The injured husband applied to his countrymen to aid him in seeking such redress as the outrage demanded, and a large army was accordingly raised by the confederate kings of the country, and placed under the command of Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus.

Troy was at this time the capital of an extensive and powerful kingdom, and possessed, besides its own subjects, many allies. It could muster, according to Homer, an army of fifty thousand men, while its walls were sufficiently strong to defy the imperfect machine then used in sieges, and its citadel was impregnable. Against this powerful kingdom the Greek princes undertook their expedition, with an army of one hundred thousand men, conveyed to the enemies coast in eleven hundred and eighty-six ships. These ships were very rudely constructed and fitted out, having only half decks, and using stones for an anchor: they were rowed by the common soldiers, and when they reached their destination, were hauled upon land, and many of them constructed into a camp. The war was protracted for ten years, during which many battles were fought under the walls of Troy; and the military weapons used were, in every respect, similar to those employed by the ancient Egyptians. The city was finally taken by stratagem, 1183 A.C., and razed to the ground,

—many of the inhabitants being slain or taken prisoners, whilst those that escaped were forced to become exiles in distant lands. The victors, however, suffered nearly as much as the vanquished; for during the protracted absence of the chiefs, usurpers, aided by faithless wives, and the rising ambition of youthful aspirants to distinction, seized upon many of their thrones, and obtained possession of their kingdoms. These circumstances necessarily led to fierce wars and intestine commotions, which again greatly retarded the progress of Grecian civilization.

The posterity of Pelops, as we have already observed, obtained by art and address the possession of the entire Peloponnusus, to the exclusion of the more ancient dynasties. Their most formidable rivals were the Perseidæ, who claimed through their ancestor, Perseus, the honor of a divine descent, and who could boast of having in their family such heroes as Perseus, Bellerophon, and Hercules. From the last of these heroes, a powerful branch of the Perseid family received the name of the Heraclidæ. They were dreaded by the Pelopid sovereigns, and hence were persecuted by them, and finally driven into exile. These exiles first repaired to Athens, where they were hospitably received, and for some time kindly entertained; but desirous of obtaining an independent abode, they retired to the mountainous district of Doris, and soon became masters of that wild and barren province.

Amid the Dorian mountains, which were ill calculated to satisfy men whose ancestors had inherited the fertile plains of the Peloponnesus, the Heraclidæ remained, awaiting an opportunity to regain possession of their ancient inheritance. The confusion with which the Trojan war filled all Greece, and to which we have just alluded, at length presented such opportunity; and appointing Naupactus, on the Corinthian gulf, as their rendezvous, they there met, and were soon joined by a body of Ætolians, and several of the Dorian tribes. Every circumstance now favored the enterprise. A prosperous gale wafted their armament to the eastern coast of the Peloponnesus—by secret intrigue a party was gained in Lacedæmon—Laconia was betrayed into the hands of the invaders—Argolis, Messenia, Elis, and Corinth, submitted to their authority—leaving, in the whole peninsula, only the mountainous district of Arcadia, and the coast province of Achaia, unsubdued. The revolution was complete; and though effected with little bloodshed, it was not without great oppression of the ancient inhabitants, many of whom migrated to other parts of Greece, while those who remained were reduced to the most abject slavery. The return of the Heraclidæ occurred about 1116 A.C.

The last of the great event, that distinguished the uncertain period of Grecian history to which our attention has hitherto been directed, was the establishment of the Æolian and Ionian colonies in Asia Minor. The motives which induced their migration thither, and the spirit of enterprise

and independence which they carried with them into their new settlements, soon raised them to the most commanding position. Their commerce, within less than a century, exceeded that of the parent state, and in learning and the arts they equally excelled. The earliest of the Grecian poets, Homer and Hesiod, and Thales and Pythagoras, their first philosophers, were all natives of the country.

The Æolian emigration occurred 1124 A.C. Passing out of the Peloponnesus, they first established themselves in Thrace, whence, after the first generation had passed away, they removed to Asia, and occupied the coast of Mysia and Caria, to which they gave the name of Æolia. They acquired possession, also, of the islands of Lesbos, Tenedos, and a large cluster of smaller islands in the vicinity. They erected on the main land twelve cities, of which Cymé and Smyrna were the chief. The latter city flourished in great splendor for over five centuries; but in 600 A.C. it was destroyed by the Lydians, and was not rebuilt until four hundred years afterwards, when it became an important and prosperous Macedonian colony. The Æolian cities maintained their independence until Lydia was conquered by Cyrus the Great, when those on the main land were reduced under the power of the Persian monarchy.

The Ionian migration took place 1044 A.C. about eighty years after the Æolian. It was the largest and most important migration that ever left Greece; and, very fortunately, many of the details of its history have been preserved. It originated in the abolition of royalty at Athens; the younger sons of Codrus, not being willing to live as private citizens, resolved to lead a colony into Asia, and there form a new settlement. They were readily joined by the Ionian exiles from the northern Peloponnesus, who were straitened for corn in Attica, and by large bands of emigrants from the neighboring States, who were not satisfied with the political state of things at home. With a liberal supply of ships and munitions of war, they set sail, and pursuing their voyage to Asia Minor, they landed on the coast south of Æolis. After a sanguinary struggle of many months, the barbarian natives were compelled to resign their lands to the intruders; and the Ionians thus acquired possession of the whole of the valuable district between Miletus and Mount Sipylus.

Having thus obtained possession of the country, the Ionians at once began to build cities, and soon built Ephesus, Erythræ, Clazomenæ, Colophon, Myus, Miletus, Priene, Phocæa, Lebedos, Samos, Teos, and Chios, all of which were united by an Amphictyonic confederacy. Of these colonies Miletus was the chief, though Ephesus was the most celebrated of the cities. The deputies from these colonies met in Amphictyonic council at stated times, in a temple of Neptune, erected on the headland of Mycale, and deliberated on all matters that affected the Ionian league; but the council never interfered with the domestic government of the several cities. They also celebrated festivals and public games, which rivalled, in magnificence, those of the parent country. In

the midst of their prosperity, the Ionian cities became involved in a long and arduous struggle with the kingdom of Lydia, which continued, almost without intermission, until both eventually became absorbed in the rising greatness of the Persian empire.

From the early condition of Greece to which our attention has hitherto been directed, and which may properly be called the first period of the history of that country, we now proceed to notice those events and incidents in her history, upon which more reliance can be placed. The origin of the kingdom of Sparta, and the institutions of Lycurgus, will first demand our attention; after which we shall briefly review the early history of Athens. This second period in the history of Greece embraces nearly five hundred years, and extends from about 1000 A.C. down to the final expulsion of Hippius, 510 A.C.

After the Heraclidæ, on their return into the Peloponnesus, had gained possession of the country, the associated princes divided the conquered provinces among themselves by lot. To the share of Aristodemus Laconia fell; and he, at his death, left the kingdom to his twin sons, Eurysthenes and Procles, who reigned conjointly; and from that time forward—1004 A.C.—Sparta was governed by two kings. During the two centuries that followed the accession of Eurysthenes and Procles to the throne of Sparta, the Spartans were engaged in tedious wars with the Argives, and their State was also agitated by domestic contests, resulting from the unequal division of property, the ambition of rival nobles, and the diminished power of the kings. In this emergency Lycurgus, in 880 A.C., obtained the superior power as guardian of his nephew Charelaus, and at once directed his attention to the establishment of a system of law, which would prevent the recurrence of such disorders.

The principal object of the institutions of Lycurgus, was to insure the continuance of the Spartans as a dominant military caste, by perpetuating a race of athletic and warlike men; and hence his laws referred rather to domestic life and physical education than to the constitution of the State, or the form of its government. To effect this important purpose, however, great skill and address were requisite; as the Spartan nobility, especially the youthful portion of them, were violently opposed to any change by which their power and influence would be curtailed. To gratify them, therefore, he retained the caste between the Spartans and Laconians, and the double line of kings as leaders in war and first magistrates in peace. But to restrain the power of the latter he instituted a senate of thirty members, to which the kings belonged, and over whose deliberations one of them presided; though with no more authority than the other members. To increase the authority, and add to the respectability of the senatorial body, no citizen was eligible to a seat in that body who did not sustain an unblemished character, and had not passed the sixtieth

year of his age. The court of the *Ephori*, though frequently attributed to Lycurgus, was not founded until about one hundred and fifty years after that legislator's death. The power of the ephori was entirely of a negative character, being very similar to that of the tribunes at Rome.

The domestic regulations which Lycurgus introduced into Sparta were of much more importance, and exerted a much greater influence over the community, than his public institutions. The first of these was the division of all the land of Sparta and Laconia into thirty-nine equal parts, and the appropriation of one of these parts to each of the citizens. He next banished the use of gold and silver money from the State, and introduced in its place an iron currency, so heavy and unwieldy as to be of no service in any other part of Greece. The third of his regulations was the division of all the citizens into families of fifteen persons each, and the arrangement of public tables, at which all, without distinction, were required to take their meals. Their food was of the simplest kind, and as private tables were unknown, every species of luxury was thus entirely banished from the Spartan community. Indeed, every arrangement of Lycurgus had a direct tendency towards the formation of a military commonwealth; and as no citizen was permitted to follow any trade or occupation of a domestic nature, these being confined exclusively to their Helots or slaves, their excessive leisure threw them constantly together in the porticoes, or other public places, where their entire time was passed.

Sparta, their capital city, was built on a series of hills, whose outlines were varied and romantic, along the right bank of the Eurotas, within sight of the chain of Mount Taygetum. It was not originally surrounded with walls, but the highest of its eminences served as a citadel; and round this hill were ranged five towns, separated by corridor walls, occupied by the five Spartan tribes. The great square or forum, in which the principal streets of those towns terminated, was embellished with temples and statues: it contained also the edifices in which the senate, the ephori, and other bodies of Spartan magistrates were accustomed to assemble. Here, also, the splendid portico, erected by the Spartans from their share of the spoils taken at the battle of Plataea, was placed. The roof of this portico, instead of being supported by pillars, rested on gigantic statues, representing Persians habited in flowing robes. On the highest of the eminences stood a temple of Minerva, which, as well as the grove that surrounded it, had the privileges of an asylum. It was built of brass, destitute of ornaments, and like most of the other public edifices of the city, had no pretensions to architectural beauty.

More than a century elapsed after the formation of the institution of Lycurgus, before the Spartans were brought in hostile contact with any of the neighboring Grecian States. At length, however, in 743 A.C., a war broke out between them and their neighbors, the Messenians, which, after a long series of sanguinary engagements, whose horrors were aggra-

vated by cruel superstitions, the Messenians were totally subdued, and compelled to surrender half the revenue of their lands to the Spartans. The victors used their triumph in the most offensively oppressive manner; until the Messenians, no longer able to bear the degradation of their servile condition, were driven to revolt. Aristomenes, the worthy Messenian leader in this second contest with the Spartans, was descended from the ancient line of Messenian kings; and so rapid and decisive were his successes, that the Spartans, in despair, sought the advice of the oracle, and received the mortifying response that they should solicit a general from the Athenians. Ambassadors were accordingly sent to Athens to urge this request; and the Athenians sent them the poet Tyrtæus, who, though he had frequently borne arms, had never distinguished himself as a warrior. With his patriotic odes he roused the spirit of the Spartan soldiers to the greatest height; but notwithstanding this advantage, Aristomenes found means to protract the defence of his country for more than eleven years; and when Messene was at length taken, it was taken by treachery, and not by force of arms. This event occurred 671 A.C.; and from that period Sparta remained in comparative peace until the Persian war, strengthening herself, and preparing for the conspicuous part she was destined to take in that great contest.

The kingdom of Athens is generally supposed to have owed its origin to Cecrops, an Egyptian, who landed in Attica about 1550 A.C., married the daughter of Actæus, king of the country, and at his death succeeded to the crown. He taught the people, who had hitherto led a wandering life, to use fixed habitations, divided them into four tribes, and instituted the celebrated court of Areopagus. The *political* history of the State does not, however, begin until the reign of Theseus, who succeeded his father Ægeus about 1300 A.C. He united the four independent districts or tribes into which Attica had been divided by Cecrops, into one body politic, and made Athens the seat of government. Among his successors the most distinguished were Amphictyon, the founder of the celebrated Amphictyonic council; Menestheus, who fell before Troy; and Codrus, whose generous devotion to the good of his country, in a war between the Athenians and the Heraclidæ, led to the total abolition of royalty.

The chief magistrate of Athens, after the abolition of royalty in 1068 A.C. was styled Archon; and of the family of Codrus, thirteen archons ruled in succession, differing from kings only in being accountable for their administration. The first of these archons was Medon, and the last was Alcmaeon; and after the death of the latter in 752 A.C., the duration of the office was limited to ten years; but the archons were still chosen out of the family of Codrus. Under this latter arrangement, seven archons succeeded each other; but the office finally ceased in 682 A.C. Thenceforward nine annual magistrates were appointed by the most powerful of the nobility, and selected not only from the descendants

of Codrus and such foreign princes as had taken refuge in Athens, but from those Athenian families which time and accident had raised to opulence and distinction. These changes brought, however, no advantages to the great body of the people, as the equestrian order, so called from their fighting on horseback, enjoyed all authority—religious, civil, and military. The Athenian populace were, in fact, reduced to a condition of the most miserable servitude—their lives and fortunes being left to the discretion of magistrates, whose usual decisions were in accordance with party prejudices or their own private interests.

Groaning under the weight of these oppressions, and observing, at the same time, the happy results of the recent institutions established by Lycurgus in Sparta, the people of Athens now demanded a new organization of their government. For this purpose Draco, a man of unswerving integrity, but of unexampled severity, was chosen in 622 A.C. to prepare for them a code of laws. His laws unfortunately, however, bore the impress of his own severe character,—inflicting the punishment of death upon every description of crime, whether small or great. But this indiscriminate cruelty rendered the whole code inoperative: human nature revolted against such legal butchery; and Draco, in order to avoid the public indignation, fled to Ægina, where he soon after died.

This ineffectual effort to establish a system of laws only encouraged the excesses of the aristocratic factions, whose oppressions produced a state of perfect anarchy, and excited the most violent indignation. To remedy these disorders Solon, a man eminently qualified for this important station, was, in 594 A.C. unanimously raised to the dignity of first magistrate, legislator, and sovereign arbiter of the State. Descended from the ancient kings of Athens, he applied himself in early life to commercial pursuits, and having by honorable industry acquired a competent fortune, he travelled in distant lands in search of knowledge. The eminence to which he attained was such, that he was reckoned the chief of those sages commonly known as the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Preparatory to the formation of his new constitution, Solon abolished all the laws of Draco, except those against murder. He next turned his attention to the relation between debtors and creditors,—abolishing the debts of the former, and, as an equivalent to the latter, raising the standard value of money. He next abolished slavery and imprisonment for debt, both of which had led to great abuses and cruelties. He still preserved, however, the ancient local divisions of society, by arranging the citizens into four classes, according to their respective incomes. The first class comprised all those citizens whose income, in grain, exceeded five hundred bushels; the second class, those whose income exceeded three hundred; the third, two; and the fourth, those whose yearly income fell short of that sum. The citizens of all classes enjoyed the right of voting in the popular assemblies, and in the courts of judicature; but magisterial offices were limited to the first three classes. Solon thus,

by the universal suffrage in the popular assemblies, restrained the excessive power of the aristocracy, and, at the same time, by confining the offices of state to the highest orders, prevented the introduction of a pure democracy.

The archonship Solon left as he found it; but introduced a clause into the condition of the election of these magistrates, prohibiting them from holding military command during the year of office. After the archons followed a council of four hundred, chosen from the first three classes, and possessing senatorial authority. The members of this council were selected by lot; but they were obliged to undergo the strictest scrutiny into their past lives and characters before they were permitted to assume their official functions. The archons were required by law to consult the council in every important public matter; and no subject could be discussed, in the general assembly of the people, which had not previously received the sanction of the four hundred. The popular assemblies were composed of all the four classes, and had the right of confirming or rejecting new laws, of electing the magistrates, of discussing all public affairs referred to them by the council, and of judging in all State trials.

But notwithstanding all the care with which Solon arranged the foregoing departments of the government, the court of Areopagus was still to be the chief pillar of the Athenian constitution. This court had hitherto been a mere engine of aristocratic oppression; but Solon modified its constitution, and enlarged its powers. It was now to be exclusively composed of persons who had held the office of archon, and was made the supreme tribunal in all capital cases. It was likewise intrusted with the superintendence of morals, with the censorship upon the conduct of the archons at the expiration of their office; and it had also the privilege of amending or rescinding the measures that had passed the general assemblies of the people.

Having thus completed his constitutional arrangements, and placed the magistrates in their respective positions, Solon left Athens, in order to test the stability of his institutions, when left to rest upon their own intrinsic virtue. For some time the most sanguine expectations of those who had intrusted him with the power of remodelling the government, seemed to be entirely realized; but, unfortunately, after Athens had enjoyed a few years of tranquillity, the restless and ambitious spirit of Pisistratus led him to subvert the laws of Solon, and usurp supreme power. Like Solon he was descended from the ancient kings of Athens, and, to add to his influence, had an enormous fortune, which he distributed amongst the poorer citizens with lavish munificence. His generosity, his eloquence, and his courteous manners, soon won for him universal favor; and taking advantage of his position, he persuaded the lower ranks of his countrymen that his popularity had rendered him odious to the nobility, and that the protection of a body-guard was necessary for the safety of his life. Scarcely had this protection been granted than he seized on the Acropolis, and made himself absolute master of the State.

The usurpation of Pisistratus took place 561 A.C.; and though it must be confessed that he acquired his power by wicked and illegal means, yet he exercised it with mildness and equity. During his whole administration of the government, he constantly exerted himself to extend the glory of Athens, and secure the prosperity and happiness of the people; and at his death, in 528 A.C., his sons Hipparchus and Hippias succeeded, without opposition, to his power. After reigning conjointly for fourteen years, Hipparchus was murdered by two young Athenians, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, whose resentment he had provoked by an atrocious insult. The death of his brother aroused the bitterest resentment of Hippias; and the cruelty with which he punished all whom he suspected of having had a share in his brother's death, alienated the affections of the people, and encouraged a strong party opposed to him, to make an effort for his expulsion. With this view they bribed the Delphian priesthood, and obtained a response from the oracle, commanding the Spartans to expel the Pisistratidæ from Athens. This expulsion occurred in 510 A.C.; and Hippias thenceforward lived in exile at the court of the King of Persia, and finally met, on the plains of Marathon, a more glorious death than his inglorious life deserved.

With the expulsion of Hippias, and the abolition of tyranny in Athens, the second period of Grecian history ends; and here it may be proper briefly to survey the aspect which the entire country now presents. Long previous to this period, however, we find the whole nation divided between two races—the Ionians and the Dorians; and these were distinguished from each other by some striking characteristics which were never entirely obliterated. The Ionians were remarkable for their democratic spirit, and consequent hostility to hereditary privileges. They were vivacious, prone to excitement, easily induced to make important changes in their institutions, and proud of their country and themselves. Without being destitute of martial vigor, their love of refined enjoyments made them early and diligent cultivators of the fine arts, and all those intellectual pursuits for which they afterwards became preëminent.

The Dorians, on the contrary, were remarkable for the severe simplicity of their manners, and their strict adherence to ancient usages. They preferred an aristocratic form of government, and required age as a qualification for magistracy, because the old are usually opposed to innovation. They were ambitious of supremacy, and the chief object of their institutions was to maintain the warlike and almost savage spirit of the nation. Slavery, in its worst form, prevailed in every Dorian State; and the condition of slaves was altogether hopeless, for it was the policy of Dorian legislation to fix every man in his hereditary condition. The difference, in fact, between the Ionians and the Dorians, is the chief characteristic of Grecian politics: it runs through their entire history, and was the principal cause of the deep-rooted hatred between Athens and Sparta.

In addition to the contrast between the Ionians and the Dorians, another marked feature in the political aspect of Greece was, that it contained as many free States as cities. Attica, Megaris, and Laconia, were civic rather than territorial States; but there were few of the other divisions of the country that were united under a single government. The cities of Achaia, Arcadia, and Bœotia, were independent of each other, though the Achaian cities were united by a federative league; and Thebes generally exercised a precarious dominion over the other cities of Bœotia. Where a supremacy actually did exist, as eventually in the case of Athens and Sparta, it included the right of determining the foreign relations of the inferior States, and binding them to all wars in which the capital engaged, and all treaties of peace which it concluded; but it did not allow of any interference in the internal administration of each government.

Various and conflicting, however, as were the policies and interests of the Grecian States, yet many circumstances still contributed to unite the whole Hellenic race by a common bond of nationality. Of these, the chief was a unity of religion—connected with which were the national festivals and games, in which the entire Hellenic race, but no others, were allowed to take a part. The Greeks evidently derived the elements of their religion from Asia and Egypt; but they soon made it so peculiarly their own, that it retained no features of its original source. All Asiatic deities symbolized some natural object, such as the sun, the earth, or an important river; or some power of nature, such as the creating, the preserving, and the destroying power. The gods of Greece, on the contrary, were human personages, possessing the forms and attributes of men, though in a highly-exalted degree. The paganism of Asia was consequently a religion of fear, and had a fixed priesthood; while that of the Greeks was a religion of love, and the priesthood was equally open to all. The latter regarded their gods as a kind of personal friends, and hence their worship was cheerful, and even joyous. That the religion of the Greeks received its peculiar form from the beautiful fictions of the poets, especially from those of Homer and Hesiod, there can be no doubt; for in all its features it is essentially poetical. The effect of this system was to beautify and perfect the fine arts, and to facilitate the progress of knowledge, by separating religion from philosophy.

The oracles of Dodona and Delphi, the temples of Olympia and Delos were national, and belonged to the whole Hellenic race. The responses of the oracles were more revered by the Dorians than by the Ionians; for the latter early emancipated themselves from the trammels of superstition. The worship in all was voluntary, and the large gifts emulously sent to them were the spontaneous offering of patriotic affection. Delphi was under the government of the Amphityonic council; but that council, so far from limiting its attention to the affairs of the temple alone, acquired, through its influence with the oracle, no small share in the affairs

of different States, and generally superintended the administration of their national laws, even at times when the States represented in it were at war with each other, or with a distant foe.

The four great public games of Greece—the Olympian, the Pythian, the Nemean, and the Isthmian—were another strong bond of union. At these games, though strangers and foreigners were welcomed as spectators, none but the Hellenic race could contend for the prize. This right belonged, however, to the colonies as well as to the parent States; and, as it was deemed a privilege of the highest value and the greatest importance, it preserved the unity even of the most distant branches of the great Hellenic race.

At the period to which our remarks have now brought us down, Greece was fully prepared for those wonderful developments both in arts and in arms, which the sequel of her history exhibits. The poetical nature of her religion, and the free constitution of her States, not only rendered her peculiarly favorable to the progress of literature, philosophy, and the fine arts, but gave these, in turn, a decided influence on the government. The poetry of Homer had been rendered familiar to the Spartans by Lycurgus, and to the Athenians by Pisistratus—the lyric and tragic poets began to produce their pieces in honor of the gods—the comic poets at Athens now commenced the discussion of public affairs on the stage with a freedom which, unfortunately, soon degenerated into licentiousness—and the influence of the Athenian orators rendered them the leaders of the State. The seeds of dissolution were, however, thickly sown in the whole social system of the Greeks; for the natural rivalry between the Dorian and Ionian races, was only briefly suspended, in consequence of the threatening aspect which the vast power of the Persian empire now assumed towards all Greece.

Darius Hystaspes, soon after he became firmly seated on the Persian throne, resolved to retaliate upon the Scythians, for an irruption which that rude people had made into the Persian dominions during the reign of his predecessor. With this view he advanced with a vast army to the banks of the Danube; and having thrown a bridge of boats over that river to facilitate the passage of his troops, he left the Ionian Greeks, and his tributaries from Thrace, to guard it during his absence. Miltiades, tyrant of the Thracian Chersonese, united with other Grecian leaders in the army, in a plan to destroy the bridge, and leave the Persian monarch to perish in the Scythian deserts. The design was, however, frustrated by the opposition of Histiaëus, tyrant of Miletus; and Miltiades, in disgust, retired to Athens, his native city, where he subsequently rose to the highest honors, while Histiaëus accompanied the monarch he had saved, to the court of Persia. Histiaëus soon discovered, however, that the very magnitude of his services exposed him to the most imminent danger;

and he therefore concerted, with his lieutenant Aristagoras, a plan for the revolt of all the Ionian colonies.

To secure the success of this attempt to free themselves from the Persian yoke, Aristagoras sought the aid of the Grecian States; and with this view he applied first to the Spartans, and afterwards to the Athenians. At Sparta he was coldly received; but the Athenians, having so recently expelled their own tyrant, at once favored the design, and accordingly fitted out twenty ships, which were afterwards joined by five from the small State of Eretria, for his assistance. The combined forces were, at first, entirely successful, having soon taken and plundered Sardis, the rich capital of Lydia; but Aristagoras did not possess the talents of a general, and he could not, therefore, keep the several divisions of his army together. The European Greeks accordingly returned home, and left their Asiatic countrymen exposed to the full vengeance of their merciless masters. Miletus was taken, its walls razed to the ground, and its citizens either massacred or reduced to slavery; and many of the smaller States suffered a similar fate. Aristagoras fled into Thrace, where he was murdered by the barbarians; and Histiaëus, after having been detained for a short time as a prisoner at Sardis, was publicly crucified, by order of the Persian satrap.

Incensed at the temerity, as he regarded it, of the Athenians and Eretrians, Darius now resolved, as a proper retaliation, to subdue all Greece; and preparatory to his invasion of that country, he sent ambassadors thither to demand, from the several States, the usual expression of homage—requiring also the Athenians to restore Hippias their exiled tyrant. Alarmed at the Persian power, all the States, except Athens and Sparta, at once proffered submission; but those noble republics sent back a haughty defiance, and fearlessly prepared to encounter the whole strength of the Persian empire.

Darius, in 493 A.C., and seven years after the Ionian revolt, having prepared a vast armament, intrusted its command to his son-in-law Mardonius, who soon subdued the island Thasus, and the kingdom of Macedonia; but his fleet, while doubling Mount Athos, was shattered by a violent storm, during which three hundred vessels were dashed to pieces against the rocks, and twenty thousand men perished in the waves. Undismayed by the disastrous termination of this first expedition, Darius prepared, in 490 A.C., a second and more powerful armament, over which he placed his two best generals, Datis and Artiphernes. The fleet arrived safely at the island of Eubœa, and the army, consisting of over five hundred thousand men, and conducted by the exiled Hippias, passed thence to the plains of Marathon, within forty miles of Athens, and there encamped.

The Athenians, in this emergency, armed to a man; but their whole force consisted of only ten thousand citizens, and twenty thousand slaves

—this unusual extremity requiring, for the first time, the military services of the latter. The little city of Plataea sent an auxiliary force of one thousand men; but the Spartans, yielding either to superstition or to jealousy, refused to march before the full of the moon. Miltiades, who was now the principal commander of the Athenian forces at once led his little army to Marathon, and formed his lines at the foot of a hill which protected his rear and flank; while his left was secured by an extensive marsh, and his front, by trunks of trees, strewn for some distance, to break the force of the Persian cavalry. The Athenian citizens occupied the right, the Plataeans the left, while the raw levies of slaves were stationed in the centre. The Persian generals saw the advantages of this position; but confident in their superior numbers, they, notwithstanding, gave the signal for battle. The Greek centre, as Miltiades had anticipated, gave way as soon as it was pressed by the Persians; but as the two wings of the army had repulsed their opponents, they wheeled round, attacked the enemy in their flanks, and soon rendered their victory complete. The Persians, in confusion, rushed to their ships, and soon after took advantage of a favoring gale, and returned to Asia.

The gratitude of the Athenians towards Miltiades, for this signal victory, was unbounded. They erected numerous statues to his memory, and caused a magnificent picture to be painted, representing him at the head of his army, rushing into the midst of the conflict. But the volitle Athenians soon forgot their debt of gratitude to him for his eminent services. Being unsuccessful in a subsequent expedition to relieve some of their distant allies, he was accused of having received a bribe, convicted upon doubtful evidence, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine. As presumptive evidence of his innocence, the fine was entirely beyond his ability; and he was therefore thrown into prison, where he soon after died of his wounds.

Fortunately, notwithstanding her ingratitude to Miltiades, Athens still possessed two other citizens who had shared with him the glories of Marathon, and who were fully competent to wield the power which he had previously possessed. Those citizens were Themistocles, the most able statesman, and Aristides, the most virtuous patriot of Greece. The rivalry between them was, however, intense; and in the course of their struggle for power, Aristides was condemned by ostracism to banishment. Themistocles himself, however, soon perceived that he needed his wise counsels; and he, therefore, on the first emergency, successfully moved that he should be recalled. From this time their active rivalry ceased, and Themistocles, now supreme in authority, thenceforth directed all his efforts towards improving the Athenian naval power; and he finally succeeded in securing for his country the complete supremacy of the Grecian seas.

The death of Darius, which soon followed the overthrow of the Persian

army at Marathon, protracted, but did not end the war. Xerxes, his son and successor, renewed hostilities with a fixed resolution of overwhelming the whole of Greece. With this view he collected an army, which, after making every allowance for the exaggerations of ancient historians, was doubtless the most numerous ever assembled. From Susa he marched to the Hellespont; and having crossed the strait upon a bridge of boats, he poured down through Thessaly to the pass of Thermopylæ, where he was surprised to find Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with a small army of eight thousand men, prepared to defend the passage. The haughty Persian immediately sent a herald, commanding Leonidas and his companions to surrender up their arms; and was maddened to frenzy by their contumelious reply, 'Come and take them.' After many ineffectual attempts to break the Grecian lines, all of which were repulsed with great slaughter, Xerxes was about to retire in despair; when the treachery of Ephialtes, a Trachinian deserter, revealed to him a secret path that led to the top of the mountain, and by which a detachment of his army could reach the Grecian flank. Leonidas, perceiving that open resistance would now be fruitless, advised his allies to retire to their homes; but, as he and his Spartan associates were forbidden by law to abandon their posts, they resolved to remain and show the enemy the spirit, at least, of the foe with whom they had to contend. Planting themselves in the upper part of the pass, to receive the multitudes by whom they were surrounded, they fought with the energies of despair, until they sunk, exhausted rather than vanquished. About the same time the Greeks obtained a signal victory over the Persian fleet near Artimisiu; but this triumph was rendered fruitless by the loss of the pass of Thermopylæ.

Themistocles, after the naval engagement near Artimisiu, persuaded the allies to concentrate their combined fleet, consisting of three hundred and eighty sail, in the Saronic gulf, near the island of Salamis; and Xerxes, having passed Thermopylæ, entered Phocis, and sent a detachment of his army to plunder and destroy the temple of Delphi. These were met by the enraged Phocians, who attacked them with such determined energy that only a miserable remnant of them escaped to the Persian camp. The main body of Xerxes' army was, however, more successful. Having taken and destroyed the cities of Thespiæ and Plataea, they advanced without farther resistance upon Athens; and the Athenians, conscious of not being able to resist the vast numbers of the enemy, abandoned their beloved city—those who were capable of bearing arms retiring to the island of Salamis, and those whom age or sex rendered unfit for war, to the hospitable city of Trœzene. Athens was entirely demolished; and Xerxes now, in the pride of success, resolved to annihilate the last hopes of the Greeks in a naval engagement. With this view he directed his whole fleet, consisting of twelve hundred sail, to enter the Saronic gulf, and blockade the Grecian fleet, as it lay at anchor in the harbor of Salamis. This was precisely what Themistocles had

anticipated; and in the engagement that immediately followed, Xerxes had the mortification to see, from the rocky eminence of Ægaleas, his magnificent navy utterly annihilated.

With the battle of Salamis, Xerxes' personal schemes with regard to the conquest of Greece terminated, and he therefore returned at once to Asia; but that he might not seem to relinquish the design of subduing the country, he left Mardonius, with an army of three hundred thousand men, to prosecute the war. These were met in the following year by the combined army of Greece, under the command of Aristides of Athens, and Pausanias of Sparta; and a battle ensued, near the city of Plataea, which ended in the total defeat of the Persians, leaving but forty thousand of them to escape from the field of carnage, under Artabazus, by the way of the Hellespont, into their own country. On the same day another equally important victory was gained by the confederate fleet, commanded by Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, and Leotychides, one of the kings of Sparta, at Mycale, on the coast of Asia Minor.

The vast treasures which the Greeks obtained from the Persian camps, as the fruits of these two last victories, required the selection of some individual into whose custody they might be placed; and the pure and exalted character of Aristides, for which he had already obtained the title of 'The Just,' at once turned the eyes of all Greece upon him for this important trust. In this honorable position he passed the few remaining years of his life; and such was the integrity with which he discharged the duties of public treasurer of the Grecian confederacy, that at his death he did not leave the means of defraying his own funeral expenses.

Immediately after the battle of Plataea, the Athenians returned to the city, and Themistocles, at the head of the government, rebuilt its defences, fortified the harbor of the Piræus, and joined it to Athens by what were called 'the long walls.' The glorious career of this great leader was, however, soon after unhappily terminated. Pausanias, the Spartan commander at the battle of Plataea, being dazzled with his recent success, and ambitious of reigning over all Greece, opened a correspondence with Xerxes, and proposed to that monarch to make him master of Greece, on condition that he would place him as his satrap over the country, and give him his daughter in marriage. The terms were accepted by the Persian king; but before the plan could be matured, the plot was discovered; immediately after which, Pausanias was brought to trial, condemned, and shut up in the temple of Minerva, where he was allowed to starve to death. Irritated at this disgraceful conduct in one of their principal leaders, and jealous of the increasing glory of the Athenians, the Spartans basely charged Themistocles, though without a shadow of evidence, with being one of Pausanias' accomplices. Themistocles was, accordingly, tried by ostracism, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' banishment. After wandering for

some time through the northern states of Greece, he finally took refuge at the court of Persia, where he was hospitably entertained for a number of years; but at length, wearied with his absence from his beloved Athens, he terminated his life by poison.

The death of Aristides, in 468 A.C., and the banishment of Themistocles, a little before, left Cimon, the son of Miltiades, the chief command of the combined naval force of Greece; and pursuing the Persian fleet, which still lingered in the Eastern seas, he came up with it off the coast of Cyprus, and there gained as signal a victory as that of Salamis. The Persian army was, meantime, encamped on the Asiatic coast, near the mouth of the river Eurymedon, and thither Cimon at once hastened, having dressed his men in the vestures and arms of his prisoners. The attack was so sudden and unexpected, that the enemy were thrown into the utmost confusion, and before they could recover themselves, their destruction was completed. These two victories induced the Persians to sue for peace; and in the treaty which followed, it was stipulated that the independence of the Greek cities of Lower Asia should be restored—that no Persian vessel should appear between the northern extremity of the Thracian Bosphorus, and the southern promontory of Lysia—that no Persian army should come within three days' journey of the sea-coast; and that the Athenians should withdraw their fleets and armies from the island of Cyprus. This treaty was made 449 A.C., and thus gloriously were terminated the Persian wars, which, from the burning of Sardis, had lasted, with little intermission, fifty-one years.

Cimon died immediately after the battle of Eurymedon, and left Pericles, who had long been associated with him in power, without a rival in the State. A disastrous earthquake, in which one hundred and twenty thousand citizens perished, and which overwhelmed Sparta itself, occurred about the same time in Laconia; and by this means Athens became the supreme power in Greece. The city itself, under the splendid administration of Pericles, rose to unparalleled magnificence; but as the ambition of that great leader knew no bounds, the smaller States were taught to feel their dependence, and even to groan under the weight of the oppressive yoke which they were compelled to bear. The necessity of union between the leading States of Greece, having also been removed by the close of the Persian war, the old animosities between the Dorian and the Ionian races were once more revived, and only waited for a suitable occasion to break forth into open hostility. A quarrel between the Corinthians and the Coreyrians at length afforded such an occasion; and hence, in 431 A.C., commenced the Peloponnesian war. Sparta had, by this time, recovered, in a great measure, her former strength, and become the leader of the Dorian States, whilst Athens commanded the sea, and embraced in her alliance all the Ægean islands. The contest lasted,

with only occasional intervals, for twenty-seven years, and finally ended in the total prostration of the Athenian power, at the fatal battle of *Ægos-potamos*, 406 A.C., and the occupation of Athens by a Spartan garrison two years afterwards.

Sparta, in her turn, now became the ruling power in Greece, and her first act of oppression, after demolishing the walls of the city, was to place over Athens her former rival, the government of 'the thirty tyrants.' The severity and injustice of their administration soon, however, brought about their own overthrow; for *Thrasybulus*, a worthy patriot, joined by a small band of resolute associates, in 403 A.C., expelled the tyrants, and restored the liberty of his country. But the Athenians were not prepared to profit by the advantages thus obtained; for though *Conon* soon after regained for his country the ascendancy at sea, and rebuilt the long walls of Athens, the spirit of *Miltiades* and *Themistocles*, of *Aristides* and *Cimon*, and even of *Pericles*, had passed away; and Athenian degeneracy was soon after confirmed in the mock trial and judicial murder of *Socrates*, the most worthy of their citizens, and the prince of their philosophers.

In 383 A.C., just twenty years after the expulsion of the tyrants from Athens, a Spartan army, under the command of *Phœbidas*, one of their generals, seized the citadel of *Thebes*, during a profound peace, and placed within its walls a Spartan garrison, under whose protection an oligarchy of traitors reduced the city to the same misery that Athens had endured under 'the thirty tyrants.' The chief of Theban patriots fled from the city; and *Pelopidas*, one of the number, stimulated by the recent example of *Thrasybulus*, concerted, in 378 A.C., with *Epaminondas*, who remained in *Thebes*, a bold plan for the liberation of their country. The most licentious of the tyrants were invited by a secret partizan of the patriots to a feast; and while they were heated with wine, the conspirators entered the house where they were assembled in disguise, and slew them in the midst of their debauchery. The rest of the traitors, alarmed at the fate of their associates, either fled from the city, or perished in a similar manner. A war between *Thebes* and *Sparta* immediately followed, and the Thebans entrusted the conduct of their armies to the two noble patriots who had delivered them from Spartan oppression. *Pelopidas* first took the command, and in the campaign which followed, he won two splendid victories of *Agésilas*, the Spartan king—the one at *Tinagra*, and the other at *Tegyra*—though in the latter conflict he had to encounter a vast disparity of force.

The immediate effect of these two victories was to check the pride and to curb the arrogance of the Spartans; and hence, during the four or five years that followed, negotiations and conventions employed the principal portion of their time. But in the spring of 371 A.C. both armies

again took the field—the Spartans under the command of Cleombrotus, and the Thebans led by Epaminondas, who, according to Cicero, was the most accomplished general that Greece ever produced. They met on the memorable field of Leuctra, and the victory of the Thebans was decisive, Cleombrotus himself being left among the slain. The consequences of this battle were more important than the victory itself; for the States previously under the yoke of Sparta began at once openly to aspire at independence. The ascendancy of Thebes was now universally acknowledged throughout Greece; but no other memorable action occurred until 362 A.C., when the two hostile armies once more met near the wealthy city of Mantinæa. Agesilaus in person led the Spartans, while the Thebans were again commanded by Epaminondas. The overthrow of the Spartan army was complete; but the death of Epaminondas, who fell in the early part of the action, deprived the Thebans from reaping any particular advantages from their victory, and a general peace was effected during the following year.

After the battle of Tegyra, Pelopidas, in 368 A.C., was sent by the Thebans to mediate between Ptolemy of Alorus, and Alexander the Second, King of Macedonia; and in order to insure the observance of the treaty entered into between those monarchs, he took Philip, the youngest son of Alexander, to Thebes as an hostage. Here the young Macedonian prince, then in the fifteenth year of his age, became intimate with Epaminondas, and from that great commander thoroughly learned the art of war. The general peace that followed the battle of Mantinæa left Philip free to return to his native country; and soon after his arrival in Macedonia he succeeded, in 359 A.C., his brother Perdiccas, to the prejudice of his nephew Amyntas, upon the throne. The first few years of Philip's reign were occupied in wars with the Illyrians and other nations that surrounded his kingdom; but having closed these wars, he was invited, in 352 A.C., by the Thebans, to aid them against the Phocians.

As Philip had long sought a pretext for interfering in the affairs of Greece, he obeyed the summons of the Thebans with alacrity, utterly routed the Phocians, and obtained their place in the Amphictyonic council. A few years after he seized the pass of Thermopylæ, and thus secured to his armies the free ingress and egress of the countries which it separated. The Athenians, urged by the burning eloquence of Demosthenes, now took the alarm, and joined by the Thebans, determined at once to dislodge him. The fated battle of Chæronia, in which the Macedonians were completely triumphant, soon followed, and from that period the independence of the Grecian States forever ceased. A general convention of the Amphictyonic council was held at Corinth in 337 A.C., at which Philip was chosen captain-general of confederate Greece, and appointed to lead their united forces against the Persian empire. He was, however, in the following year, murdered by Pausanius, a young Macedonian

nobleman, in revenge of a private insult, while celebrating the marriage of his daughter, and was succeeded by his son Alexander.

Alexander, deservedly surnamed the Great, succeeded to the throne at the early age of twenty; but so thoroughly had he been educated by the philosopher Aristotle, that his mind was in full maturity. After subduing the Illyrians, the Thracians, and other barbarous tribes of the north, he appeared so suddenly in Greece, that a general consternation prevailed throughout the whole country. All at once submitted, and the different States were hurried into convention on the Isthmus of Corinth, and the appointment of captain-general previously conferred upon his father, was at once bestowed upon him. Impetuous in action as well as in temper, he delayed not a moment to carry into effect the great design of his father, of invading and subduing the Persian empire. With this view, leaving the government of Greece and Macedonia to Antipater, one of his generals, he crossed the Hellespont in the spring of 334 A.C., and at the head of an army of thirty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry, he commenced a career of conquest which, for brilliancy in its results, has had no parallel in the history of the world. He met Darius successively on the banks of the Granicus, in the pass of Issus, and on the plains of Arbela, and at the close of the last action which was fought 331 A.C. the whole Persian empire lay prostrate at the conqueror's feet. In the meantime Alexander had destroyed Tyre and subdued Egypt; and now he prepared to march into India. Equally successful in his eastern campaign, he, at its close, in 325 A.C., returned to Babylon, intending to make that city the seat of his vast empire. But all his schemes were frustrated by his premature death, which occurred on the 28th of May, 324 A.C., less than thirteen years after he commenced his wonderful career.

For twenty-three years after Alexander's death, nothing but contentions and conspiracies prevailed throughout the empire—each of his generals striving for the ascendancy over the rest. At length, in 301 A.C., the decisive battle of Ipsus was fought, and as the result of that action, the dominions of Alexander were divided between Ptolemy of Egypt, Seleucus of Upper Asia, Lysimachus of Thrace, and Cassander of Greece and Macedonia. Greece still maintained a precarious existence for about one hundred and fifty years; but by the battle of Pydna, which was fought 148 A.C., and the destruction of Corinth two years afterwards, the whole country was reduced to the form of a Roman province, under the name of Achaia.

We have thus rapidly sketched the *physical* and *moral* character of the Greeks—their *intellectual* character will form the subject of the following lectures.

Lecture the Second.

HOMER.

HAVING, in the last lecture, closed our remarks upon the history of Greece, we now proceed to the consideration of Grecian poetry.

The origin of poetic numbers is found in a desire to reduce specific ideas to a definite form; hence Minos and other ancient sages composed their laws in verse. The effusions of all the early bards of Greece were doubtless of the same nature. In the heroic ages, the deeds of real personages formed the burthen of the poet's song; and for this reason their names became sacred, and their memories were immortalized. Of these bards, such as Linus, Orpheus, and Musæus, little else is known than their names; and to determine the time at which they flourished, was a matter of as much difficulty two thousand years ago as it is at present. We therefore pass over these earlier poets, and proceed at once to notice Homer, emphatically the father of Grecian poetry.

Of this remarkable character we have so little definite knowledge, that all would seem a matter of mere conjecture, were it not that Herodotus has left us, in his great historical work, something that approaches to a regular history of the poet's life. The authenticity of this narrative has, however, been so frequently called in question, that it would be an act of weak credulity to depend upon it, had not Strabo, the eminent ancient Geographer, not only regarded it as an authentic biography, but even quoted it as authority in his own works. From this account of Homer we collect the following particulars:—

Menalippus, of Magnesia, in Asia Minor, married the daughter of Homyres, of Cumæ, a neighboring town. From this marriage sprung Critheus, an only daughter, who had the misfortune to be early left by her parents an orphan. The little property that her father had possessed was committed to the care of a magistrate of her native place, who was also a personal friend, and who assumed towards her the character of a guardian. Neglecting, as is often the case with guardians, his important charge, Critheus imprudently contracted an early marriage with a youth who proved entirely unworthy of her affections. His death, how-

ever, which occurred a few months after their marriage, released her from the unhappy connection; and having been for some time previous neglected by her family and friends, she resolved to leave her native place, and settle in Smyrna, an Ionian city, then recently founded. Dependent entirely upon her own exertions for the means of subsistence, Critheus turned her attention to the spinning of wool, a respectable and an honorable employment for females in her situation. She had not resided long in Smyrna before she gave birth to a son, whom she named Homer, in honor of Homyres, his maternal grandfather. This event occurred 920 A.C. Having now an additional motive to exertion, and a new incentive to propriety of conduct, she demeaned herself so discreetly as to elicit very general admiration; and Phemias, a teacher of literature, whose residence was near her own, observing her daily deportment, and being pleased with its consistency, invited her to take up her abode in his house, and employ herself in spinning the wool which he was accustomed to receive from his scholars as compensation for their instruction.

Critheus had resided but a short time in the house of Phemias before the same discreet conduct which she had hitherto observed, induced him to place the entire management of his household affairs into her hands; and the constant intercourse between them, which necessarily followed, soon ripened into a settled affection, and their marriage was the immediate consequence. Having married the mother, Phemias, of course, adopted the son; and Homer, as soon as his age would permit, was introduced to the school of his step-father, and there enjoyed all the advantages of a liberal education. In this situation he remained until the sixteenth year of his age, soon after which he had the misfortune to lose both his parents, and was thus left, before he had attained his eighteenth year, to depend upon his own resources for his future subsistence. His education being ample, and his talents of the most commanding order, he had already drawn forth the approbation, and even excited the admiration of all Smyrna; and a general desire was therefore expressed that he would assume the charge of the school, and continue to conduct it upon its former principles.

Previous to the death of his parents, Homer had given an earnest, by the composition of some minor poems, of that remarkable poetic genius which afterwards immortalized his name. He had written, among others, a hymn to Apollo, which has descended down to the present period. This hymn is so extraordinary a production that we deem it necessary to introduce an extract from it in this early part of our narrative of the author's life:

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Far-darting Phœbus of the flowing hair
Down from the broad-track'd mountain passed, and all
Those goddesses look'd on in ravish'd awe;

And all the Delian isle was heap'd with gold,
So gladden'd by his presence, the fair son
Of Jove and of Latona. For he chose
That island as his home o'er every isle
Or continent, and loved it in his soul.
It flourish'd like a mountain, when its top
Is hid with flowering blossoms of a wood.
God of the silver bow, far-darting King!
Thou, too, hast trod the craggy Cynthus' heights,
And sometimes wander'd to the distant isles
And various haunts of men; and many fanes
Are thine, and groves thick set with gloomy trees:
Thine all the caverns, and the topmost cliffs
Of lofty mountains, and sea-rolling streams.
But still, oh Phœbus! in the Delian isle
Thy heart delighteth most. Th' Ionians there
In trailing robes before thy temple throng,
With their young children and their modest wives;
And mindful of thy honor charm thee there
With cestus combats, and with bounding dance,
And song, in stated contest. At the sight
Of that Ionian crowd a man would say
That all were blooming with immortal youth:
So looking on the gallant mien of all,
And rrvishing his mind while he beheld
The fair-formed men, the women with broad zone
Gracefully girt, their rapid-sailing ships,
And pomp of all their opulence; and more
Than all, that mightier miracle, whose praise
Shall still imperishable bloom, the maids
Of Delos, priestesses of him who darts
His rays around the world. Apollo first
They glorify with hymnings, and exalt
Latona's and the quiver'd Dian's name.
Then in their songs record the men of old,
The listening tribes of mortals; for their voice
Can imitate the modulated sounds
Of various human tongues, and each would say
Himself were speaking. Such their aptitude
Of flexile accents, and melodious speech.
Hail, oh Latona! Dian! Phœbus! hail!
And hail, ye charming damsels, and farewell!
Bear me hereafter in your memories;
And should some stranger, worn with hardships touch
Upon your island and inquire, "What man,
Oh maidens! lives among you as the bard
Of sweetest song, and most enchants your ear?"
Then answer for us all, "Our sweetest bard
Is the blind man of Chios' rocky isle!"

The reputation which Homer's poetry gave him, together with the distinguished ability with which he conducted his school, attracted the atten-

tion, and elicited the admiration, not only of the citizens of Smyrna, but of all strangers whose business or pleasure might lead them to visit that city. Indeed, so great was his fame, that the purposes of a visit to Smyrna were scarcely considered attained, unless an interview with the distinguished young bard had been enjoyed. Amongst others, whose pursuits brought them at this time to Smyrna, was Mentès, a shipmaster of Leucadia. Being himself a man of genius and attainments, and also of an enthusiastic temperament, he sought the acquaintance of Homer; and the similarity of their tastes soon induced in them a very strong personal attachment for each other. Homer had already conceived the idea of writing the *Iliad*, the subject of which had long been familiar to his countrymen—many of the incidents having, doubtless, already been celebrated in poetic numbers. With an invitation, therefore, from Mentès, when he was preparing to leave Smyrna, to accompany him in his future voyages, Homer at once complied, as it would afford him an opportunity to visit those places, the description of which the *Iliad* would necessarily embrace. Preparations being accordingly made, and the time fixed for their departure having arrived, they embarked from Smyrna for Egypt—touching, as they passed, at the various Grecian islands and ports which lay in their way thither. In Egypt they remained a sufficient length of time to afford Homer an opportunity to familiarize himself with the gods of that country; and it was thence that he derived the names of those divinities whose attributes were afterwards exhibited in his great poems.

From Egypt Mentès sailed along the northern coast of Africa, touching at the various ports of that country as he passed, and finally reached Spain, where he remained for some months, transacting such business as had brought him thither. From Spain they resolved to return immediately to their native country; but while on their way some circumstance transpired, which is not particularly mentioned, and which led them to the island of Ithica—the ancient home of Ulysses. While in Ithica, Homer was seized with an affection of the eyes, which soon became so serious that, on the departure of Mentès from the island, he was compelled to leave Homer behind him. He was careful, however, to introduce Homer, before he left, to the kindness and care of Mentor, one of the chief men of the island, and by whom he was treated with every possible degree of attention. Thus unexpectedly detained in Ithica, Homer embraced the opportunity which the circumstance afforded him, of collecting those particulars concerning the life and adventures of Ulysses, which he afterwards so beautifully elaborated in the *Odyssey*.

After a few months' absence in Leucadia, Mentès returned to Ithica, and Homer in the meantime having partially recovered from the affection of his eyes, embarked with him for Smyrna. On his way thither he completed the *Iliad*, and, soon after his arrival, presented it to the public. The admiration with which the work was received, was un

bounded; but the unsettled condition in which Homer had left his personal affairs at his departure from his home, together with the heavy expenses attending his distant journeyings, involved him in such embarrassments that a longer residence in Smyrna would be irksome and even oppressive. He therefore left his birth-place, and retired to Cumæ, the home of his maternal ancestors, hoping there to meet with a reception in accordance with the distinguished fame he had now acquired. The Cumæans received him with unbounded pleasure, and expressed their gratification at his return to his ancestral home, in terms of unlimited satisfaction; but when they learned what his circumstances were, and the purpose for which he had come thither, and especially when he intimated to them that his design was to immortalize their city in poetic numbers, with the expectation of receiving from them a pension sufficient to support him during the remainder of his life, they at once replied that, should they accede to all such requests, there would be no end to the number of blind bards that they should have to support.

Incensed at being thus repulsed by the citizens of Cumæ, Homer went to Phocœa, a neighboring town, resolving there publicly to recite his poems, and observe the effect they would produce. He had been but a short time in Phocœa before he met with Thestorides, a distinguished school-master of that place, and who, ascertaining the pressing necessities of the needy bard, proposed to give him a home in his own house and with his own family, on condition that he would allow him to take a copy of his verses. At this time Homer seems to have lost his sight, and his pressing necessities therefore compelled him to comply with Thestorides' proposal. Thestorides, however, proved treacherous to the poet; for he had no sooner obtained a copy of his verses than he left Phocœa, and retired to Chios, a neighboring island, where he soon acquired considerable wealth by reciting Homer's poems. After some considerable time had passed, Homer accidentally learned that Thestorides was at Chios, and he resolved therefore to follow him thither, and obtain from him if possible the restoration of his poems. Thestorides, however, became advised of the design of Homer, and escaped to some other part of Ionian Greece before the poet's arrival; and Homer, finding himself at Chios in a state of comparative destitution, and having no other source of dependence, resolved to return to his early profession, and open in that island a school of polite learning, on a plan similar to the one he had so long prosecuted in Smyrna. His skill as a teacher was soon recognized and appreciated at Chios, and his patronage was such as to surpass his most sanguine expectations. This circumstance, together with the numerous friendships that he there soon formed, induced him to determine to make Chios the place of his permanent residence. He eventually married the daughter of one of the chief citizens of the island, and designed there to pass the remainder of his life. The people of

Chios, even to this day, point out the spot where Homer imparted his instructions, and the groves and seats which his scholars occupied.

While he resided at Chios, Homer composed his *Odyssey*, and artfully interwove into the work the names of Mentès, Mentor, and other friends whom grateful recollections for kindness kept ever fresh in his memory, and from whom he had, from time to time, received distinguished marks of favor. Having resolved to visit Athens, he introduced into his poem, with much art, the name of that celebrated city, which had already assumed an imposing position amongst the cities of Greece. This special recognition of their relative position, induced the Athenians to extend an invitation to Homer to visit their city as a public guest. This invitation, flattering to his vanity, and grateful to his feelings, he resolved to accept; and he accordingly left Chios for the purpose of executing his design. On his way to Athens, however, the vessel in which he had taken passage was cast upon the island of Samos, and there Homer and his companions were obliged to pass the winter. In the following spring circumstances again required his attention at Chios; but soon after his return to that island, his exhausted strength gave way, and, sinking under the effects of a disease with which he had long been afflicted, his death soon followed; and, at his own request, he was buried on the borders of the sea, that the flowing waves, as they rolled against the shore, might obliterate every trace of the spot where his remains reposed, and he thus rest in his quiet and undisturbed grave.

Of the various productions attributed to Homer, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the only ones that are unquestionably his. Besides these, however, there is internal evidence that a number of the hymns assigned to him were of his composing; such as the hymn to Apollo, already mentioned. It is true that time may have prevailed in obliterating many other of the important productions of his pen; such as the *Margites* and *Cecropes*; but while the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* remain, he seems like a leader, who, though he may have failed in a skirmish or two, has yet gained a victory for which he will pass in triumph through all future ages.

The genius of Homer was vast, versatile, and in a peculiar degree, original. His versatility and his creative power are certainly without a parallel amongst the ancients, and in modern times he has scarcely had an equal. The worthies of antiquity were uniformly formed after the models found in his poems. From him law-givers, and the founders of monarchies and commonwealths took the models of their politics. Hence, too, philosophers drew the first principles of the morality which they taught their disciples. Here, also, physicians learned the nature of diseases, and their causes; the astronomers of ancient times acquired their knowledge of the heavens, and geometricians of the earth; kings and princes the art of government, and captains to form a battle, to encamp an army, to besiege towns, to fight, and to gain victories. It is no exaggerated praise of

Homer to say, that no man ever understood men and things better than he did, or had a deeper insight into the humors and passions of human nature. He represents great things with such sublimity, and little things with such propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other agreeable. Strabo, the ancient geographer already mentioned, assures us that Homer has described the places and the countries of which he gives us an account, with that accuracy that no man can imagine who has not seen them, and which no man but must admire, and be astonished at! His poems may justly be compared with that shield of divine workmanship, so inimitably represented in the eighteenth book of the Iliad, where we have exact images of all the actions of war, and all the employments of peace, and are, at the same time, entertained with a delightful view of the universe.

These opinions are sustained by the highest authority. Sir William Temple, in his estimate of the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil indulges in the following remarks:—"Homer was, without doubt, the most universal genius that has been known in the world, and Virgil the most accomplished. To the first must be allowed the most fertile invention, the richest vein, the most general knowledge, and the most lively expressions; to the last, the noblest ideas, the justest institutions, the wisest conduct, and the choicest elocution. To speak in the painters' terms, we find in the works of Homer the most spirit, force, and life; in those of Virgil the best designs, the truest proportions, and the greatest grace. The coloring of both seems equal, and indeed in both is admirable. Homer had more fire and rapture; Virgil more light and sweetness; or at least the poetical fire was more raging in the one, but clearer in the other; which makes the first more amazing, and the latter more agreeable. The ore was richer in the one, but in the other more refined and better alloyed to make up excellent work. Upon the whole it must be confessed that Homer was of the two, and perhaps of all others, the vastest, the sublimest, and the most wonderful genius; and that he has been generally so esteemed, there can be no greater testimony given than has been by some observed, that not only the greatest masters have found the best and truest principles of all their sciences and arts in him, but that the noblest nations have derived from him the original of their several races, though it be hardly yet agreed whether his story be true or a fiction. In short, these two immortal poets must be allowed to have so much excelled in their kind, as to have exceeded all comparison, to have extinguished emulation, and in a manner confined true poetry, not only to their own languages, but to their very poems." We are not to be understood as designing to convey our own peculiar views of the genius of Homer in the language of this extract; but the source whence it comes is so exalted, and the position of the author so authoritative, that we felt it due to him to introduce it without abbreviation.

The chief characteristic of Homer's genius has usually been regarded

to be its sublimity. We do not conceive, however, that this term conveys a sufficiently comprehensive view of his poetic excellence. That he was remarkable for his sublimity, must be conceded by every critic; but that he possessed other poetic properties of equal excellence cannot, for a moment, be denied. To our view his grand characteristic is *nature*. In it is the serene majesty of Deity in repose, and in that moral sublime which is conversant with human passions, the powers of his genius appear the most astonishing. When we have once imagined a giant, it requires no great effort to make him stride in three steps from one promontory to another; but it is not every poet who can represent Achilles receiving, in his tent, the embassy from Agamemnon with the calm severity of dignified resentment—soothing his angry soul with the tones of his immortal harp, or smiting his thigh with a start of generous emotion at the sight of the Grecian ships in flames. It is here that Homer excels, and it is in such scenes and under such circumstances that his extraordinary power exhibits itself. We feel for Achilles, in the midst of all his raging, and the severity of his resentment, as for an injured fellow being; and when his anger towards Agamemnon is overcome by the fate of his beloved Patrocles, the gushings of admiration flow forth in all their generous warmth, and we accompany him with a feeling of personal interest in every event that thenceforth transpires, until Hector, the slayer of his friend, is prostrate at his feet. But we must forbear.

The Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer, as we learn from Athenæus, were originally produced, each as an entire whole, and not divided into books, as we now have them. But as few only could afford to purchase them entire, they were circulated in detached parts, and assumed names according to their respective contents; as, 'The Battle of the Ships,' 'The Death of Dolon,' 'The Valor of Agamemnon,' 'The Grot of Calipso,' and 'The Slaughter of the Wooers;' and were not then entitled Books, but Rhapsodies. The first complete copy of Homer's poems was introduced into Greece about a century after they were composed, by Lycurgus, the celebrated Spartan lawgiver; who, passing, in his travels, through Ionia, there found them, and with his own hand transcribed and brought them into his own country. This may, therefore, be considered the first edition of these immortal works. About two centuries afterwards, Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens, caused them to be carefully revised, and reduced to their present form.

In our extracts from the writings of this great poet, we shall confine ourselves to the Iliad and Odyssey, as the authority of these poems has never been questioned. The first passage we introduce is a scene from the second book of the Iliad, containing the description of a contest between Ulysses and Thersites, with a portraiture of Thersites' person.

ULYSSES AND THERSITES.

With words like these the troops Ulysses rul'd,
The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.
Back to th' assembly roll the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores:
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks remurmur and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And the still silence lulls the camp to peace.
Thersites only clamor'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect control'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice studious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief he gloried with licentious style,
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:
His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best.
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.
Long had he liv'd the scorn of every Greek,
Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak:
Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:
Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow.
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? is it thirst of gold?
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers
(The Greeks and I), to Ilium's hostile towers,
And bring the race of royal bastards here,
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
But safer plunder thy own host supplies;
Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.

Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
 In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.
 We may be wanted on some busy day,
 When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:
 From him be forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
 From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:
 And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
 This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.

Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs,
 In generous vengeance of the king of kings.
 With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
 He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:

Peace, factious monster, born to vex the State,
 With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate,
 Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain
 And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign.
 Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,
 The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
 Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
 Nor let those lips profane the name of king.
 For our return we trust the heavenly powers;
 Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
 But grant the host with wealth the general load,
 Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?
 Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
 Art thou that hero? could those spoils be thine?
 Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
 And let these eyes behold my son no more,
 If on thy next offence, this hand forbear
 To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
 Expel the council where our princes meet,
 And send thee scourg'd and howling through the fleet.

He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,
 The mighty sceptre on his back descends.
 On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise;
 The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
 Trembling he sat, and shrank in abject fears,
 From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.
 While to his neighbor each express'd his thought:
 Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
 What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!
 Great in the council, glorious in the field!
 Generous he rises in the crown's defence,
 To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
 Such just examples on offenders shown,
 Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

PARTING INTERVIEW OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Straight to his roomy palace Hector came ;
But found not in the mansion her he sought,
White-arm'd Andromache. She, with her son,
And her robed handmaid stood upon the tower
Wailing with loud lament. But when in vain
He sought within her house his blameless wife,
Hector, advanced upon the threshold, stood
And to the damsels spake : Now tell me true,
Ye damsels ! whither from her house went forth
The fair Andromache ? say, doth she seek
Her husband's sisters, or her brethren's wives,
Or at Minerva's temple join the train
Of Trojan women, who propitiate now
With offerings the tremendous Deity ?

The careful women of the house-hold then
Address'd reply : To tell thee, Hector, truth,
As thou requirest, neither doth she seek
Her husband's sisters, nor her brethren's wives,
Nor at Minerva's temple join the train
Of Trojan women who propitiate now
With offerings the tremendous Deity.
But she has mounted on a massive tower
Of Troy ; for that she heard the Trojan host
Were worsted, while the strength of Greeks prevailed.
So hastening rush'd she to the city wall,
Like to one frantic, with the nurse and child.
The women of the household said : and forth
Sprang Hector from the mansion, and trod back
His footsteps through the stately rows of streets.
Crossing the spacious city, he now reach'd
The Scæan gates ; through them his passage lay
Forth to the field. But then his high-dow'd wife
Came running on his steps. Andromache,
Eetion's daughter ; who in woody tracts
Of Hypoplacian Thebes once stretch'd his sway
O'er the Cilicians. So his daughter lived,
The bride of Hector with the brazen helm ;
Who now came running on his steps ; while close
The handmaid follow'd her, and at her breast
The babe, as yet a tender innocent,
Darling of Hector, fair as any star,
Whom Hector named Scamandrius ; they of Troy,
Astyanax ; since Hector was alone
Their city's safeguard. He, on their approach,
Casting a look upon his infant boy,
Silently smiled. Andromache, all bathed
In tears, stood by ; and, clinging to his hand,
Address'd him : ' Noble husband ! thy great heart
Will sure destroy thee. Thou no pity hast

For this thy infant son and wretched me,
Whom thou wilt leave a widow. For the Greeks
Will slay thee soon with overpowering charge
Of numbers. It were better far that I,
Once reft of thee, should sink within the grave.
I have no other comfort when thy life
Has yielded to its destiny; but grief
Must be my portion. Father have I none,
Nor mother. The high-born Achilles slew
My father when he laid the city waste
Of the Cilicians, Thebes with lofty gates.
He slew Eetion, but despoiled him not;
For he was bound by secret vows; and burn'd
His body with his variegated mail,
And heap'd a mount upon him; and the nymphs
That haunt the hills, Jove's daughters, planted it
With circle of tall elms. Seven brothers, too,
Were mine within the mansion where we dwelt;
These in one day were hurried to the grave.
The fleet of foot, Achilles highly born,
Destroyed them all, surpris'd among their herds
And flocks. My mother, who the woody tracts
Of Hypoplacia sway'd, he hither led
With all her treasures; yet a ransom took
And sent her free. But in her father's house
She was death-stricken by Diana's darts.
Thou, Hector, art my father! thou to me
Art mother, brother, all my joy of life,
My husband! come, be merciful, remain
Here in this turret; make not of this child
An orphan, nor a widow of thy wife.
Command the Trojan army to a halt
At the wild fig-tree, where the city lies
Most easy of ascent, and most exposed
The rampart to assault. Already thrice
The bravest of their warriors have essay'd
To force the wall; the fam'd Idomeneus,
And either Ajax, and brave Diomed,
And Atreus' sons: whether some skilful seer
Have prophesied before them, or their minds
Have prompted them spontaneous to the act.'

At these her words the lofty Hector shook
His party-colored horse-hair plume, and spoke:
'Believe it, oh my wife! these same sad thoughts
Have touch'd me nearly; but I also fear
The Trojans and the women fair of Troy,
If like a dastard I should skulk apart
From battle. Nor to this my own free mind
Prompts me; for I was trained from earliest years
To a brave spirit; and have learn'd to fight
Still in the Trojan van, and still maintain
My country's mighty honor and my own.

I know too well, and in my heart and soul
I feel the deep conviction, that a time
Will come when sacred Troy shall be no more,
But Priam and his people be destroy'd
From off the face of earth. The after-woe
Of these my countrymen afflicts me not;
No, nor the grief of Hecuba's despair,
Nor kingly Priam's, nor the woeful lot
Of brethren, brave and many, who shall fall
Beneath their foes, as thine, Andromache!
When some stern Grecian, with his mail of brass,
Shall lead thee in thy tears away, and snatch
The light of freedom from thee: when, detain'd
At Argos, thou shalt weave the color'd web,
Task'd by another, or shall waters bear
From fountains of Hyperia, sore averse
And faint, yet yielding to the hard control
That lays the burthen on thee. Haply then
Some passer, looking on thy tears, may cry:
"This was the wife of Hector, who was once
Chief warrior of the Trojans when they fought
With their fam'd horses round the walls of Troy."
So will he say: and thou wilt grieve afresh
At loss of him who might have ward'd off
The day of slavery. But may earth have heap'd
The hill upon my corse ere of thy cries
My ear be conscious, or my soul perceive
The leading of thy sad captivity.'

So spake the noble Hector; and with hands
Outstretch'd bent forward to embrace his child.
The babe against the damsel's broad-zoned breast
Lean'd backward, clinging with a cry, disturb'd
At his lov'd father's aspect, and in fear
Of the keen brass that glazed upon his gaze,
And horse-hair sweeping crest that nodded fierce
Upon the helmet's cone. The father dear,
And honor'd mother to each other laugh'd:
Instant the noble Hector from his head
Lifted the casque, and plac'd it on the ground,
Far-beaming where it stood; then kissed his boy,
And dandled in his arms; imploring thus
Jove, and the other Deities of heaven:
'Hear, Jupiter! and every God on high!
Grant this may come to pass! that he, my son,
May shine among the Trojans in renown
And strength as I myself, and reign o'er Troy
In valor; that of him it may be said
By one who sees him coming from the field
"Truly the son transcends the father's deeds!"
Grant him to slay his enemy, and bear
The bloody trophy back and glad the heart
Of this his mother!" So he said, and placed

The babe within his own beloved's arms:
 She softly laid him on her balmy breast,
 Smiling through tears. The husband at that sight
 Melted in pity, with his hand he smooth'd
 Her cheek, and spoke again these gentle words:
 'Noblest of women! do not grieve me thus;
 Against concurring fate no mortal man
 Can send me to the grave; and this I say,
 That none who once has breath'd the bréath of life,
 Coward or brave, can hope to shun his fate;
 But hie thee to thy mansion, that thy works,
 The loom and distaff, may engage thy thoughts.
 Go task thy maidens. War must be the care,
 And mine the chief, and every man of Troy.'

The noble Hector said, and raised from earth
 His horse-hair crested helm. With homeward step
 His dear wife parted from him, and turn'd back
 Her eyes, the fast tears trickling down her cheek.

THE EMBASSY OF ULYSSES, AJAX, AND PHŒNIX, TO ACHILLES.

And now arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay,
 The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay;
 Amus'd, at ease, the godlike man they found,
 Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
 (The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
 Of polish'd silver was its costly frame:)
 With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings,
 Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
 Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song,
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
 To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
 Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
 With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:
 Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:

Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
 Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
 To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
 And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
 Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
 Mix purer wine, and open every soul,
 Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
 Thy friend must honor these, and these thy friend.

* * * * *

That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
 Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine

The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not thus more honor'd whom Atrides feasts:
Though generous plenty crown your loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords:
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all dreadful stands,
And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threatening tents already shade our wall:
Hear how with shouts their conquests they proclaim,
And point at every ship their vengeful flame!
For them the father of the gods declares,
Theirs are the omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
See! Heaven and earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn; to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heavens! how my country's woes distract my mind,
Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd!
And must we, gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh, return, though late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate:
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
These wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting son these accents were his last:
My child! with strength, and glory, and success,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
Trust that to Heaven; but thou thy cares engage
To calm thy passions and subdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine—
This now despis'd advice thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.

Then thus the goddess-born ; Ulysses hear
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art nor fear ;
 What in my secret soul is understood,
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain ;
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
 My heart destests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend,
 Which nor Atrides nor his Greeks can bend ;
 Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
 Fight, or not fight, a like reward we claim,
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same ;
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labors, lo ! what fruit remains ?
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
 From danger guards them, and from want defends :
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care :
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her wives, her infants, by my labors sav'd ;
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 * * * * *
 My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd ;
 Here if I stay, before the Trojan town,
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown :
 If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinced, though late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make :
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
 Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies ;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd and her glories rise.
 Go then to Greece, report our fix'd design ;
 Bid all your councils, all your armies join,
 Let all your forces, all your hearts conspire
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will :
 Ye find Achilles is unconquered still.
 Go then—digest my message as you may—
 But here this night let reverend Phoenix stay :
 His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
 But whether he remain, or sail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free.

The son of Peleus ceased : the chiefs around
 In silence wrapp'd, in consternation drown'd,

Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows).
 And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,
 With accents weak these tender words return'd:

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind;
 How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix stay behind?
 The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
 He sent thee early to th' Achaian host;
 Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field;
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
 To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never, let me leave thy side!
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not though the God, that breath'd my life, restore
 The bloom I boasted, and the part I bore,
 When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
 Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames.

* * * * *

Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:
 The gods, (the only great, and only wise)
 Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily prayers atone for daily sins.
 Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
 With humble mein and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow where Injustice flies:
 Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
 While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind.
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above:
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The sire revenges for the daughter's sake;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
 Oh let not headstrong passion bear the sway;
 These reconciling goddesses obey;
 Due honors to the seed of Jove belong:
 Due honors calm the fierce, and bend the strong.
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbor'd in the haughty king;
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
 But since what honor asks, the general sends,
 And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
 The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!

* * * * *

Thus he: the stern Achilles thus replied:
 My second father, and my reverend guide!
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
 And asks no honors from a mortal's hands;
 Jove honors me, and favors my designs;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines;
 And here I stay (if such his high behest),
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
 Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart:
 No more molest me on Atrides' part:
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
 For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?
 A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
 One should our interests and our passions be;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.
 Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a generous part;
 And share my realms, my honors, and my heart.
 Let these return: our voyage or our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd 'till the dawning day.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS.

While yet the gods stood distant, and forbore
 To mix with mortal men, so long the Greeks
 Gloried that their Achilles once again
 Appeared amongst them, who had long forgone
 Distressful war; the Trojans panic-struck
 Shook every limb, when thus before their eyes
 They saw the son of Peleus, fleet of foot,
 Shining in arms, like Mars the scourge of men.
 But when th' Olympian habitants came down
 Into the throng of men, strife fierce uprose,
 Stirring the people's hearts. Minerva stood
 Beside the deepen'd trench, without the wall,
 And shouted: and anon upon the sands,
 Where dash'd the roaring waves her shout was heard.
 Far distant, like a gloomy whirlwind, Mars
 Stood on Troy's highest turret, and exclaimed,
 Cheering the Trojans on with cries of war;
 Or running with swift feet cours'd Simois' banks,
 And steep Callicolone. So the blest
 Of heaven mix'd indiscriminate the hosts,
 Spurring their rage, and havoc rang'd it wide.
 The Father of the Deities and men
 Thunder'd from heaven on high. The ocean God
 Heav'd from beneath the immensity of earth,
 And shook the mountain-tops. The roots of Ide
 And all its fountain-gushing summits reeled;
 Troy city and the navy of the Greeks
 Rock'd as in earthquake. Deep beneath the ground

The Monarch of the dead in darkest hell
Felt fear, and leap'd affrighted from his throne,
And shriek'd aloud, lest he that shakes the shores
Should cleave earth's vault asunder, and the scene
Of those drear mansions glare upon the sight
Of gods and men : a dismal wilderness,
Hoary with desolation, which the blest
Behold, and shuddering turn their eyes away.
Such clang arose while gods encountering strove.

ACHILLES GOING FORTH TO BATTLE.

They from their rapid ships were pour'd along,
As the cold snow-flakes from the height of air
Fly hovering thick, driven by the frosty gust
Of the north wind, so thickening from the ships
Throng'd beamy-dazzling helms, and bossy shields,
And concave breast-plates strong, and ashen spears.
The splendor flashed against the sky ; wide laughed
The circling plain with light'ning gleams of brass ;
And hollow the reverberated sound
Rose from the tramp of men. Amidst them all,
Buckling his armor, brave Achilles stood :
A gnashing sound came from his grinding teeth ;
His eyes were like the glare of fire ; his heart
With anguish past endurance rose and fell.
So with the Trojans wroth, he sheathed his limbs
In that same armor which a goddess gave
And Vulcan's craft had wrought. Around his legs
He fastened first the greaves that elegant
Were clasp'd with clasps of silver ; on his breast
He drew the cuirass ; o'er his shoulders high
He slung the brazen silver-studded sword ;
Then grasp'd the vast and solid shield, whose gleam
Shone distant like the moon. As when at sea,
The glitter of a blazing fire far off
Appears to mariners ; it burning glows
High on the mountains in some lonely cote ;
But them the driving tempests hurry back
Far from their friends, amidst the fishy seas ;
So from Achilles' chased and burnish'd shield,
The splendor glanced in air. He lifted then
The weighty casque, and placed it on his head.
The crested helm shone glist'ning like a star ;
The gilded hair which Vulcan on the cone
Thick-waving hung, with rustling motion shook,
And nodded as he stepp'd. Achilles proved
His armor ; poising every limb to feel
If the bright gift were fitted to his frame.
Wings seem'd to lift him and upbear from earth
The leader of his host. Then forth he drew

From his own armory his father's spear,
 Ponderous, and huge, and strong: no other Greek
 Could wield it; but Achilles's arm alone
 Brandish'd the Pelian ash: from Pelion's brow
 The Centaur Chiron for his father fell'd
 The lofty tree, that it might prove the death
 Of heroes. Alcimus, Automedon,
 Tending the coursers, harness'd them, affix'd
 Their gorgeous headstalls, fitted in their jaws
 The bits, and to the strong-cemented car,
 Drawn backward, stretched the reins. Automedon
 Then grasped the pliant scourge of burnish'd thong,
 And sprang above the steeds. Behind in arms
 Achilles mounted, shining all in mail
 Like the high-rolling sun. Then with a shout
 Thus sternly chid the coursers of his sire:
 'Xanthus and Balius! colts of noble strain!
 Sprung from Podarges! take ye now more heed,
 And bring your charioteer in safety back
 Into the host of Greece, when we of war
 Have had our fill; nor leave me on the field
 Dead, as ye left Patroclus.' Then replied
 The fleet-hoof'd Xanthus from the chariot-yoke,
 Low bowing down his head, while all his mane
 From the neck-collar loosed without the yoke
 Trail'd till it swept the ground; for Juno then,
 The snowy-arm'd, endued him with a voice:
 'Yes, we will now at least preserve thee safe,
 Valiant Achilles! but thy deathful day
 Is near at hand: nor are thy steeds the cause;
 But a great god, and the strong hand of Fate.
 Not through our tardy sluggishness of pace
 The Trojans from Patroclus' shoulders rent
 His armor; but that mightiest god, the son
 Of beauteous-hair'd Latona, midst the van
 Slew him, that Hector might be glorified.
 Though with the west wind we should scour the plain,
 Fleetest of gales, yet thou too art decreed
 To perish by a hero and a god.'

When he had spoken thus the Furies stopp'd
 His vocal utterance. Much disturb'd, replied
 The fleet of foot Achilles: 'Wherefore thus,
 Xanthus, foretellest thou my death? for thee
 It ill beseems. I know my destiny:
 Fate hath decreed that I shall perish here
 Far from my sire, and her who gave me birth;
 But not for this will I refrain my hand,
 'Till, to the full of slaughter, I have chased
 These Trojans from the field!' He said, and urged
 His steeds, and with a shout rush'd to the van.

THE SUIT OF PRIAM.

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd;
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise;
All mute, yet seem to question with their eyes;
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

Ah think, thou favor'd of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race, ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loss to recompense:
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!
For him, through hostile camps I bend my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old,
Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forced to kneel, thus grovelling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:

This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
 A father one, and one a son deplore :
 But great Achilles different passions rend,
 And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
 Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran ;
 One universal solemn shower began ;
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.
 Sate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose ;
 The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd ;
 On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
 Not unrelenting ; then serene began
 With words to suit the miserable man.

Alas ! what weight of anguish hast thou known !
 Unhappy prince ! thus guardless and alone
 To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race !
 Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
 Rise then : let reason mitigate your care ;
 To mourn avails not ; man is born to bear.
 Such is, alas ! the god's severe decree ;
 They, only they, are blest, and only free.
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good ;
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills ;
 To most he mingles both. The wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix't, is curst indeed ;
 Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
 He wanders, out-cast both of earth and heaven.
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.

* * * * *

And since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measures from his bitter urn,
 What sees the son, but hapless heroes' falls !
 War and the blood of men surround thy walls !
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead ;
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
 But thou, alas ! may'st live, to suffer more !

To whom the king : oh favor'd of the skies !
 Here let me grow to earth ! since Hector lies
 On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.
 Oh give me Hector ! to my eyes restore
 His corse, and take the gifts : I ask no more.
 Then, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy ;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy !
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give
 A weak old man to see the light and live !

Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
 While kindling anger sparkle in his eyes) ;

Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
 To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
 For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
 Nor com'st thou but by Heaven; nor com'st alone,
 Some god impels with courage not thy own:
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
 To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.
 Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command
 I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd,
 Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
 Automedon and Alcimus attend
 (Whom most he honor'd since he lost his friend);
 These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
 And led the hoary herald to the tent:
 Two splendid mantles and a carpet spread,
 They leave to cover and enwrap the dead.
 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
 To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
 Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire,
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
 Nor Jove's command should check the rising rage.
 This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread:
 Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed;
 Then while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade.
 If in that gloom which never light must know,
 The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below;
 O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
 (Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.

THE GROT OF CALYPSO.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.

He spoke. The god who mounts the winged winds
 Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
 That high through fields of air his flight sustain
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
 He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:
 Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,
 And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
 Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
 Till now the distant island rose in view:
 Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
 He took the path that winded to the cave.

Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found
 (The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd).
 She sate and sang; the rocks resound her lays:
 The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
 Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
 Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
 While she with work and song the time divides;
 And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
 Without the grot a vicious sylvan scene
 Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
 Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
 And nodding cypress formed a fragrant shade;
 On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
 The birds of broadest wing their mansions form,
 The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
 And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
 Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
 With purple clusters blushing through the green.
 Four limpid fountains from the cliffs distil;
 And every fountain pours a several rill,
 In mazy windings wandering down the hill,
 Where blooming meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
 And glowing violets threw odors round.
 A scene, where if a god should cast his sight,
 A god might gaze, and wander with delight!
 Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven: he stay'd
 Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunts survey'd.
 Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew;
 For powers celestial to each other's view
 Stand still confest, though distant far they lie
 To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
 But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
 Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
 All on the lonely shore he sate to weep,
 And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
 Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
 Till dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
 Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
 To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
 God of the golden wand! on what behest
 Arriv'st thou here an unexpected guest?
 Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
 'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
 Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
 Approach, and taste the dainties of my bower.
 Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread
 (Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red);
 Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
 Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke:
 What mov'd this journey from my native sky,
 A goddess asks, nor can a god deny;

Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command
 Unwilling have I trod this pleasing land;
 For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing would sweep
 Such length of ocean and unmeasur'd deep:
 A world of waters! far from all the ways
 Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?
 But to Jove's will submission we must pay;
 What power so great to dare to disobey?
 A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
 Of all his kind most worn with misery;
 The Greeks, (whose arms for nine long years employ'd
 Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
 At length embarking in a luckless hour,
 With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's power:
 Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
 With storms pursued them through the liquid world.
 There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
 There all his dear companions found their grave!
 Sav'd from the jaws of death by heaven's decree,
 The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
 Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
 Straight to dismiss; so destiny commands:
 Impatient fate his near return attends,
 And calls him to his country, and his friends.
 Ev'n to her inmost soul the goddess shook;
 Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
 Ungracious gods! with spite and envy curst!
 Still to your own ethereal race the worst!
 Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
 And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
 Did ever goddess by her charms engage
 A favor'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
 So when Aurora sought Orion's love,
 Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
 Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
 Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
 So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
 Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
 Scarce could Iasion taste her heavenly charms,
 But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.
 And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers!
 Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
 A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
 It was my crime to pity, and to save;
 When he whose thunders rent his bark in twain,
 And sunk his brave companions in the main
 Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean tost,
 The sport of winds, and driven from every coast,
 Hither this man of misery I led,
 Received the friendless, and the hungry fed;
 Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to bestow
 Immortal life, except from age and woe.

'Tis past—and Jove decrees he shall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he must, if he ordain,
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again):
But never, never shall Calypso send
To toils like these her husband and her friend.
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet I'll direct the safest means to go;
That last advice is all I can bestow.

To her the power who bears the charming rod:
Dismiss the man, nor irritate the god;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses pac'd along the sand.
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore;
For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms,
In slumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day;
There sate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.

Lecture the Third.

HESIOD. — TYRTÆUS. — ARCHILOCHUS. — TERPANDER. — ALCMAN. —
STESICHORUS. — ALCÆUS. — ÆSOP. — SOLON.

HESIOD, a contemporary of Homer, was born, according to the best authority, 907 A.C. His father was a native of Cumæ, an Æolian island, but want of success in his calling, whatever that may have been, induced him to remove to Ascra, in Bœotia, a small village at the base of Mount Helicon. Here Hesiod was born, and, from the poverty of his family, was brought up to the occupation of a shepherd, and tended, in his boyhood, the flocks of a neighboring herdman near Mount Helicon. With this condition he, however, soon became dissatisfied; and musing, as he himself tells us, upon the severity of his fate, while seated near the mountain's base, the Muses descended, held free converse with him, and invited him to enter into their service. This incident he relates in the following verses:—

Erewhile as they the shepherd swain behold,
Feeding beneath the sacred mount his fold,
With love of charming song his breast they fired;
There me the Heavenly Muses first inspired;
There when the Maids of Jove the silence broke
To Hesiod thus the Shepherd swain they spoke.—

To this incident Ovid, the Roman poet, evidently alludes in the following lines:—

Nor Clio, nor her sisters, have I seen,
As Hesiod saw them on the Ascræan green.

At the death of his father, which probably occurred soon after, Hesiod became a priest in the temple of the Muses, a small paternal estate was left to be equally divided between Hesiod and his brother Perses. Perses was, however, cold and selfish in disposition, forming a remarkable contrast to the warmth and fervor of his brother's nature; and in order to appropriate the entire property to his own purposes, he corrupted the

judges who were appointed to divide it, and by this means effected his purpose. Hesiod soon became informed of this circumstance; but, instead of reproaching his brother, as would have been natural, for the baseness of his conduct, he addressed one of his finest poetic strains to him, in which he set forth, with great clearness and force, the vanity of riches when obtained at the sacrifice of honor and virtue.

The next incident of importance in the life of Hesiod, is the contest between him and Homer for a poetic prize. The occasion which elicited this contest was as follows:—Archidamus, king of the island of Eubœa, had early instituted games and festivals to be annually observed in Chalcis, the capital of his kingdom. These ceremonies were for many years regularly sustained by his sons and successors. On one of these occasions Homer and Hesiod met at the court of Chalcis, and the poetic prize contended for was a Tripod. The judges who presided on the occasion decided in favor of Hesiod, and in joyful exultation the Ascræan bard immediately dedicated the Tripod to the Muses, placing upon it the following inscription:—

This Hesiod vows to th' Heliconian Nine,
In Chalcis won from Homer the divine.

This incident is found in every account the ancients have left us of the life of Hesiod; but it is proper to remark that its correctness has often been questioned; and doubts have even existed whether Homer and Hesiod ever met each other. Cicero explicitly declares that they were not even contemporaries. But Plutarch, on the contrary, relates, in his life of Philip of Macedon, a dispute which occurred between that prince and his son Alexander, on this subject; and says that while Philip contended that the decision of the judges in favor of Hesiod was sufficient evidence of his superiority on this occasion, Alexander replied that the judges were swains and not kings, and therefore not capable of appreciating Homer's poetry.

In the service of the Muses Hesiod passed his life to a very advanced age, and finally retired to Loeris, a town situated relatively to Mount Parnassus as Asera had been to Mount Helicon. Here, after passing a few years in retirement and repose, at the residence of a friend, he was accidentally murdered, on a mistaken report that he had been identified with an act of baseness of which his friend had unfortunately been guilty; and Solon, the distinguished Athenian lawgiver, relates, that his body, immediately after his death, was contemptuously thrown into the adjacent sea, there to perish without the observance of funeral rites. Plutarch, however, relates that the body of Hesiod was conveyed to the shore by a dolphin, and was afterwards discovered through the sagacity of the venerable poet's dog, and decently buried by the inhabitants of Orchomenos, a town in Bœotia, with the following epitaph over his tomb:—

The fallow vales of Asera gave him birth:
 His bones are cover'd by the Minyan earth:
 Supreme in Hellas Hesiod's glories rise,
 Whom men discern by wisdom's touchstone wise.

Among the Greek Inscriptions is an epitaph on Hesiod, with the name of Alcæus, which has the air of being a genuine ancient production, from its breathing the beautiful classic simplicity of the old Grecian school:

Nymphs in their founts midst Loeris' woodland gloom,
 Laved Hesiod's corse, and piled his grassy tomb:
 The shepherds there the yellow honey shed,
 And milk of goats was sprinkled o'er his head:
 With voice so sweetly breathed that sage would sing,
 Who sipp'd pure drops from every Muse's spring.

The undisputed works of Hesiod are the *Works and Days*, the *Theogony*, and the *Shield of Hercules*. The subject of the 'Works and Days' is entirely agricultural, and in the opening of the poem, the different ages of the world are described with peculiar force and beauty. The story of Pandora's Box is here told with greater elegance than by any other poet of antiquity. This story is followed by a description of the five different ages into which the ancient poets were fond of fancying the history of the world to be divided. The first age was the age of gold. It embraced the reign of Saturn, and its brilliancy and glory were appropriately typified by the precious metal selected to represent it. The second age was the age of silver, embracing the period that commenced with the assumption of supreme power by Jupiter, and continued as long as that august Deity held the throne of heaven. The third age was the age of brass. This age occupied the space intervening between the supreme rule of Jupiter, and the age of demigods and heroes. The glory of the former periods of the world had now passed away, but still the remembrance of that glory was carefully preserved. The fourth age was the age of demigods and heroes, and was known amongst the Greek poets as the heroic age. The fifth and last age was the iron age, in which the poet, in the following lines, pathetically and beautifully laments that it was his own hard fortune to live.

Oh would that nature had denied me birth
 Midst this fifth race, this iron age of earth;
 That long before within the grave I lay,
 Or long hereafter could behold the day.

The didactic lessons which the 'Works and Days' contains, were regarded by the ancients as of so great importance, that the poem was, for ages, used throughout Greece, for purposes of recitation in the ordinary course of moral instruction in their seats of learning. Hence, in estimat-

ing the character of Hesiod, we must separate those superstitions which belong to traditionary mythology, from the system of opinions which respected the guidance of human life; the accountableness of nations and individuals to a heavenly judge; and the principles of public equity and popular justice which he derived from the national institutions. If we examine the 'Works and Days' in this view of its tendency and spirit, we shall find abundant cause for admiration and respect of a man, who, born and nurtured in the lap of heathen superstition, could shadow out the maxims of truth in such beautiful allegories, and recommend the practice of virtue in such powerful and affecting appeals to the conscience and the reason. It was from this work of Hesiod that Virgil, the Roman poet, borrowed the entire outline of his *Georgics*.

'The *Theogony*' is a history and genealogy of the Grecian gods, embracing the vast number of thirty thousand. The early part of this poem is tedious and uninteresting; but in the latter part, where the gods are arrayed in battle against each other, the sublimity approximates to some of the most spirited passages of Homer, and doubtless afforded to Milton important hints for his battles of the angels in *Paradise Lost*. But the genius of Hesiod, though of a high order, was far inferior to that of Homer. His observations throughout the 'Works and Days,' are of a practical kind, and are generally very sensible, and many of them even beautiful; but he wanted the thrilling and creative power, and also the deep pathos of the great Ionian bard. In the 'Theogony,' after the minute catalogue of the Grecian gods is ended, we find some few passages, as already observed, that indicated very considerable power; but in justice to Hesiod it should, perhaps, be observed, that there is in the subject of his poem little beyond his celestial contests to call forth that vast and vivid power, which the subject of the *Iliad* of Homer naturally and constantly elicited.

We shall close our remarks upon this ancient poet with the description of the Creation of Pandora, Dispensations of Providence to the Just and Unjust, and the Battle of the Giants.

CREATION OF PANDORA.

FROM THE WORKS AND DAYS.

The food of man in deep concealment lies,
The angry gods have veil'd it from our eyes.
Else had one day bestow'd sufficient cheer,
And though inactive fed thee through the year.
Then might thy hand have laid the rudder by,
In black'ning smoke forever hung on high;
Then had the laboring ox foregone the soil,
And patient mules had found reprieve from toil.

But Jove conceal'd our food, incensed at heart,
Since mock'd by wise Prometheus' wily art.
Sore ills to man devised the Heavenly Sire,
And hid the shining element of fire.
Prometheus, then, benevolent of soul,
In hollow reed the spark recovering stole,
Cheering to man, and mock'd the god whose gaze
Serene rejoices in the lightning's rays.
'Oh son of Japhet! with indignant heart
Spake the cloud-gatherer; oh unmatch'd in art!
Exultest thou in this the flame retriev'd,
And dost thou triumph in the God deceiv'd?
But thou, with the posterity of man,
Shalt rue the fraud whence mightier ills began:
I will send evil for thy stealthy fire,
An ill which all shall love, and all desire.'

The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said, and laughter fill'd his secret soul.
He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay;
Imbreathe the human voice within her breast,
With firm-strung nerves th' elastic limbs invest:
Her aspect fair as goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that dyes
The web with colors as the shuttle flies:
He call'd the magic of Love's charming queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien:
Then plant the rankling stings of keen desire,
And cares that trick the limbs with prank'd attire:
Bade Hermes last impart the craft refined
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind.

He gives command, th' inferior powers obey,
The crippled artist moulds the temper'd clay:
A maid's coy image rose at Jove's behest;
Minerva clasp'd the zone, diffused the vest;
Adored Persuasion and the Graces young
Her taper'd limbs with golden jewels hung;
Round her smooth brow the beauteous-tressed Hours
A garland twined of Spring's purpureal flowers;
The whole attire Minerva's graceful art
Disposed, adjusted, form'd to every part;
And last the winged herald of the skies,
Slayer of Argus, gave the gift of lies;
Gave trickish manners, honey'd words instill'd,
As he that rolls the deep'ning thunder will'd:
Then by the feather'd messenger of Heaven,
The name Pandora to the maid was given:
For all the gods conferr'd a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.

The Sire commands the winged herald bear
The finish'd nymph, th' inextricable snare:

To Epimetheus was the present brought;
 Prometheus' warning vanish'd from his thought:
 That he disclaim each offering from the skies,
 And straight restore, lest ill to men arise.
 But he receiv'd, and conscious knew too late
 Th' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.

On earth of yore the sons of men abode
 From evil free and labor's galling load;
 Free from diseases that with racking rage
 Precipitate the pale decline of age.
 Now swift the days of manhood haste away,
 And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.
 The woman's hands an ample casket bear:
 She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air.
 Hope sole remain'd within, nor took her flight,
 Beneath the vessel's verge conceal'd from light:
 Or ere she fled, the maid, advised by Jove,
 Seal'd fast th' unbroken cell, and dropp'd the lid above.
 Issued the rest in quick dispersion hurl'd,
 And woes innumerable roam'd the breathing world:
 With ills the land is full, with ills the sea;
 Diseases haunt our frail humanity:
 Self-wandering through the noon, the night, they glide,
 Voiceless—a voice the power all-wise denied:
 Know then this awful truth—it is not given
 T' elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE TO THE JUST AND THE UNJUST.

With crooked judgments, lo! the oath's dread God
 Avenging runs and tracks them where they trod.
 Rough are the ways of justice as the sea,
 Dragg'd to and fro by men's corrupt decree:
 Bribe-pamper'd men! whose hands perverting draw
 The right aside and warp the wrested law.
 Though, while corruption on their sentence waits,
 They thrust pale Justice from their haughty gates;
 Invisible their steps the Virgin treads,
 And musters evils o'er their sinful heads.
 She with the dark of air her form arrays,
 And walks in awful grief the city ways;
 Her wail is heard, her tear upbraiding falls
 O'er their stain'd manners, their devoted walls.
 But they who never from the right have stray'd,
 Who as the citizen the stranger aid;
 They and their cities flourish; genial Peace
 Dwells in their borders, and their youth increase;
 Nor Jove, whose radiant eyes behold afar
 Hangs forth in heaven the signs of grievous war,
 Nor dearth nor scath the upright just pursues;
 Feasts all their care; while earth abundance strews.

Rich are their mountain oaks ; the topmost tree
 The acorns fill ; its trunk the hiving bee :
 Their sheep with fleeces pant : their women's race
 Reflect both parents in the infant face :
 Still flourish they, nor tempt with ships the main ;
 The fruits of earth are pour'd from every plain.

But o'er the wicked race, to whom belong
 The thought of evil and the deed of wrong,
 Saturnian Jove, of wide-beholding eyes,
 Bids the dark signs of retribution rise :
 And oft the crimes of one destructive fall,
 The crimes of one are visited on all.
 The God sends down his angry plagues from high,
 Famine and pestilence ; in heaps they die :
 He smites with barrenness the marriage bed,
 And generations moulder with the dead :
 Again in vengeance of his wrath he falls
 On their great hosts, and breaks their tottering walls :
 Scatters their ships of war ; and where the sea
 Heaves high its mountain billows, there is he.

Ponder, oh judges ! in your inmost thought
 The retribution by his vengeance wrought.
 Invisible the gods are ever nigh,
 Pass through the midst and bend th' all-seeing eye :
 The men who grind the poor, who wrest the right,
 Awless of Heaven's revenge, are naked to their sight.
 For thrice ten thousand holy demons rove
 This breathing world, the delegates of Jove.
 Guardians of man, their glance alike surveys
 The upright judgments, and th' unrighteous ways.
 A virgin pure is Justice, and her birth
 August from him, who rules the heavens and earth :
 A creature glorious to the gods on high,
 Whose mansion is yon everlasting sky.
 Driven by spiteful wrong she takes her seat,
 In lowly grief, at Jove's eternal feet.
 There of the soul unjust her plaints ascend ;
 So rue the nations when their kings offend :
 When, uttering wiles and brooding thoughts of ill,
 They bend their laws and wrest them to their will.
 Oh ! gorged with gold, ye kingly judges, hear !
 Make straight your path ; your crooked judgments fear ;
 That the foul record may no more be seen,
 Erased, forgotten, as it ne'er had been !

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

FROM THE THEOGONY.

All on that day stirr'd up th' enormous strife,
 Female and male ; Titanic gods, and sons
 And daughters of old Saturn ; and that band
 Of giant brethren, whom from forth th' abyss

Of darkness under earth deliverer Jove
Sent up to light: grim forms and strong with force
Gigantic; arms of hundred-handed gripe
Burst from their shoulders; fifty heads upsprang
Cresting their muscular limbs. They thus opposed
In dismal conflict 'gainst the Titan stood,
In all their sinewy hands wielding aloft
Precipitous rocks. On th' other side alert
The Titan phalanx closed; then hands of strength
Join'd prowess, and show'd forth the works of war.
Th' immeasurable sea tremendous dash'd
With roaring, earth-resounded, the broad Heaven
Groan'd shattering; huge Olympus reel'd throughout
Down to its rooted base beneath the rush
Of those immortals. The dark chasm of hell
Was shaken with the trembling, with the tramp
Of hollow footsteps and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they against each other through the air
Hurl'd intermix'd their weapons, scattering groans
Where'er they fell. The voice of armies rose
With rallying shout through their starr'd firmament,
And with a mighty war-cry both the hosts
Encountering closed. Nor longer then did Jove
Curb down his force, but sudden in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was fill'd
With his omnipotence; his whole of might
Broke from him, and the godhead rush'd abroad.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympus, flash'd
With his continual presence, for he pass'd
Incessant forth and lighten'd where he trod.
Thrown from his nervous grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift, the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell. Then on every side the foodful earth
Roar'd in the burning flame, and far and near
The trackless depth of forests crashed with fire.
Yea the broad earth burn'd red, the floods of Nile
Glow'd, and the desert waters of the sea.
Round and around the Titan's earthly forms
Roll'd the hot vapor, and on fiery surge
Stream'd upward swathing in one boundless blaze
The purer air of heaven. Keen rush'd the light
In quivering splendor from the writhen flash;
Strong though they were, intolerable smote
Their orbs of sight, and with bedimming glare
Scorch'd up their blasted vision. Through the gulf
Of yawning Chaos the supernal flame
Spread mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been as on a time the heaven and earth
Met hurtling in mid-air, as nether earth

Crash'd from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruining from high. Not less when gods
Grappled with gods, the shout and clang of arms
Commingle, and the tumult roar'd from heaven.
The whirlwinds were abroad, and hollow aroud
A shaking and a gathering dark of dust,
Crushing the thunders from the clouds of air,
Hot thunderbolts and flames, the fiery darts
Of Jove; and in the midst of either host
They bore upon their blast the cry confused
Of battle, and the shouting. For the din
Tumultuous of that sight-appalling strife
Rose without bound. Stern strength of hardy proof
Wreak'd there its deeds till weary sank the war.

After the death of Homer and Hesiod, more than two centuries elapsed before Greece produced another poet whose genius was sufficiently elevated to preserve his name from oblivion; and the poet whom we are next to notice would not, perhaps, now be known to literature, were it not for the important incident in Grecian history with which he is identified.

Tyrtæus, the poet to whom we here allude, was a native of Miletus, in Ionia, and was born in that city 684 A.C. Of his family, and of the incidents of his early life, we have little knowledge, farther than that he early devoted himself to music and poetry as a profession, and was an instructor of youth in their preparatory studies for the chorus used in religious worship, and in other sacred ceremonies. His ambition, however, soon led him to aspire to a more elevated position and a more extended celebrity than could be attained in his native place; and he therefore removed to Athens, and there established himself in his profession.

Tyrtæus had resided in Athens but a comparatively short time before the freedom of the city was conferred upon him, together with all the privileges and immunities of citizenship. To this the honorableness of his profession, and the respect in which it was held, greatly contributed; for instructors were always regarded by the Athenians as public benefactors. As an Athenian citizen, Tyrtæus frequently bore arms in defence of his country; and it is probable that he had attained some considerable distinction as a soldier, before the following incident, and to which we have already alluded, occurred:—

The Spartans, in a war with the Messenians, a neighboring State, though at first successful, were at length reduced to so great extremity as to be constrained to apply to the Delphic oracle, in order to ascertain the cause of their frequent defeats, or to inquire in what manner they might become successful. The oracle replied that the Messenians would continue to triumph till the Spartans obtained an Athenian general to lead their armies. The Dorian pride of Sparta was deeply wounded by a response from the oracle so humiliating to their ancient glory, and at the same time so complimentary to the Hellenic race of Athens. There

was, however, no alternative, and to Athens they accordingly sent, in accordance with the response of the oracle, for a commander. The Athenians, in compliance with their request, sent them, it is said in derision, but we know not why, the poet Tyrtæus, as the leader of their forces. Tyrtæus found the Spartan troops entirely dispirited; but by the animated strains of his martial poetry, he soon succeeded in rousing their ancient heroic enthusiasm, and inspiring them with the highest degree of military ardor: the poem which follows is represented to have mainly contributed to the production of this effect. But whatever may have been the cause, Tyrtæus had been at the head of the Spartan forces only a short time before they became everywhere victorious, and in the event of the contest, the Messenians were reduced to absolute submission, and to unconditional servitude. Of the poem to which we here allude, and which is one of the finest *War Songs* ever written, the following is a very faithful translation:—

WAR ELEGY.

Not on the lips, nor yet in memory's trace
Should that man live, though rapid in the race,
And firm in wrestling: though Cyclopean might
Be his, and fleetness like a whirlwind's flight:
Though than Tithonus lovelier to behold;
Like Cynaras, or Midas, graced with gold:
Than Pelop's realm more kingly his domain;
More sweet his language than Adrastus' strain;
Not though he boast all else of mortal praise,
Yet want the glory of the warrior's bays.
He is not brave, who not endures the sight
Of blood; nor, man to man, in closest fight,
Still pants to press the foe: here bravery lies;
And here of human fame the chiefest prize.
This noblest badge the youth of honor bears,
And this the brightest ornament he wears.
This, as a common good, the state possess,
And a whole people here, their safety bless.
Firm and unyielding, when the armed man
Still presses on, and combats in the van;
And casts the thought of shameful flight away;
And patient-daring, to the perilous fray
Presents his life and soul; and, with his eye,
And voice, exhorts his fellow-men to die,
Here is the warrior found; this, this is bravery.
He breaks the bristling phalanx from afar:
His foresight rules the floating wave of war;
Fallen in the foremost ranks, he leaves a name,
His father's glory, and his country's fame.
All on the front he bears full many a wound
That rived his breast-plate and his buckler's round

Old men and youths let fall the sorrowing tear,
And a whole people mourns around his bier.
Fame decks his tomb, and shall his children grace,
And children's children, to their latest race.
For ne'er his name, his generous glory, dies:
Though tomb'd in earth, he shall immortal rise;
Who dared, persisting, in the field remain,
And act his deeds, till number'd with the slain?
While charging thousands rush'd, resisting stood,
And for his sons and country, pour'd his blood.
But if, escaping the long sleep of death,
He wins the splendid battle's glorious wreath;
Him, with fond gaze, gray sires and youths behold,
And life is pleasant, till his days are old.
Conspicuous midst the citizens he wears
The silver glory of his snowy hairs.
None 'gainst his peace conspire with shameless hate,
None seek to wrong the saviour of the State:
The younger, and his equals, reverent rise;
His elders quit their seats, with honoring eyes;
Then to this height of generous deeds aspire;
And let the soul of war thy patriot bosom fire.

Archilochus, the Grecian poet who follows Tyrtaeus, was born in the island of Paros, 660 A.C. He belonged to one of the most ancient and honorable families of that island, and to this circumstance much of his early reputation and influence are to be attributed. The Parians being a people of great enterprise and activity, resolved to form a distant settlement in the island of Thasos, on the coast of Thrace. To secure the protection of the gods of their country in this enterprise, they commissioned Telesicles, the father of Archilochus, to the temple of Apollo, in order to insure the protection and patronage of that divinity. The favor of the god was, without difficulty, obtained, and the expedition being accordingly undertaken, it proved entirely successful. The settlement having been formed, it became necessary there to institute the Eleusinian mysteries; and for this purpose, Tellis, the grandfather of Archilochus was deputed to accompany the priestess of Ceres thither.

Archilochus was, in the meantime, prosecuting his studies in his native island, and had scarcely begun to distinguish himself as a poet before aid from the parent country was required by their distant colony—the colony having attempted to form a settlement on the adjacent coast of Thrace. To this project the Thracians objected, and they, therefore, determined to expel the invaders by force. Aid being consequently sent from Paros to their assistance, Archilochus himself accompanied the expedition; but in the first onset of the enemy he evinced that want of personal courage which, by the ancient Greeks, was always regarded not only as dishonorable, but in the highest degree, disgraceful. He, in fact, fled from the field of battle; and that his shield might not impede his flight, he cast it

from him, and left it a trophy to the pursuing enemy. The witty poet did not, however, intend that his enemies should be permitted to use this incident to his disadvantage, and therefore, in order to anticipate the ridicule they might heap upon him, he made a matter of amusement of the event himself, and anticipated an expression of public opinion by the composition and publication of the following verses :

Rejoice, some Saián, who my shield may find,
Which in some hedge, unhurt, I left behind.
Farewell my shield; now I myself am free,
I'll buy another, full as good as thee.

Before Archilochus set out on the expedition to Thasos, he had formed a prospective matrimonial alliance with Neobulé, the daughter of Lycambes, one of the principal citizens of Paros. His disgraceful conduct, however, on the field of battle in Thrace had already become known at Paros; in consequence of which, Lycambes not only refused to permit him to renew his suit to his daughter, but Neobulé herself declined to hold any farther intercourse with him. The dignity of the family of Archilochus, and the personal feelings of the poet himself, were so outraged by this event, that he immediately turned the bitter invective of his poetic satire against Lycambes and every member of his family. These satires were written in Iambic verse—a measure invented by the author at this time, and one peculiarly adapted to satirical purposes. At first the satiric strains of Archilochus were treated lightly both by Lycambes and his friends; but the poet reiterated his attacks so constantly, and with such increased severity on every successive occasion, that Lycambes was finally driven to absolute despair—and in order to cover his mortification, and to remove himself from the taunts of the friends of Archilochus, he violently terminated his existence by suicide; and his daughter soon after followed his example.

For some time after this melancholy event occurred, Archilochus continued at Paros, triumphing in his victory, and caressed by his friends, who had now become the settled opponents of the party of Lycambes; but eventually the partisans of Lycambes gained the ascendancy, and by a public decree Archilochus was banished from his ancestral home. Immediately after his banishment he repaired to Thasos; but finding no more favor there than he had found at Paros, he resolved to seek shelter, protection, and even patronage, among the *continental* States of Greece. Intelligence of his infamous cowardice had, however, by this time, spread throughout the whole country; and accordingly, wherever he made his appearance, he was not only shunned, but even treated with contumely and insult.

Wandering thus for many years from State to State, an actual outcast in the midst of his countrymen, he finally reached the city of Elis just at the time the Olympic games were to be celebrated in that city; and his

pitiable condition immediately excited the compassion of the multitude assembled, though his disgrace, with all its offensiveness, still attached closely to him. He had the good fortune, however, so far to ingratiate himself with the judges who presided at the games, as to obtain their permission to recite an ode which he had composed in honor of Hercules. There were many other poets assembled at Elis for the purpose of competing for the poetic prize, and the judges therefore considered that it would be no more than an act of justice to Archilochus to allow him, banished and disgraced though he was, to enter the list of competitors. He was preceded by many poets of eminence, and their productions, being of a high order of merit, received the just applause and the warm encomiums of the judges before whom they were produced; but when Archilochus appeared, bearing with him his harp, and commenced to strike its strings and to chant forth his heavenly numbers, in honor of the great hero in whose praise they were written, the whole assembly was at once enchanted, and, without a moment's hesitation, decreed to him the highest poetic honor, and the first prize.

The occasion upon which this great triumph was obtained was so public, and the circumstances were so imposing, that the fame of the event spread even more rapidly than had the previous intelligence of Archilochus' disgrace; and the people of Paros hearing of the signal victory which their banished poet had gained, hastened to repair the injury which they had inflicted upon him, by publicly recalling him from banishment. But his heart's anguish, trial, penury, and even want itself, had preyed so long upon the sensitive feelings of the great poet, that his strength was exhausted, his vital energies were prostrated; and he, therefore, when the intelligence of his recall from banishment reached him at Elis, had only sufficient power left to enable him to find his way to his home just in time to mingle his ashes with those of his ancestors. Thus, by a fatality frequently attending men of genius, Archilochus passed a life of misery, and acquired honor only after his death. Reproach, ignominy, contempt, poverty, and persecution, were the ordinary companions of his person; while admiration, glory, respect, splendor, and even magnificence, were the melancholy attendants of his shade.

The genius of Archilochus was of a very high order of excellence. He was the inventor, as we have already observed, of satirical poetry, and the measure which he originated at the time of this invention, has ever since been regarded the most effective, as well as the most elegant vehicle for poetic communication that the Greek language possessed. To the invention of this order of versification the Roman poet Horace alludes in the following lines:—

Archilochus, with fierce resentment warmed,
Was with his own severe Iambics armed.

We are not, however, to infer that because the principal poems of Archilochus were satirical, that he confined himself exclusively to that order of poetry; for we have a number of fragments evidently taken from those philosophical poems which he from time to time produced, and to which his contemporaries so frequently allude, that are of the highest order of merit. Of these fragments the following are fair samples:—

AN EXHORTATION TO FORTITUDE UNDER CALAMITY.

Groans rise on griefs, oh Pericles! nor they
 Who feed the woe, in wine or feast are grey.
 The billow of the many roaring deep
 Has borne these pleasures in its whelming sweep.
 Our grief-swoll'n hearts, now draw their breath in pain;
 Yet blessings, oh my friend! shall smile again.
 The gods reserve for seeming-cureless woe
 A balm, and antidotes on grief bestow.
 In turn the cure and suffering take their round,
 And we now groaning feel the bleeding wound:
 Now other breasts the shifting tortures know;
 Endure; nor droop thus womanish in woe.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Naught, now, can pass belief; in Nature's ways
 No strange anomaly our wonder raise.
 Th' Olympian Father hangs a noon-day night
 O'er the sun's disk, and veils its glittering light.
 Fear falls on man. Hence miracles before
 Incredible, are counted strange no more.
 Stand not amazed if beasts exchange the wood
 With dolphins; and exist amidst the flood;
 These the firm land forsake for sounding waves,
 And those find pleasure in the mountain caves.

EQUANIMITY.

Spirit, thou Spirit, like a troubled sea,
 Ruffled with deep and hard calamity,
 Sustain the shock: a daring heart oppose:
 Stand firm, amidst the charging spears of foes:
 If conquering, vaunt not in vain-glorious show;
 If conquer'd, stoop not, prostrated in woe:
 Moderate, in joy, rejoice; in sorrow, mourn:
 Muse on man's lot: be thine discreetly borne.

The same thing was often observed by the ancients of the poems of Archilochus, that was said of the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero—that the longest of them were the best. His 'Hymn to Hercules,' of

which we have already spoken, was repeated on three distinct and separate occasions at the Olympic Games—an honor which no other Grecian poet ever enjoyed, with, perhaps, the single exception of Pindar.

The following brief fragments will close our notice of this eminent but unfortunate poet.

TWO MILITARY PORTRAITS.

Boast me not your valiant captain,
Strutting fierce with measur'd stride,
Glorying in his well-trimm'd beard, and
Wavy ringlets' clustered pride.
Mine be he that's short of stature,
Firm of foot, with curved knee;
Heart of oak in limb and feature,
And of courage bold and free.

THE STORM.

Behold my Glaucus, how the deep
Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl,
And round the promontory-steep
The big black clouds portentous scowl,
With thunder fraught, and lightning's glare,
While Terror rules, and wild Despair.

THE MIND OF MAN.

The mind of man is such as Jove
Ordains by his immortal will;
Who moulds it, in the courts above,
His heavenly purpose to fulfil.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Jove sits in highest heaven, and opes the springs,
To man, of monstrous and forbidden things.
Death seals the fountains of reward and fame:
Man dies, and leaves no guardian of his name.
Applause awaits us only while we live,
While we can honor take, and honor give:
Yet were it base for man of woman born,
To mock the naked ghost with jests or scorn.

The contemporaries of Archilochus were Terpander, Aleman, and Stesichorus; and these were followed in the next generation by Alcæus, a poet of far greater celebrity than either of his immediate predecessors.

Terpander was the originator of the gay and festive kinds of lyric

composition. He was a native of the isle of Lesbos, and was born about 665 A.C. He obtained the musical prize in the Carnean festival at Sparta, and soon after gained five successive prizes at Delphi, as appeared by a correct register of the conquerors in the Pythian games, preserved in the time of Plutarch. These triumphs procured for him the respect of his contemporaries; but he has been honored by posterity chiefly for his improvement of the lyre, and for the new varieties of measure which he introduced into Grecian poetry. Unfortunately his poetry has all perished.

Aleman was a native of Sardis, in Asia Minor, and was born about 650 A.C. Of his life nothing but a few isolated facts has been preserved. His *Parthenia*, composed in honor and praise of woman, and sung by choruses of virgins, were so popular among the Spartans as to procure for their author the name of Sweet. He was a man of very amorous nature, was the earliest writer of love verses, and is thought to have been the first to introduce the practice of singing them in public. So brief fragments only of his poetry have been preserved, that it is very difficult to form any correct judgment of his merits as a writer. The lines addressed to *Megalostrata*, one of his mistresses, and the fragment which follows, comprise the chief of his remains.

TO MEGALOSTRATA

Again sweet Love, by Venus led,
 Hath all my soul possessed;
 Again delicious rapture shed
 In torrents o'er my breast.
 Now Megalostrata, the fair,—
 Of all the virgin train
 Most blessed—with her yellow hair—
 Hath brought me to the Muse's fane.

A FRAGMENT.

The mountain summits sleep, glens, cliffs, and caves,
 Are silent;—all the black earth's reptile brood,
 The bees, the wild beasts of the mountain wood;
 Its depths beneath the darkred ocean's waves
 In monsters rest; whilst wrapt, in bower and spray,
 Each bird is hush'd, that stretch'd its pinions to the day.

Stesichorus was a native of the island of Sicily, and was born at Himera about 645 A.C. His name was originally Tysias, but was afterwards changed into Stesichorus, because he was the first who taught the Chorus to dance to the lyre. Hence, from their origin, the Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode of the Chorus became associated throughout Greece with his

name. Being a man of high rank, and eminent for his wisdom, he exerted a great influence over his fellow-citizens, and chiefly contributed to prevent them from entering into an alliance with the tyrant Phalaris. He died at an advanced age, at Catana, in his native island; and the inhabitants of that city were so sensible of the honor conferred upon them by the possession of his remains, that they would not permit the Himerians, under any circumstances, to remove them to the poet's native place.

Stesichorus has been the subject of the most extravagant encomiums by ancient critics. Majesty and grandeur were, in their estimation, the prevailing characteristics of his style. Horace speaks of the *Graves Camænae*; Alexander, in Dion Chrysostom, places him among the poets, whom a prince ought to read; and Synesias puts him and Homer together, as the noble celebrators of the heroic race. Quintilian, too, one of the ablest critics of antiquity, has also left the following judgment of this poet's works: "The force of Stesichorus's wit appears from the subjects he has treated of; while he sings the greatest wars and the greatest commanders, and sustains with his lyre all the might and grandeur of an epic poem. For he makes his heroes speak and act agreeably to their character; and had he but observed moderation, he would have appeared the fairest rival of Homer. But he is too exuberant, and does not know how to contain himself,—which, though really a fault, yet is one of those faults which arise from an abundance and excess of genius."

The principal poems of Stersichorus, were the *Destruction of Troy*, the *Orestea*, the *Rhadia*, the *Scylla*, and the *Geryonëis*. Of all these works, however, nothing but a few scattered fragments, such as the following, have been preserved from oblivion:—

THE SACRIFICE OF TYNDARUS.

. For whereas Tyndarus,
Midst all his rites to all the gods above,
Alone forgot
That giver of sweet gifts, the queen of Love,—
Wroth with the daughters for the father's sake,
The goddess caused them straight,
Thrice, thrice their nuptial bonds to break,
And each desert her mate.

VOYAGE OF THE SUN.

But now the sun, great Hyperion's child,
Embarked again upon his golden chalice,
And westward steer'd, where, far o'er ocean wild,
Sleeps the dim night, in solitary valleys;

Where dwell his mother and his consort mild,
 And infant sons, in his sequestered palace,
 Whilst onward, through the laurel-shaded grove,
 Moved, with firm step, the hero son of Jove.

THE PROCESSION.

Before the regal chariot, as it passed,
 Were bright Cydonian apples scattered round,
 And myrtle leaves, in showers of fragrance cast,
 And many a wreath was there with roses bound,
 And many a coronal, wherein were set,
 Like gems, rich rows of purple violet.

A FRAGMENT.

Vain it is for those to weep
 Who repose in death's last sleep.
 With man's life ends all the story
 Of his wisdom, wit, and glory.

Alcæus was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos, and was born 620 A.C. His family was influential and powerful, and he himself early joined Pittacus and others, to relieve his native city of a tyranny under which it had long groaned. Pittacus afterwards apostatised from the heroic party, and in the event of the struggle that followed, placed himself at the head of the government. For this act of treachery and usurpation he was bitterly satirized by Alcæus, who was, in consequence of his opposition to the new tyrant, driven into exile. Endeavoring to return by force of arms, but being unsuccessful, he fell into the hands of his former friend, but now exasperated conqueror, who, however, instead of punishing him, granted him his liberty, observing that forgiveness was sweeter than revenge. Pittacus designed, by this act of clemency, to win Alcæus over to his interest; but the inveterate poet still continued to rail against the tyrant, and finally all favor was withdrawn from him. To this circumstance Ovid alludes in the following lines:—

Or may thy satire too severe be found,
 And thrice, like poor Alcæus muse, be crown'd
 With vengeance from the hand it dares to wound.

In an engagement with the Athenians, in which that valiant State triumphed over the Lesbians, Alcæus was present; and as soon as he perceived that the contest would prove adverse to his own party, he threw away his arms, and saved himself by flight. It was, however, some consolation to him in his disgrace, that the conqueror ordered his arms to be hung up in the temple of Minerva, at Sigæum.

Alcæus was the inventor of the metre which bears his name, and his muse embraced every variety of subject—the praises of Bacchus and Venus, invectives against tyrants, and lamentations on the evils of exile and war. His poetical abilities must have been of a very high order, for all antiquity is full of his praises; but unfortunately a few fragments only of his poetry remain. His writings were chiefly in the lyric strain, but his muse was capable of treating the sublimest subjects with suitable dignity. Hence Horace, his most successful imitator, says:—

Alcæus strikes the golden strings,
And seas, and war, and exile sings;
Thus, while they strike the various lyre,
The ghosts the sacred sounds admire:
But when Alcæus lifts the strain
To deeds of war and tyrants slain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song.

The following songs and fragments, embrace everything of value that time has spared, of this ancient and venerated bard:

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

Why wait we for the torches' lights?
Now let us drink, while day invites.
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep-red blood of many a vine,
That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the God of wine.

The son of Jove and Semele,
Who gave the jocund grape to be
A sweet oblivion to our woes.

Fill, fill the goblet—one and two:
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase, the last pursue.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

Jove descends in sleet and snow,
Howls the vexed and angry deep;
Every stream forgets to flow,
Bound in winter's icy sleep.
Ocean wave and forest hoar,
To the blast responsive roar.

Drive the tempest from your door,
Blaze on blaze, your hearthstone piling,
And unmeasured goblets pour,
Brimful high with nectar smiling.
Then beneath your poet's head
Be a downy pillow spread.

THE STORM.

Now here, now there, the wild waves sweep,
 Whilst we, betwixt them, o'er the deep,
 In shatter'd tempest-beaten bark,
 With laboring ropes are onward driven,
 The billows dashing o'er our dark,
 Upheaved deck—in tatters riven
 Our sails—whose yawning rents between
 The raging sea and sky are seen.

* * * * * * *
 Loose from their hold our anchors burst,
 And then the third, the fatal wave
 Comes rolling onward like the first,
 And doubles all our toil to save.

THE POOR FISHERMAN.

The fisher Diotimus had, at sea
 And shore, the same abode of poverty—
 His trusty boat;—and when his days were spent,
 Therein self-rowed to ruthless Dis he went;
 For *that*, which did through life his woes beguile,
 Supplied the old man with a funeral pile.

POVERTY.

The worst of ills, and hardest to endure,
 Past hope, past cure,
 Is Penury, who, with her sister-mate
 Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
 And makes it desolate.
 This truth the sage of Sparta told,
 Aristodemus old,—
 'Wealth makes the man.' On him that's poor,
 Proud worth looks down, and honor shuts the door.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

Glitters with brass my mansion wide;
 The roof is deck'd on every side,
 In martial pride,
 With helmets rang'd in order bright,
 And plumes of horse-hair nodding white,
 A gallant sight—
 Fit ornament for warrior's brow—
 And round the walls in goodly row,
 Refulgent glow

Stout greaves of brass, like burnish'd gold,
 And corslets there in many a fold
 Of linen roll'd :
 And shields that in the battle fray,
 The routed losers of the day
 Have cast away.
 Eubœan falchions too are seen,
 With rich-embroidered belts between
 Of dazzling sheen :
 And gaudy surcoats piled around,
 The spoils of chiefs in war renowned,
 May there be found.
 These, and all else that here you see,
 Are fruits of glorious victory,
 Achieved by me.

THE CONSTITUTION OF A STATE.

What constitutes a State ?
 Not high-raised battlement, or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate :
 Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crown'd :
 No :—Men, high-minded men—
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
 Men, who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.

With the following brief passages, the first from Æsop, the celebrated Fabulist, and the others from Solon, the distinguished Athenian Law-giver, we shall close our present remarks ; but as these eminent writers belong to another department of literature, we shall not here dwell upon the incidents of their lives. Of Solon's poetical genius Plato, the great philosopher, was of opinion that, had he seriously applied himself to poetry, neither Hesiod, nor Homer, nor any other poet, would have been more celebrated.

DEATH THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

AN ELEGIAC.

Who, but for death, could find repose
 From life, and life's unnumbered woes ?
 From ills that mock our art to cure,
 As hard to fly as to endure ?
 Whate'er is sweet without alloy,
 And sheds a more exalted joy,

Yon glorious orb that gilds the day,
 Or placid moon, thy silver ray,
 Earth, sea, whate'er we gaze upon,
 Is thine, O Nature, thine alone;
 But gifts, which to ourselves we owe,
 What are they all, but fear and woe?
 Chance-pleasure, hardly worth possessing,
 Ten curses for a single blessing.

JUSTICE.

Short are the triumphs to injustice given,—
 Jove sees the end of all; like vapors driven
 By early Spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
 Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
 Or passing o'er the fields of tender green,
 Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
 Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,
 And gives the palace of the gods to view;
 Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,
 Where not a cloud can form or vapor rise.
 Such is Jove's vengeance: not like human ire,
 Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,
 But slow and certain; though it long may lie,
 Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky;
 Yet never does the dread Avenger sleep,
 And though the sire escape the son shall weep.

A FRAGMENT.

The man who boasts of golden stores,
 Of grain, that loads his groaning floors,
 Of fields with freshening herbage green,
 Where bounding steeds and herds are seen,
 I call not happier than the swain,
 Whose limbs are sound, whose food is plain,
 Whose joys a blooming wife endears,
 Whose hours a smiling offspring cheers.

REMEMBRANCE AFTER DEATH.

Let not a death, unwept, unhonor'd, be
 The melancholy fate allotted me!
 But those who loved me living, when I die,
 Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory.

Lecture the Fourth.

SAPPHO.—ERINNA—MIMNERMUS.—IBYCUS.—THEOGNIS.—
ANACREON.

IN the closing part of the last lecture our attention was drawn to the immediate predecessors of Sappho, the celebrated poetess of Mitylene; and of her extraordinary genius Coleridge observes that, 'the very shreds remaining of her works, seem enough to prove her the greatest of lyric poets after Pindar.' As compared with Alcæus, Stesichorus, and the rest, her pre-eminence in every lyric quality, is incontestable; her music, her passion, her imagery, her truth, are all transcendent; and, after reading what exists of *her*, we can never think of the other poets who preceded, or were coëval with her, without applying to them her own beautiful stanza:—

The stars that round the beauteous moon
Attendant wait, cast into shade
Their ineffectual lustres, soon
As she in full-orbed majesty array'd,
Her silver radiance showers
Upon this world of ours.

These Grecian lyrists were all, with the exception of Aleman of Sardis, and Stesichorus of Hemira, born on the Asiatic coast, or in the islands of the Ægean sea. 'These enchanting climates,' says Dr. Gillies, the elegant Grecian historian, 'were the best adapted to inspire the raptures peculiar to the ode, as well as to excite that voluptuous gayety characteristic of the Grecian song.' Amidst the romantic scenes of Ionia, was felt with uncommon sensibility, the force of that pleasing, painful passion, which, uniting grief, joy, and enthusiasm, contains the fruitful seeds of whatever is most perfect in music and poetry. Here Sappho breathed the amorous flames by which she herself was eventually consumed.

Sappho, incomparably the most eminent poetess of antiquity, and perhaps the most gifted female genius of any age or country, was born at

Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos, 610 A.C. Of her parentage little is farther known, than that her father's name was Scamandronomus, and her mother's, Cleis; but of the strength of her intellect, the keenness of her wit, and the splendor of her genius, she very early gave the most unmistakable evidence. So gifted and so attractive, she soon drew about her many suitors, among whom was the poet Alcæus, already noticed. Alcæus seems to have been doubtful of the success of his suit, and though he declared that his passion for the fair poetess had almost consumed him, yet he hesitated to place himself, by any open declaration, at the mercy of her sarcastic wit. A favorable opportunity, however, according to Aristotle, at length presented itself, and he ventured to intimate his desire in the following couplet:—

Fain would I speak, but must, through shame, conceal
The thought my eager tongue would soon reveal.

To this address Sappho immediately replied—

Were your request, O bard! on honor built,
Your cheeks would not have worn those marks of guilt:
But in prompt words the ready thoughts had flown,
And your heart's honest meaning quickly shown.

This reply so disconcerted Alcæus, that he immediately abandoned his suit; but Sappho was soon after married to Cercolas, a wealthy inhabitant of the neighboring island of Andros. Thither she accordingly removed; but she had soon after the misfortune to lose her husband by death; and thus left in early widowhood, she at once returned to her native Lesbos with the intention of resuming her residence amid the scenes and associations of her early life. She found, however, on her return to Lesbos, that the recent changes through which she had passed had clothed every source of early association with attributes so gloomy, that a residence at Mitylene had no longer any attractions for her; and as Athens had just fallen under the rule of Pisistratus, the splendid usurper of its government, who, in order to reconcile the people to his administration, held out every encouragement to genius and learning, she resolved to remove thither, and there devote her time to literary pursuits, to the refined, and even the voluptuous enjoyments of that court. Maturity had now perfected her early beauty, and strengthened the ardor of her affections; she had not, therefore, long resided at Athens, before she became devotedly attached to Phaon, one of the youthful attendants upon the Athenian court. He, however, either trifled with her affections, or did not reciprocate her passion; and, in order to be relieved from her importunity, left Athens, and retired to the island of Sicily. Thither Sappho immediately followed him, and on landing upon that island, she breathed forth that magnificent ode, in the form of a prayer to Venus, which Longinus carefully preserved, and pronounced one of the finest emana-

tions of the Grecian lyric muse. Of this splendid ode we venture to offer the following translation, which, though containing little of the spirit and fire of the original, is, to the letter, faithful.

ODE TO VENUS.

Venus! immortal! child of Jove!
Who sitt'st on painted throne above;
Weaver of wiles! oh, let not Love
 Inflict this torturing flame!

But haste; if, once, my passion's cry
Drew thee to listen, hasten nigh;
From golden palaces on high
 Thy harness'd chariot came.

O'er shadowy earth, before my sight,
Thy dainty sparrows wheel'd their flight;
Their balanced wings, in ether's light,
 Were quivering too and fro.

The birds flew back: thou blessed queen!
Didst smile with heavenly brow serene;
And ask, what grief the cause had been,
 That summon'd thee below?

What most I wished, with doating mind:
Whom most seductive, I would bind
In amorous nets; and, 'Who, unkind,
 My Sappho, wrongs thee now?

'The fugitive shall turn pursuer;
The vainly woo'd shall prove the wooer:
The cold shall kneel to his undoer,
 Though she disdain his vow.'

Come then, now! come once again!
Ease my bosom of its pain!
Let me all my wish obtain!
 Fight my battles thou!

Venus, however, proved unpropitious to Sappho's importunate prayer, and Phaon, cold, cruel, and relentless; and, in a fit of desperation, the phrenzied poetess hastened to Mount Leucas, a promontory on the coast of Sicily, and thence, according to the tradition, precipitated herself into the sea.

Perhaps no other author of either ancient or modern times, ever enjoyed, during life, so great a reputation as was enjoyed by Sappho, or was so highly honored after death. The Mityleneans, her countrymen, paid sovereign honors to her name, bestowed upon her the appellation of the Tenth Muse, and stamped their money with her image; and even the

distant Romans, centuries afterwards, out of respect to her memory, erected and inscribed to her name, a magnificent porphyry statue. In the sweetness of her numbers, the fervor of her language, the splendor of her imagery, and the condensed power of her expression, she was, perhaps, by none of her countrymen ever excelled; and, perhaps, Pindar may be regarded as her only equal. Her verses, it is true, were chiefly devoted to the praises of the tender passion; but she did not regard it as a voluptuous, but as an abstract, ethereal, elevated, and god-like principle. In reality, most of the detractions from Sappho's merit are traceable to the envy of those Roman poets who afterwards in vain attempted, in the lyric strain, to equal her fire and sublimity; and for this, Ovid is, perhaps, more deeply censurable than any other.

Those critics, therefore, who regard Sappho's fragments as mere love songs, greatly degrade her genius. Her strain was of a more elevated and commanding kind—simple, vehement, rich in images, and sparkling in words—her poetry was the poetry of impulse. In all succeeding poets who have written on love, we can trace the wit of sentiment, and the finished delicacy of art. In Sappho we have a total unconsciousness of effort; but such is the enthusiasm of her sensations, that she has infused even sublimity into the softness of the tender passion. Hence Longinus, perhaps the most discerning critic of antiquity, has instanced her bold selection and association of circumstances, in the emotion of violent love, as forming the true sentimental sublime.

Besides the above Ode to Venus, we shall present another of the complete poems of this inimitable writer, together with a few poetic fragments; though Phillips, one of the contemporaries of Addison, has clothed it in a sweet poetic dress, yet we venture to present the following translation by Elton, as better suited to our purpose. The poem itself will at once be recognized, as it has long been before the public in the translation which we have already mentioned:

TO A GIRL BELOVED.

That man is like a god to me
Who, sitting face to face with thee,
Shall hear thee sweetly speak, and see
Thy laughter's gentle blandishing.

'Tis this astounds my trembling heart:
I see thee, lovely as thou art:
My fluttering words, in murmurs start,
My broken tongue is faltering.

My flushing skin the fire betrays
That through my blood electric strays:
My eyes seem darkening as I gaze,
My ringing ears re-echoing.

Cold from my forehead glides the dew:
 A shuddering tremor thrills me through:
 My cheek a green and yellow hue:
 All gasping, dying, languishing,

AN ILLITERATE WOMAN.

Unknown, unheeded, shalt thou die,
 And no memorial shall proclaim,
 That once, beneath the upper sky,
 Thou hadst a being and a name.

For never to the Muses' bowers
 Didst thou, with glowing heart repair,
 Nor ever intertwine the flowers,
 That Fancy strews unnumbered there.

Doomed o'er that dreary realm, alone
 And shunned by gentler shades, to go,
 Nor friend shall soothe nor parent own
 The child of sloth, the Muses' foe.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

The moon hath sunk beneath the sky:
 The Pleiad stars withdraw their light:
 It is the darkling noon of night:
 The hour, the hour hath glided by,
 And yet alone, alone I lie.

II.

Mother! sweet mother! 'tis in vain;
 I cannot now the shuttle throw:
 That youth is in my heart and brain:
 And Venus' lingering fires within me glow.

III.

Venus, come! forsake the sky
 For this our banquet's gaiety:
 Come—while the golden beakers gleam,
 The nectar mix in purple stream:
 Fill to these gentle friends the wine:
 Mine are these, and these are mine.

IV.

I have a child—a lovely child—
 In beauty like the golden sun,
 Or like sweet flowers, of earliest bloom,
 And Cleis is her name:—for whom
 I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
 Would glad resign.

V.

Come gentle youth, and in thy flowing locks
 With delicate fingers weave a fragrant crown
 Of aromatic anise; for the gods
 Delight in flowery wreaths, nor lend an ear
 Propitious to their suit, who supplicate
 With brows unbound with sweetly-smelling flowers.

VI.

Cling to the brave and good—the base disown
 Whose best of fortunes is to live unknown.

VII.

Wealth without Virtue is a dangerous guest;
 Who holds them mingled is supremely blest.

VIII.

Beauty, fair flower, upon the surface lies;
 But Worth with Beauty soon in aspect vies.

IX.

When dead, thou shalt in ashes lie,
 Nor live in human memory:
 Nor any page in time to come
 Shall draw thee from thy shroudless tomb.
 For thou didst never pluck the rose
 That on Pieria's mountain grows:
 Dim and unseen thy feet shall tread
 The shadowy mansion of the dead:
 Thee, maiden! shall no eye survey
 Start from the obscurer ghosts, and wing thy soaring way.

X.

Did Jove a queen of flowers decree,
 The rose the queen of flowers should be.
 Of flowers the eye; of plants the gem;
 The meadow's blush; earth's diadem:
 Glory of colors on the gaze
 Lightening in its beauty's blaze:
 It breathes of love: it blooms the guest
 Of Venus' ever fragrant breast:
 In gaudy pomp its petals spread:
 Light foliage trembles round its head:
 With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair
 It laughs to the voluptuous air.

INSCRIPTIONS.

This dust was Timos: ere her bridal hour
 She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower:
 Her virgin playmates from their lovely head
 Clipt with sharp steel the locks; the strewnments of the dead.

This oar, and net, and fisher's wicker'd snare
 Themiscus placed above his buried son:
 Memorials of the lot of life he bare;
 The hard and needy life of Pelagon.

In connection with the distinguished poetess whom we have just noticed, we shall here glance at one of her contemporaries, between whom and herself the utmost warmth of affection and the closest intimacy existed.

Erinna, the poetess to whom we here allude, was a native of Mitylene, the birthplace of Sappho, and was born in that city, 600 A.C. Of her life and character so little is known that, perhaps, every incident connected with her history would long since have passed into oblivion, had it not been for her close and intimate connection with Sappho; and the few fragments of her poetry which still remain. Her admiration for her distinguished associate naturally led her to adopt *her* measure; but far from confining herself to that strain, she used all the varied measures then known in Greece, and in hexameter verse she is said to have rivalled even Homer himself. Indeed, Erinna must be regarded as one of those extraordinary geniuses which merely alight upon this earth, and then pass away to leave us to mourn that such unusual brightness should so soon fade from our view: all the excellence at which she arrived, and all the fame that she acquired, was attained before the nineteenth year of her age, when her premature death occurred.

In the fragments of this sweet child of song that remain, particularly in her epigrams, there is a degree of simplicity and sweetness that has rarely been surpassed. To justify this remark, the following epitaphs are quite sufficient.

EPITAPH

ON A VIRGIN OF MITYLENE, WHO DIED ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

The virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I;
 Creep softly to the pillow'd mound of woe;
 And whisper to the grave, in earth below,
 'Grave! thou art envious in thy cruelty!'
 To thee, now gazing here, her barb'rous fate,
 These bride's adornments tell; that, with the fire
 Of Hymen's torch, which led her to the gate,
 Her husband burn'd the maid upon her pyre:
 Yes Hymen! thou didst change the marriage song
 To the shrill wailing of the mourner's throng.

ON THE SAME.

Pillars of death! carved Syrens! tearful urns!
 In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid;
 To him that near my tomb his footsteps turns,
 Stranger or Greek, bid hail! and say, a maid
 Rests in her bloom below: her sire the name
 Of Myrtis gave: her birth and lineage high:
 And say, her bosom friend, Erinna came,
 And on this marble grav'd her elegy.

Beside these epitaphs, the following 'Ode to Rome' has usually been attributed to this sweet poetess; but Rome could hardly, at that early period, have attracted sufficient attention to secure so flattering a notice from a distant Grecian author. The Ode itself is, however, of so rare merit, that we shall here introduce a translation of it—remarking that some scholars, of high pretensions to learning, translate the original title of the poem an 'Ode to Fortitude,' which entirely obviates the difficulty of attributing its authorship to Erinna.

ODE TO ROME.

Hail! oh Rome! thou child of Mars!
 Golden-mitred! wise in wars!
 High o'er earth thou dwellest still,
 On firm Olympus' hill.

Rule unbroken fell to thee
 From most ancient destiny;
 That, in thy kingly strength secure,
 Thou ever may'st endure.

Thy chariot yoke, and guiding rein
 Curb the wide soil, and foamy main;
 The cities of the nations stand,
 Safe underneath thy hand.

Time, who has earth's destroyer been,
 Who, varying, shifts the human scene,
 Shall never change the prosperous gale
 That swells thy empire's sail.

For thou alone, dost heroes bear,
 So tall of limb, so strong with spear;
 Thine are the spiky ranks of war
 And men thy harvests are.

Mimnermus, Ibycus, and Theognis, the three poets to be next noticed,

are comparatively so little known that scarcely any definite intelligence of them can now be obtained. They were sufficiently eminent, however, in their own day, to produce a deep sensation upon the public mind, and many fragments of their poetry were, accordingly, preserved by Athenæus and others, with the greatest care. In our remarks, therefore, on Grecian literature, though they will occupy but a limited space, we cannot pass them over in silence.

Mimnermus was born at Colophon, in Ionia, 594 A.C. He was early eminent both as a musician and poet, and, according to Horace and Propertius, he was the master of amatory elegy. Their judgment, however, must have been based upon specimens of this ancient poet's writings with which we are not now familiar, for, in the few remaining fragments of his poetry, nothing of this character appears. Indeed, instead of the spirit of joy and amorous delight, a morbid melancholy sentiment prevails, complaining of the transitory nature of human enjoyments, of the briefness of youth, and the vanity and wretchedness of life—a youth passed in dissolute pleasures, and an old age of senseless and sensual repinings. The principal fragments of his poems that have descended to us are the following:—

YOUTH AND AGE.

What were life, and where its treasure,
Golden Venus, wert thou flown?
Ne'er may I outlive the pleasure
Given to man by thee alone,—
Honied gifts and secret love,
Joys all other joys above.

Quickly, stripling! quickly, maiden!
Snatch life's blossoms ere they fall;
Age with hate and sorrow laden,
Soon draws nigh to level all,—
Makes the man of comeliest mien,
Like the most ill-favored seen.

Youth and grace his path declining,
Gloomy thoughts his bosom tear;
Seems the sun, in glory shining,
Now to him no longer fair,—
Joys no more his soul engage,
Such the power of dreary age.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

We, like the leaves of many-blossom'd spring,
When the sun's rays their sudden radiance fling,
In growing strength, on earth, a little while
Delighted, see youth's blooming flow'rets smile.

Not with that wisdom of the gods endued,
 To judge aright of evil and of good.
 Two Fates, dark-scowling, at our side attend,
 Of youth, of life, each points the destin'd end,
 Old age, and death: the fruit of youth remains
 Brief, as the sunshine scatter'd o'er the plains:
 And, when these fleeting hours have fled away,
 To die were better than to breathe the day.
 A load of grief the burthen'd spirit wears;
 Domestic troubles rise; penurious cares;
 One with an earnest love of children sighs;
 The grave is open'd, and he childless dies:
 Another drags in pain his lingering days,
 While slow disease upon his vitals preys.
 Nor lives there one, whom Jupiter on high,
 Exempts from years of mix'd calamity.

Ibycus was a native of Rhegium, in Italy, and was born about 565 A.C. After having acquired a high poetic reputation in his native place, he removed to the court of Polycrates, in Samos, and there passed most of the remainder of his life. Suidas, a Greek lexicographer, who lived in the beginning of the tenth century, calls him the most love-mad of poets; and the brief fragments of his writings that still remain seem fully to justify the character thus given him. He was the author of seven books of odes, of which, however, only a few fragments are extant. The story of his death, as related by Ælian, is as follows, and is very remarkable. Passing through a solitary place, he was slain by robbers, and seeing, in his dying moments, a flock of cranes flying over his head, he exclaimed, 'These birds will be my avengers!' And so in reality they were; for one of the murderers happening soon afterwards to see a flock of the same birds flying over the market-place of Corinth, inadvertently exclaimed to his comrades, 'Behold the avengers of Ibycus!' His words were overheard, suspicions arose, inquiry followed, truth came to light, and the poet's dying prophecy was fulfilled in the execution of his murderers. From the fragments of this writer we present the following ode:

THE INFLUENCE OF SPRING.

In Spring, bedewed with river-streams,
 From where, for everlasting gleams
 The garden of th' Hesperides,
 Blossom Cydonian apple-trees;—
 In Spring the saplings freshly shine,
 Beneath the parent vine,
 In shadow and in breeze;
 But me, Love's mighty power,
 That sleepeth never an hour,
 From Venus rushing, burneth with desire,
 As with the lightning fire;

Black, as the Thracian wind,
He seizes on my mind,
With dry delirious heat
Inflames my reason's seat,
And in the centre of my soul,
Keeps empire for a child, and holds
Uncheck'd control.

Theognis was born at Megara, in Achaia, 549 A.C., and is remarkable for being the first poet of eminence that the *continent* of Greece produced. As was before observed, we know nothing of his parentage or of his early life; but that his learning was eminent is evident from the fact that our first intelligence of him finds him occupying the important position of a public instructor in his native place. His popularity in his profession soon became such as to excite the enmity of many of his contemporaries, perhaps engaged in the same professional pursuit; and he was, therefore, accused by them of disseminating amongst his scholars immoral voluptuousness under the guise of moral precepts. This must, however, have been mere scandal; for the poems of Theognis which still remain, so far from containing any such principles as those with which they were charged, are distinguished for their elevated and sound morality. Indeed, Athenæus assures us that the verses of Theognis, like those of Hesiod, were, in consequence of their correct moral tendency, used for centuries throughout Greece, for purposes of public recitation.

The style of this early poet has little to recommend it. His verses consist of successive maxims, which, though pithily expressed, are, with only occasional exceptions, dry and unattractive. His three principal poems still extant, are 'Lines on Friendship,' 'Arguments for Social Enjoyment, drawn from the Shortness of Life,' and 'Return to my Native Land.' The first of these poems contains a correct and even elevated and refined view of the subject of which it treats; and the argument of the second, based upon the brevity of earthly existence, is in favor of peace. The third is a sweet, pathetic strain. Besides these poems, we possess a number of rather important fragments:

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Caress me not with words, while far away
Thy heart is absent, and thy feelings stray.
But, if thou love me with a faithful breast,
Be that pure love with zeal sincere express:
And if thou hate, thy bold aversion show
With open strife, avowed and known my foe.
Who with one tongue, has, yet, a double mind,
In him, be sure, a slippery friend we find,
And better as a foe: who, in thy sight,
Can bid his speech in wanton praise delight;

But, parted from thee, rails with sland'rous tongue ;
 If, while his lips with honied words are hung,
 Another spirit in his thoughts contend,
 That friend, be sure, is but a hollow friend.
 Let none thy mind, by false inducement, move
 To view the wicked with an eye of love.
 How should a bad man's friendship profit thee?
 Who nor from deep distress will set thee free,
 Nor of his prosperous fortunes yield a share ;
 Thankless are benefits ; an empty care
 Would this, thy kindness to the wicked, be ;
 Go, rather sow the hoary-foaming sea ;
 Scant were thy harvest from the barren main,
 Nor kindness from the bad returns again.
 Unsatisfied they crave ; if, once thou fail,
 Their friendship fades like a forgotten tale.
 But, with the good, the fruits of kindness thrive ;
 And, still repaid, in memory survive.
 Let not the wicked thy companion be ;
 From him, as from a dangerous harbor, flee.
 Many the friends of cup and board ; but few
 They, whom thy earnest need in succour drew.
 Arduous the task, and on the warning lend
 Thy serious thought, to know the painted friend.
 Of gold's base mixture we may bear the loss,
 And eyes sagacious can detect the dross.
 But, if a friend's most base and worthless heart
 Lurk in his breast, beneath the mask of art,
 Jove varnishes to sight the specious skin,
 Nor keenest glance may pierce the rottenness within.
 In man, nor woman, trust the friend sincere,
 Till thou hast proved them, as we prove the steer.
 Conjecture aids not, as when seasons smile,
 But empty shows of things allure thee to beguile.

ARGUMENTS FOR SOCIAL ENJOYMENT

FROM THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

May Peace, may Plenty bless our happy state,
 And social feast ; for evil war I hate.
 Sky-dwelling Jove ! above our city stand,
 And o'er her safety spread thy guardian hand.
 Smile every God ; and Phœbus, thou, dispense
 The mind of wit, the tongue of eloquence :
 Let harp and pipe in sacred song combine,
 And, with libations of the sprinkled wine
 Appeasing heaven, let converse blithe be ours,
 And goblets, dreadless of the Median powers.
 So is it best to trifle life away,
 Our minds with care unburthen'd, light and gay :

So from dark ills of fate our thoughts depend,
 From age pernicious, and our mortal end.
 In youth I blithsome sport; for soon shall fly
 My spirit; and my body deep shall lie
 Beneath th' eternal ground; while years roll on
 Laid motionless, and speechless as a stone.

Yes—I shall leave the pleasant sun: nor more,
 Though virtuous, look on all that pleas'd before.
 Now, then, my soul! take pleasure: other eyes
 Shall view the sun, and other men arise:
 While I am lying cold, and stark, and dead,
 With dusty blackness of the earth o'erspread.
 Still leaps my heart, when breathing on my ear,
 The lovely voice of murmur'ing flutes I hear:
 The goblet cheers: the minstrels joyance bring:
 And my own hands touch, glad, the thrilling string:
 There breathes not mortal, on whose head the ground
 Has closed, whom hell's dark chambers compass round,
 That bears the minstrel, listens to the lyre,
 Or feels the rosy gifts of wine inspire.
 My soul! the thought shall pleasure's counsel speak;
 Ere the head tremble, ere the knees are weak.

RETURN TO MY NATIVE LAND.

Wide have I wandered, far beyond the sea,
 Even to the distant shores of Sicily;
 To broad Eubœa's plentiful domain,
 With the rich vineyards in its planted plain;
 And to the sunny wave and winding edge
 Of fair Eurotas with its reedy sedge—
 Where Sparta stands in simple majesty:
 Among her manly rulers there was I,—
 Greeted and welcomed there and everywhere
 With courteous entertainment, kind and fair;
 Yet still my weary spirit would repine,
 Longing again to view this land of mine;
 Henceforward, no design, no interest
 Shall ever move me, but the first and best;
 With Learning's happy gift to celebrate,
 Adorn, and dignify my native State.
 The song, and dance, music and verse agreeing,
 Will occupy my life and fill my being;
 Pursuits of elegance and learned skill
 (With good repute, and kindness, and good will
 Among the wisest sort,) will pass my time
 Without an enemy, without a crime;
 Harmless and just with every rank of men,
 Both the free native, and the denizen.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Ah me! alike o'er youth and age I sigh,
 Impending age, and youth that hastens by;
 Swift as a thought the flowing moments roll,
 Swift as a racer speeds to reach the goal.
 How rich, how happy the contented guest,
 Who leaves the banquet soon, and sinks to rest.
 Damps chill my brow, my pulses fluttring beat,
 Whene'er the vigorous pride of youth I meet.
 Pleasant and lovely; hopeful to the view
 As golden visions, and as transient too:
 But ah! no terrors stop, nor vows, nor tears
 Life's mournful evening, and the gloom of years.

POVERTY.

For noble minds, the worst of miseries,
 Worse than old age, or wearisome disease,
 Is Poverty. From Poverty to flee,
 From some tall precipice into the sea,
 It were a fair escape to leap below!
 In Poverty, dear Kyrnus, we forego
 Freedom in word and deed, body and mind;
 Action and thought are fetter'd and confin'd.
 Let me then fly, dear Kyrnus, once again!
 Wide as the limits of the land and main,
 From these entanglements; with these in view,
 Death is the lighter evil of the two.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

May Jove assist me to discharge a debt
 Of kindness to my friends—and grant me yet
 A further boon—revenge upon my foes!
 With these accomplished, I could gladly close
 My term of life—a fair requital made—
 My friends rewarded, and my wrongs repaid!
 Gratitude and revenge, before I die,
 Might make me deemed almost a deity.
 Yet hear, O mighty Jove! and grant my prayer,
 Relieve me from affliction and despair!
 O take my life—or grant me some redress,
 Some foretaste of returning happiness.
 Such is my state—I cannot yet descry
 A chance of vengeance on mine enemy,
 The rude despoiler of my property.
 Yet my full wish, *to drink their very blood*,
 Some power divine, that watches for my good,
 May yet accomplish. Soon may he fulfil
 My righteous hope, my just and hearty will.

Our remarks upon Grecian poetry have thus brought us down to the age of Anacreon, Simonides, and Pindar—perhaps the three most remarkable lyric poets that any age or country ever produced at the same time. The prevailing characteristic of each, however, is peculiar to himself. Anacreon is soft and delicate in the extreme. His drinking songs have all the gayety of their subject, without any of its grossness. His assumed philosophy, however irrational in itself, gives a dignity to his manner, and there is a pathos in the thought of fleeting life, which, perhaps, constitutes the secret charm of many of his voluptuous effusions. Simonides, on the other hand, is always serious and impressive; and though capable of the sublime, he does not often indulge in it, but excels in those elegiac subjects which call forth peculiar strains of pathos; while Pindar's soaring genius led him to indulge in those daring flights of sublimity to which no other ancient lyric poet ever even approached.

Anacreon was a native of Ionia, and was born at Teos, in that country, 558 A.C. His ancestors were originally from Attica, and Athenæus makes him a kinsman of Solon, the celebrated Athenian law-giver, and consequently a descendant of Codrus, the last of the Athenian kings. Thus connected, he naturally enjoyed every advantage of education which that early period afforded; and hence his time seems to have been uninterruptedly devoted to close and unremitted study, until the eighteenth year of his age. At that time an incident occurred which entirely changed the aspect of his native country, and desolated his early home. Harpagus, one of the generals of Cyrus the Great, was sent, after Cyrus had conquered Lydia, into the Grecian States of Asia Minor, to compel them to submit to him as the conqueror of Cræsus—they having previously been subjected to the authority of that Lydian prince. Whilst Miletus and many other of the Ionian States submitted without resistance, the Teans determined to maintain their independence. They were, however, eventually overpowered by the superior force of Harpagus; but, sooner than become the subjects of Cyrus, they resolved to embark with their families and effects on board of their fleet, and seek a new abode in some distant region of country. After a long and tedious voyage, they arrived at Abdera, on the coast of Thrace, and there formed a settlement, which they designed as their future home. At first the Thracians seemed pleased with their new neighbors, but for some reason they afterwards became disaffected towards them, and resolved to expel them by force from the country. A war was the consequence, and in the successive conflicts that followed, Anacreon had the misfortune to lose many of his friends and connections, the mournful celebration of whose deaths formed the earliest theme of his lyric muse.

Though the contest finally resulted in favor of the Teans, yet the inroads which it made in Anacreon's family circle were such as to leave him no inducement longer to remain in that distant country; and as the

odes and epigrams, to which we have already alluded, had spread his fame throughout Greece and the adjacent islands, he was invited by Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, to remove to that monarch's court, and there take up his permanent abode. Anacreon unhesitatingly complied with the tyrant's request, and had dwelt at Samos but a short time before he gave evidence of the possession of a genius for politics and state-affairs quite equal to that which had already distinguished him as a poet; in consequence of which Polycrates first made him one of his councillors of State, and afterwards his prime minister. In this situation Anacreon continued during the remainder of the life of Polycrates—about eighteen years—basking in the sunshine of royal favor, and indulging, unfortunately, in all the voluptuousness of that eastern court.

When intelligence of the death of Polycrates reached Athens, Hipparchus, the wise and sagacious tyrant of that country, desirous of enjoying the advantages of the presence and councils of the late prime minister of Samos, earnestly solicited Anacreon to remove to his court, and make it his permanent residence; and in order to facilitate his passage over the *Ægean* sea, he sent the State galley, containing thirty benches of oars, to convey him thither. At Athens, Anacreon's popularity as a poet soon became greatly enhanced by the production of some of the finest odes that ever emanated from his mind, and were recorded by his pen. His habits of inebriety, however, at Athens, increased upon him so rapidly, that he soon became fitted for little else than voluptuous enjoyment.

When, by the conspiracy of Harmodius and Aristogiton, Hipparchus was dethroned and slain, Anacreon left Athens and returned to Teos, where he designed to remain till the close of his life. The attempt of Histæus, tyrant of Miletus, however, to throw off the Persian yoke, compelled Anacreon again to leave his native country, and seek a new abode. He first repaired to Abdera; but finding himself, in consequence of the many years that had elapsed since he left there, a comparative stranger, he returned to Athens, and there, after many years, closed his eventful life. His death occurred in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and was immediately produced, according to Suidas, by the excessive drinking of new wine, an unobserved grape-stone in which choked him to suffocation. The Athenians, notwithstanding Anacreon's irregular habits, so greatly admired his genius, that they erected to his memory, soon after his death, a most imposing statue, representing, however, an old man in a state of inebriety.

Few poets have ever been, to a greater extent, the delight of both ancients and moderns than Anacreon; and hence the praises which his critics have uniformly bestowed upon him, have been of the most extravagant kind. His works were, Odes, Epigrams, Elegies, Hymns, and Iambics; and of their merit Horace, the greatest of Roman lyrists, remarks:

Whatever old Anacreon sung,
 However tender was the lay,
 In spite of time is ever young.

Scaliger, a distinguished German critic, calls his verses 'sweeter than Indian sugar.' 'His beauty,' says Madame Dacier, 'and chiefest excellence lay in imitating nature, and in following reason, so that he presented to the mind no images but what were noble and natural.' 'The odes of Anacreon,' says the celebrated French critic Rabin, 'are flowers, beauties, and perpetual graces. It is familiar to him to write what is natural unto life, he having an air so delicate, so easy, and so graceful, that among all the ancients there is nothing comparable to the method he took, nor to the kind of writing he followed. He flowed soft and easy; everywhere diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verse, and tuning his harp to the smooth and pleasant temper of his soul.' But no one has given a juster character of Anacreon's writings than the little God of Love as taught by Cowley:

All thy verse is sweeter far,
 Than the downy feathers are
 Of my wings and of my arrows,
 Of my mother's doves and sparrows;
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth or round,
 All with Venus' girdle bound.

From the remaining poems of Anacreon, which are more numerous than are those of any of his contemporary poets, we shall select such as will afford us an opportunity of presenting the various themes which occupied his muse, without reference to their respective merit. Of 'The Dove,' the first poem here introduced, Dr. Johnson remarks, 'As I was never struck with anything in the Greek language till I read Anacreon's Dove, so have I never read anything in the same language since, that pleased me more.' A similar remark might be made, perhaps with equal propriety, of each poem that here follows it, and especially of the 'Address to a Painter;' for where all are so exquisite, it seems invidious to give exclusive preference to any one:

THE DOVE.

'Lovely courier of the sky,
 Whence and whither dost thou fly?
 Scattering, as thy pinions play,
 Liquid fragrance all the way.
 Is it business? Is it love?
 Tell me, tell me, gentle Dove.—
 Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
 Vows to Myrtale the fair;

Graced with all that charm the heart,
 Blushing nature, smiling art,
 Venus, courted by an ode,
 On the Bard her Dove bestow'd.
 Vested with a master's right
 Now Anacreon rules my flight:
 As the letters that you see,
 Weighty charge consigned to me:
 Think not yet my service hard,
 Joyless task without reward:
 Smiling at my master's gates,
 Freedom my return awaits:
 But the liberal grant in vain
 Tempts me to be wild again.
 Can a prudent Dove decline
 Blissful bondage such as mine?
 Over hills and fields to roam,
 Fortune's guest without a home.
 Under leaves to hide one's head,
 Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed;
 Now my better lot bestows
 Sweet repast, and soft repose;
 Now the generous bowl I sip
 As it leaves Anacreon's lip;
 Void of care, and free from dread
 From his fingers snatch his bread,
 Then with luscious plenty gay
 Round his chambers dance and play;
 Or, from wine as courage springs,
 O'er his face expand my wings;
 And when feast and frolic tire,
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.
 This is all; be quick and go,
 More than all thou can'st not know;
 Let me now my pinions ply,—
 I have chatter'd like a pye!

TO A PAINTER.

Best of painters now dispense
 All thy tinted eloquence:
 Master of the roseate art,
 Paint the mistress of my heart.
 Paint her, absent though she be,
 Paint her as described by me.
 Paint her hair in tresses flowing:
 Black as jet its ringlets glowing:
 If the pallet soar as high,
 Paint their humid fragraney.
 Let the color smoothly show
 The gentle prominence of brow;

Smooth as ivory let it shine,
 Under locks of glossy twine.
 Now her eyebrows length'ning bend;
 Neither sever them, nor blend:
 Imperceptible the space
 Of their meeting arches trace:
 Be the picture like the maid;
 Her dark eye-lids fringed with shade.

Now the real glance inspire;
 Let it dart a liquid fire:
 Let her eyes reflect the day,
 Like Minerva's, hazel-gray,
 Like those of Venus, swimming bright,
 Brimful of moisture and of light.

Now her faultless nose design
 In its flowing aquiline:
 Let her cheeks transparent gleam,
 Like to roses, strew'd in cream:
 Let her lips seduce to bliss,
 Pouting to provoke the kiss.

Now her chin minute express,
 Rounded into prettiness:
 There let all the Graces play;
 In that dimpled circle stray;
 Round her bended neck delay:
 Marble pillar, on the sight
 Shedding smooth its slippery white.
 For the rest, let drapery swim
 In purplish folds o'er every limb;
 But, with flimsy texture, show
 The shape, the skin, that partial glow:
 Enough—herself appears; 'tis done;
 The picture breathes; the paint will speak anon

CUPID BENIGHTED.

'Twas noon of night, and round the pole,
 The sullen Bear was seen to roll;
 And mortals, wearied with the day,
 Were slumbering all their cares away;
 An infant, at that dreary hour,
 Came weeping to my silent bower,
 And waked me with a piteous prayer,
 To shield him from the midnight air,
 'And who art thou,' I waking cry,
 'That bid'st my blissful visions fly?'
 'Ah, gentle sire,'—the infant said,—
 'In pity take me to thy shed;
 Nor fear deceit; a lonely child,
 I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
 Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
 Illumes my drear and misty way.'

I heard the baby's tale of woe;
 I heard the bitter night-winds blow;
 And, sighing for his piteous fate,
 I trimm'd my lamp, and op'd the gate.
 'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
 His pinion sparkled through the night.
 I knew him by his bow and dart;
 I knew him by my fluttering heart.
 Fondly I take him in, and raise
 The dying embers' cheering blaze;
 Press from his dark and clinging hair
 The crystals of the freezing air,
 And in my hand and bosom hold
 His little fingers, thrilling cold.

And now the ember's genial ray
 Had warm'd his anxious fears away:
 'I pray thee,' said the wanton child,
 (My bosom trembled as he smil'd,)
 'I pray thee, let me try my bow,
 For through the rain I've wandered so,
 That much I fear, the midnight shower
 Has injur'd its elastic power.'—
 His fatal bow the urchin drew;
 Swift from the string the arrow flew;
 As swiftly flew a glancing flame,
 And to mine inmost spirit came!
 And 'Fare thee well,'—I heard him say,
 As, laughing wild, he wing'd his way;
 'Fare thee well, for now, I know,
 The rain has not relaxed my bow;
 It still can send a thrilling dart,
 As thou shalt own with all thy heart!

A DREAM.

At midnight, when my slumb'ring head
 Sank on the purple-quilted bed,
 As wine its swimming raptures shed:
 Methought I ran a tip-toe race
 With gadding maids of frolic grace:
 While youths, like, Bacchus, fair and young,
 Pursued me with reviling tongue,
 And keen their taunting envy flung.

When, as I sought to snatch a kiss,
 The vision fled—the sleep of bliss:
 And left alone, I felt in vain
 The tort'ring wish to sleep again.

RETURN OF SPRING.

See the spring appears in view;
 The Graces showers of roses strew.
 See how ocean's wave serene
 Smooths the limpid, glassy green:
 With oaring feet the sea-duck swims;
 The stork in airy journey skims:
 The sun shines out in open day;
 The shadowy clouds are roll'd away;
 The cultur'd fields are smiling bright
 In verdant gaiety of light:
 Earth's garden spreads its tender fruits;
 The juicy olive swelling shoots;
 The grape, the fount of Bacchus, twines
 In clusters, red with embryo wines:
 Through leaves, through boughs it bursts its way.
 And buds, and ripens on the day.

BEAUTY.

To all that breathe the air of heaven
 Some boon of strength has Nature given.
 In forming the majestic bull,
 She fenced with wreathed horns his skull;
 A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
 And winged the timorous hare with speed;
 She gave the lion fangs of terror,
 And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
 Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
 To trace the liquid path along;
 While for the umbrage of the grove
 She plumed the warbling world of love.
 To man she gave, in that proud hour,
 The boon of intellectual power;
 Then what, O woman, what for thee
 Was left in Nature's treasury?
 She gave thee beauty—mightier far
 Than all the pomp and power of war.
 Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
 Like woman in her conquering hour,
 Be thou but fair,—mankind adore thee!
 Smile,—and a world is weak before thee!

THE ROSE.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
 Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
 Till with crimson drops they weep.

Twine the rose, the garland twine,
 Every leaf distilling wine:
 Drink and smile, and learn to think,
 That we were born to smile and drink.
 Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
 That ever drank the amber shower;
 Rose, thou art the fondest child
 Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild!
 Even the gods, who walk the sky,
 Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
 Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
 His hair with rosy fillets braids,
 When with the blushing sister Graces,
 The wanton, winding dance he traces:
 Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
 And shed them o'er me while I sing;
 Or, while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
 Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
 I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
 Commingling soul with every glance.

FOLLY OF AVARICE.

If hoarded gold possessed the power
 To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
 And purchase from the hand of death
 A little space, a moment's breath,
 How I would love the precious ore,
 And every hour should swell my store;
 That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
 To waft me to his black dominion,
 I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
 And bid him call another day.—
 But since not all earth's golden store
 Can buy for us one bright hour more,
 Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
 Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
 Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumine
 The silent midnight of the tomb.
 No—give to others hoarded treasures—
 Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
 The goblet rich, the board of friends,
 Whose social souls the goblet blends;
 And mine, while yet I've life to live,
 Those joys which love alone can give.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

Cupid once upon a bed
 Of roses laid his weary head;
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee!

The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries.
To Venus quick, he runs, he flies;
'Oh mother! I am wounded through—
I die with pain—what shall I do?
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was, for once I know
I heard a peasant call it so.'
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said: my infant if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid, be,
The hapless heart, that's stung by thee?

DRINKING.

Observe, when mother Earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors, which at evening sweep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep:
And while the rosy sun appears
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The Moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then hence with all your sober thinking
Since Nature's holiest law is drinking:
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

HAPPY LIFE.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile
Like the Wine and Roses smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' golden diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay,
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

CONVIVIAL.

Ne'er shall that man my comrade be,
Or drink a generous glass with me,
Who, o'er his bumper brags of scars,
Of noisy broils, and mournful wars.
But welcome thou, congenial soul,
And share my purse, and drain my bowl,
Who canst, in social knot, combine
The Muse, Good-humor, Love, and Wine.

Lecture the Fifth.

SIMONIDES.—PINDAR.

WE observed, in the last lecture, that Anacreon, Simonides, and Pindar were, perhaps, the three most remarkable lyric poets that any age or country ever, simultaneously, produced; and then proceeded to set forth the claims of Anacreon to the honor of this exalted distinction. His two eminent contemporaries will now occupy our attention.

Simonides, the second poet in this distinguished trio, was born in the island of Ceos, 556 A.C., and was, therefore, only two years younger than Anacreon. Of his family, and the manner in which he passed the early part of his life no intelligence has been preserved; but it is evident that he was well educated, for he had scarcely reached the age of manhood when we find him engaged in conducting a school, the design of which was to prepare the youth of distinguished families to take part in the public chorusses employed in solemn and religious exercises. His native island did not, however, long afford sufficient scope for the exercise of his abilities, or sufficient opportunities to gratify his aspiring ambition; and he, therefore, removed to Athens, at that time the great centre of everything excellent in literature and taste, and was there received by the accomplished Hipparchus, with the most flattering marks of honor and distinction. At Athens Simonides found for his associates, Anacreon, Pindar, and many other eminent wits of the age; and enjoying the patronage of the splendid Athenian court, he soon reached the height at which his ambitious aspirations aimed.

Though Athens was the general residence of Simonides, yet he did not confine himself to that city; but as occasion offered frequently visited different States of Greece, and in his journeyings embraced every opportunity that presented itself to celebrate, in verse, the deeds of departed excellence, or to rescue from oblivion, fame that might otherwise have been lost. After the death of Hipparchus he removed to the court of Scopas, tyrant of Thessaly, and by his verses in honor of that prince, preserved from oblivion a name to which no other honor can be attached.

The elegies which Simonides there produced in commemoration of

the departed dead, naturally brought him, in the way of remuneration, large sums of money, in consequence of which he was charged by the contemporary poets with degrading the heavenly gift of poetry by prostituting it to the base purposes of gain. Indeed, avarice seems to have been his prevailing characteristic, and, perhaps, his only fault. When this vice was openly charged upon him, instead of denying it, he calmly replied that 'he would rather leave a fortune to his enemies at his death, than to be compelled, through poverty, to seek assistance from his friends while living.'

Having resided at Athens and in Thessaly for many years, Simonides finally, on invitation of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, removed to the court of that monarch, and there passed the remainder of his life. His death occurred, according to Athenæus, in the ninety-first year of his age, and his remains were honored with a splendid funeral, an appropriate epitaph, composed probably by himself, being inscribed upon his tomb. His sepulchre is said by Suidas to have been ruthlessly destroyed by Phœnix, a general of the Agrigentines, who used its materials for the construction of a tower, when he was besieging Syracuse.

As Simonides was a philosopher as well as a poet, and, perhaps, equally excellent in science as in literature, Hiero and his queen, with both of whom he lived on terms of close personal intimacy, soon became not only deeply interested in his conversations, but so devotedly attached to his person, that they made him their friend and confidant, and were in the habit of indulging in frequent and even familiar discussions with him. On one of these occasions the king abruptly asked Simonides, "What God was?" The philosophic poet, after hesitating for a moment, desired the monarch to allow him to postpone the answer to so important a question until the following day; but when the hour at which his answer was to be given arrived, he desired a second postponement of two days longer, and at the expiration of that time, finding himself as far from being able to answer the king's question as at its first suggestion, he frankly acknowledged that the subject was beyond his comprehension, and that the longer he reflected upon it the more inexplicable it became.

One of the most remarkable features of Simonides' character was his piety. To this all antiquity bears testimony, and many instances, such as those which follow, are cited to show that he was under the special protection of the gods. Cicero, on the authority of Callimachus, states that at a banquet given by Scopas of Thessaly, when Simonides had sung a poem which he had composed in honor of his patron, and in which, according to the custom of the poets in their epinicion odes, he had adorned his composition by devoting a great part of it to the praises of Castor and Pollux, the tyrant had the meanness to say that he would give the poet only half of the stipulated payment for his ode, and that he might apply for the remainder, if he chose, to the Tyndaridæ, to

whom he had given an equal share of the praise. It was not long before a message was brought to Simonides, that two young men were standing at the door, and earnestly demanded to see him. He rose from his seat, went out, and found no one; but, during his absence, the building he had just left fell down upon the banqueters, and crushed to death Scopas and all his friends, whom we may suppose to have laughed heartily at his barbarous jest. And so the Dioscuri paid the poet their half of the reward for his ode. Callimachus, in a fragment which we still possess, puts into the poet's mouth some beautiful elegiac verses in celebration of this event.

Another instance of the direct interposition of the gods for his protection, in reward of his piety, is given by Tully, and is as follows:—Happening to discover, as he was leisurely walking on the sea-beach, awaiting the sailing of the vessel in which he had taken passage for Syracuse, the dead body of a man who had recently been drowned, and as the corpse was that of a stranger, he immediately gave to it at his own expense a decent burial. In the course of the following night he had a vision of the dead man, for whose remains he had performed the pious office, and was by him admonished not to sail the next day as he had designed. He heeded the admonition, and remained on shore; but his companions, putting to sea, were all shipwrecked and drowned. The marvellous character of these incidents must be apparent to every intelligent reader of the present day; and our object in introducing them here is not to express our confidence in their verity, but merely to exhibit the effect which the faith of the ancients in the piety of Simonides, exercised over their most exalted minds.

Of all the poets of antiquity few were more honored by their contemporaries than Simonides; and to the esteem, admiration, and even reverence in which he was held, the purity and moral elevation of his life doubtless essentially contributed. Xenophon, the great historian, does him the honor to make him a speaker with Hiero, in his dialogue of tyranny; and Plato, in his Protagoras, introduces Socrates expounding his verses, and elsewhere bestows upon him the imposing epithet of *Divine*.

The works of Simonides consisted chiefly of Elegies, Odes, Epigrams, and Laments. His genius had few of the attributes of sublimity, and hence the chief characteristics of his poetry were sweetness and elaborate finish, combined with the truest poetic conception and perfect power of expression; though in originality and fervor he was far inferior, not only to the early lyric poets, such as Sappho and Alcæus, but also to his contemporary Pindar. His elegies exhibit a tone of melancholy pathos, and a depth of feeling, that strikingly reminds one of the strains of the Prophet Jeremiah; and his 'Lamentation of Danaë,' is remarkably similar to the Lamentations of that prophet over the destruction of

Jerusalem, and the fall of the Jewish nation. His odes, especially those on the four great battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Plataea, exhibit much more fire and energy than his other poems; but even these were pervaded with all the tenderness of which the subjects were susceptible, and rather dwelt upon the sacrifices of life which the conflict cost, than upon the triumphs which in them were achieved.

The fragmentary remains of this great poet are very limited, and are chiefly comprised in the pieces which follow. The *Lamentation of Danaë*, the most important of these fragments, is based upon the well-known tradition that Danaë and her infant son were confined, by order of Acrisius, king of Argos, in a wooden chest, and then exposed to the merciless waves—that they were afterwards rescued and saved from perishing by Dictys, brother of Polydectes, king of the island of Seriphus:

LAMENTATION OF DANÆ.

When round the well-fram'd ark the blowing blast
 Roar'd, and the heaving whirlpools of the deep
 With rough'ning surge seem'd threat'ning to o'erturn
 The wide-tost vessel, not with tearless cheeks
 The mother round her infant gently twined
 Her tender arm, and cried, 'Ah, me! my child!
 What sufferings I endure! thou sleeps't the while,
 Inhaling in thy milky-breathing breast
 The balm of slumber; though imprison'd here
 In undelightful dwelling; brassy-wedged;
 Alone illumed by the stars of night,
 And black and dark within. Thou heed'st not
 The wave that leaps above thee, while its spray
 Wets not the locks deep-clust'ring round thy head;
 Nor hear'st the shrill winds' hollow whisp'ring sounds
 While on thy purple downy mantle stretch'd,
 With count'nance flush'd in sleeping loveliness.
 Then if this dreadful peril would to thee
 Be dreadful, turn a light unconscious ear
 To my lamentings: sleep! I bid thee sleep,
 My infant! oh, may the tremendous surge
 Sleep also! may th' immeasurable scene
 Of watery perils sleep, and be at rest!
 And void, and frustrate, prove this dark device,
 I do conjure thee, Jove! and though my words
 May rise to boldness, at thy hands I ask
 A righteous vengeance, by this infant's aid!"

THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

Jove rules the world, and with resistless sway,
 Demands to-morrow what he gave to-day;
 In vain our thoughts to future scenes we cast,
 Or only read them darkly in the past;

For Hope enchanting points to new delights,
 And charms with dulcet sounds and heavenly sights—
 Expecting yet some fancied bliss to share,
 We grasp at bubbles that dissolve in air,
 And some a day, and some whole years await
 The whims and chances of capricious fate;
 Nor yet the lovely visions are possest—
 Another year remains to make them blest,
 While age steals on to sweep their dreams away,
 And grim diseases hover round their prey;
 Or war, with iron hold, unlocks the grave,
 Devouring myriads of the young and brave.
 Some on the billows rocked, that roll on high,
 Cling to the plank in vain, and wasted die;
 Some by the halter lay their miseries down
 And rush, unsummoned, to the world unknown.
 Our very sweets possess a secret harm,
 Teem with distress, and poison while they charm.
 The fatal Sisters hover round our birth,
 And dash with bitter dregs our cup on earth:
 Yet cease to murmur at thy fate in vain,
 And in oblivion steep the shaft of pain.

VIRTUE.

Virtue in legend old is said to dwell
 On high rocks, inaccessible;
 But swift descends from high,
 And haunts of virtuous men the chaste society.
 No man shall ever rise
 Conspicuous in his fellow-mortal's eyes
 To manly virtue's pinnacle;
 Unless within his soul, he bear
 The drops of painful sweat, that slowly well
 From spirit-wasting thought, and toil, and care.

INSCRIPTIONS.

ON ANACREON.

Bland mother of the grape! all-gladdening vine!
 Teeming inebriate joy! whose tendrils blown
 Crisp-woven in winding trail, now green entwine
 This pillar's top, this mount, Anacreon's tomb.
 As lover of the feast, th' untemper'd bowl,
 While the full draught was reeling in his soul,
 He smote upon the harp, whose melodies
 Were tuned to girlish loves, till midnight fled;
 Now, fall'n to earth, embower him as he lies,
 Thy purpling clusters blushing o'er his head:
 Still be fresh dew upon the branches hung,
 Like that which breathed from his enchanting tongue.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

In dark Thermopylæ they lie;
 Oh death of glory thus to die!
 Their tomb an altar is, their name
 A mighty heritage of fame:
 Their dirge is triumph; cankering rust,
 And time that turneth all to dust,
 That tomb shall never waste nor hide,—
 The tomb of warriors true and tried.
 The full-voiced praise of Greece around
 Lies buried in that sacred mound;
 Where Sparta's king, Leonidas,
 In death eternal glory has.

ON THE SAME.

Greatly to die, if this be glory's height,
 For the fair meed we own our fortune kind;
 For Greece and Liberty we plunged to-night,
 And left a never-dying name behind.

But of all the commemorations of the 'battle of Thermopylæ,' that have come down to us, by far the most celebrated is the Epitaph, comprised in two lines, written by Simonides, and placed upon the monument erected to the memory of those who there so gloriously fell in defence of their country. Of this Epitaph or Inscription, Christopher North, in an article on the Greek Anthology, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, makes the following remark:—"The oldest and best inscription is that on the altar-tomb of the Three Hundred. Do you remember it? Here it is—the Greek—with three Latin, and eighteen English versions. Start not: it is but two lines; and all Greece, for centuries, had them by heart. She forgot them, and 'Greece was living Greece no more!' Of the various English translations of this celebrated Epitaph, the following are, perhaps, the best:—

O stranger, tell it to the Lacedæmonians,
 That we lie here in obedience to her precepts.

Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
 That here, obedient to her laws, we lie.

ON CIMON'S LAND AND SEA VICTORY.

Ne'er since the olden time, when Asia stood
 First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
 Since horrid Mars thus poured on either shore
 The storm of battle and the wild uproar,

Hath man by land and sea such glory won,
 Ne'er seen such deeds, as thou, this day, hast done.
 By land, the Medes in thousands press the ground;
 By sea, an hundred Tyrian ships are drown'd
 With all their martial host; while Asia stands.
 Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT EURYMEDON.

These by the streams of famed Eurymedon
 Their short but brilliant race of life have run;
 In winged ships and on the embattled field
 Alike, they forced the Median bows to yield,
 Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they lie,
 Their names inscribed on rolls of victory.

ON THE DEATH OF HIPPARCHUS.

Fair was the light, that brighten'd as it grew,
 Of Freedom, on Athena's favor'd land,
 When him, the Tyrant, bold Harmodius slew,
 Link'd with Aristogiton hand in hand.

ON ARCHEDICE, THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPIAS.

Daughter of him, who ruled the Athenian plains,
 This honored urn Archedice contains;
 Of tyrants mother, daughter, sister, wife,
 Her soul was humble, and unstained her life.

ON A STATUE OF CUPID, BY PRAXITELES.

Well has the sculptor felt what he exprest;
 He drew the living model from his breast.
 Will not his Phryne the rare gift approve,
 Me for myself exchanging, love for love?
 Lost are my fabled bow and magic dart;
 But, only gazed upon, I win the heart.

INSCRIBED ON A CENOTAPH.

O cloud-capt Gerania, rock unblest!
 Would thou had'st rear'd far hence thy haughty crest,
 By Tanais wild, or wastes where Ister flows;
 Nor look'd on Sciron from thy silent snows!
 A cold, cold corpse he lies beneath the wave,
 This tomb speaks tenantless, his ocean-grave.

It was in such brief effusions as the preceding Inscriptions and Epi-

taphs that Simonides so remarkably excelled, as to carry off the prize in almost every contest; hence his fifty-six poetic triumphs, the last of which was obtained at Tarentum, in the south part of Italy, when he had passed the eightieth year of his age. The following fragments will close our notice of this attractive old poet :

FRAGMENTS.

I.

Human strength is unavailing;
Boastful tyranny unfailing;
All in life is care and labor;
And our unrelenting neighbor,
Death, forever hovering round;
Whose inevitable wound,
When he comes prepar'd to strike,
Good and bad will feel alike.

II.

Mortal, dost thou dare to say,
What may chance another day?
Or thy fellow mortal seeing,
Circumscribe his term of being?
Swifter than the insect's wings
Is the change of mortal things.

III.

Whate'er of virtue or of power,
Or good or great we vainly call,
Each moment eager to devour,
One vast Charybdis swallows all.

IV.

The first of human joys is health;
Next, beauty; and then, honest wealth;
The fourth, youth's fond delights to prove
With those—(but most with her)—we love.

Pindar, the last of the great trio of lyric poets, whom we have at present under consideration, and according to the universal testimony of the ancients, by far the greatest lyric poet of Greece, was a native of Bœotia, and was born either at Thebes or at Cynocéphalæ, a village in the territory of that city, 522 A.C. He belonged to a dignified and poetic race, and his parents, Daiphantus and Clidice, both of noble origin, perceiving in him early indications of extraordinary genius, sent him, in his youth, to Athens, to be instructed in the poetic art. This determination on their part was hastened, according to tradition, by the miraculous foreshadowing of his future glory as a poet, by a swarm of bees which, in his infancy rested upon his lips while he was asleep.

Lyric poetry among the Greeks, it must be remembered, was so intimately connected with music, dancing, and the whole training of the chorus, that the lyric poet required no small amount of education to fit him for the exercise of his profession; and at Athens his education could, at that time, be much more readily obtained than in Thebes, where poetry received comparatively little attention. Besides, Boeotia, his native country, was, through the heaviness of its atmosphere, so uncongenial to the fostering of genius, or the cultivation of intellect, as to be regarded throughout Greece as proverbially suppressive of all mental or intellectual effort. Pindar himself, in after-life, acknowledged the truth and force of the proverb, as applicable to the mass of his countrymen, but made himself an exception to the general rule.

Having completed his studies at Athens, Pindar, before he had passed the twentieth year of his age, returned to Thebes, and immediately became intimate with Myrtis and Corinna of Tanagra, two poetesses who then enjoyed great celebrity in Boeotia. Corinna appears to have exercised very considerable influence upon the youthful poet, and he is supposed to have been not a little indebted to her example and precepts. It is related by Plutarch that she recommended to Pindar to introduce mythical narratives into his poems, and that when, in accordance with her advice, he composed a hymn in which he interwove almost all the Theban mythology, she smiled and said, 'We ought to sow with the hand, and not with the whole sack.' With both these poetesses Pindar contended for the prize in the musical contests at Thebes; and although Corinna found fault with Myrtis, for entering into the contest with him, saying, 'I blame the clear-toned Myrtis, that she, a woman born, should enter the lists with Pindar;' still, she herself is said to have contended with him five times, and on each occasion to have gained the prize. Pausanias does not, indeed, speak of more than one victory, and mentions a picture which he saw at Tanagra, in which Corinna was represented binding her hair with a fillet, in token of her victory; which he attributes as much to her beauty, and to the circumstance that she wrote in the Æolic dialect, as to her poetical talents.

Pindar spent, however, only a very short time in these comparatively trifling contests; but, abandoning the lighter song, boldly struck his lyre to the nobler strains of the heroic and sublime :—

He felt the fire that in him glowed,

and his first Pythian ode, composed at the early age of twenty, extended his fame throughout every section of Greece; and gave him so great a reputation, that he was soon employed by different states and princes in all parts of the Hellenic world, to compose for them heroic and choral songs for all special occasions. For such works he received large sums of money, and many presents; but he never degenerated, like Simonides,

into a common mercenary poet, and he continued to preserve, to his latest days, the respect of all parts of Greece.

The next ode of Pindar, in point of time, which has come down to us, was written in his twenty-seventh year, and was composed in honor of Xenocrates of Agrigentum, who had gained the prize at the chariot-race at the Pythian games, by means of his son Thrasybulus. It is unnecessary, however, to relate at length the different occasions upon which he wrote his other odes. The principal personages for whom he composed them were Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse; Alexander, son of Amyntas, king of Macedonia; Theron, tyrant of Agrigentum; Arcesilaus, king of Cyrene; besides many others, written for the free States of Greece, and also for private individuals. He was courted especially by Alexander, king of Macedonia, and Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse; and the praises which he bestowed upon the former are supposed to have been the chief reason which led his descendant, Alexander the Great, to spare the house of the poet, when he destroyed the city of Thebes.

Pindar's stated residence was at Thebes, though he frequently left home in order to witness the great public games, and to visit the states and distinguished men and monarchs who courted his friendship and employed his services. When about fifty years of age he thus visited the court of Hiero, in consequence of the pressing invitations of that monarch; but he remained only about four years at Syracuse—as he loved an independent life, and did not care to cultivate the courtly arts which rendered his countryman, Simonides, a more welcome guest at the table of their patron. But the estimation in which Pindar was held by his contemporaries, is still more strikingly seen in the honors conferred upon him by the free States of Greece. Although a Theban, he was always a great favorite with the Athenians, whom he frequently praised in his poems, and in whose city he passed, as a public guest, many years of his life. In one of his dithyrambs he calls it 'the support of Greece, glorious Athens, the divine city.' The Athenians testified their gratitude by voting him the freedom of their city, and giving him ten thousand drachmas; and soon after his death, they erected a magnificent statue to his honor. The inhabitants of Ceos employed him to compose for them a processional song, although they had two celebrated poets of their own—Simonides and Bacchylide; and the Rhodians had his seventh Olympian ode written in letters of gold in the temple of the Lindian Athenæ. Thus honored and revered he passed his useful and brilliant career, and finally died in his native city, in the eightieth year of his age, and 442 A.C.

The only poems of Pindar that have come down to us entire, are his *Epinicia*, or triumphal odes; but these were only a small portion of his works. He wrote, also, Hymns to the Gods, Pæans, Dithyrambs, Odes for Processions, Songs of Maidens, Drinking Songs, Dirges, and Encomia, or Panegyrics on Princes. Of these we have numerous fragments, but

no entire piece. One peculiarity about all his poems is the evidence they give that he was deeply penetrated with a strong religious feeling. He had not imbibed any of the scepticism which began to take root in Athens after the Persian war. The old myths were for the most part realities to him, and he accepted them with implicit credence, except when they exhibited the gods in a point of view which was repugnant to his moral feelings. For, in consequence of the strong ethical sense which he possessed, he was unwilling to believe the myths which represented the gods and heroes as guilty of immoral acts; and he accordingly frequently rejects some tales, and changes others, because they are inconsistent with his own conceptions of the attributes and character of the gods.

The *Epinicia*, or triumphal odes of Pindar, are divided into four books, celebrating respectively the victories gained in the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games. In order properly to understand them, we must bear in mind the nature of the occasion for which they were composed, and the object which the poet had in view. A victory gained in one of the four great national festivals, conferred honor not only upon the conqueror and his family, but also upon the city to which he belonged. It was accordingly celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. Such a celebration began, with a procession to a temple, where a sacrifice was offered, and it ended with a splendid banquet. For this celebration a poem was expressly composed, and was sung by a chorus, trained for the purpose, either by the poet himself, or by some other person whom he employed for that purpose. The poems were sung either during the procession to the temple, or at the *comus*, at the close of the banquet. In the odes of Pindar prepared for such occasions, he rarely describes the victory itself, as the scene was supposed to be familiar to all the spectators; but he dwells upon the glory of the victor, and celebrates chiefly either his wealth or his skill—his *wealth*, if he had gained the victory in the chariot race, since it was only the wealthy that could contend for the prize in this contest; his *skill*, if he had been exposed to peril in the contest. He frequently celebrates also the piety and goodness of the victor; for with the deep religious feeling, which pre-eminently characterizes Pindar, he believed that the moral and religious character of the conqueror conciliated the favor of the gods, and gained for him their support and assistance in the contest. For the same reason he dwells at great length upon the mythical origin of the person whose victory he extols, and connects his exploits with the similar exploits of the heroic ancestors of the race or nation to which he belongs. These mythical narratives occupy a very prominent feature in almost all of his odes, and are not introduced for the sake of ornament, but have a close and intimate connection with the whole object and purpose of each poem. Such are the odes of Pindar.

We have had occasion frequently, in the course of these remarks, to

allude to the honors which Pindar's contemporaries heaped upon him. A fixed sentiment seems to have pervaded all antiquity that the attributes of his mind were entirely unearthly—that his poetical aspirations soared so far beyond those of his contemporaries or predecessors, as to elevate him entirely above the reach of parallel. In accordance with this idea, there was placed in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and appropriated exclusively to his use, an iron chair, in which he was seated when he repaired thither to sing the praises of the Immortal there worshipped; and as though this were not sufficient honor, the Priestess of the Temple directed all who came there to present their first fruit offerings, to dedicate a part of them to the divine poet. His residence in the city of Thebes was, on two different occasions, spared when all the rest of the city was laid desolate—first, by the Lacedæmonians, and afterwards by Alexander the Great. A victory even at the great Grecian games was incomplete, and wanted its crowning ornament, until celebrated in his immortal strains; and however far these strains transcended those of all other lyric poets in grandeur, the depth of erudition which pervaded them was still more surprising. It was this that led Plato, in one of his dialogues, to introduce him in conference with the tyrant Hiero, and to call him the 'Wisest,' and the 'Divine,' and Æschylus, the father of dramatic poetry, to call him the 'Great,' and Athenæus the 'Most Sublime.'

It has been usual among English critics, but we confess that the fancy is, to us, a singular one, to compare Pindar to Gray, the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Church-Yard;' for between these two poets we cannot ourselves perceive one single trace of resemblance. Pindar was all fire and strength, while Gray's whole poetic life was spent in elaborating a few slender odes, in all of which we trace the commonplaces of the scholar's reading, and smell the odor of the lamp. Collins, to our mind, bears a much closer resemblance to the simple spontaneousness, the fine abstraction, and the ideal sublime of Pindar. Perhaps a nearer parallel to Pindar's odes is to be found in the chorusses of Milton, than in the poems of any other modern writer. We perceive in the lyrics of Milton and in the odes of Pindar, a similar copiousness of thought, and expression, and images, rolling forth as if involuntarily, from the abundant sources of fancy and reflection. A similar severe and chaste style, relieved by the freshness of color, and picturesqueness of manner in descriptive painting, and the intermixture of gorgeously romantic imagery: a similar lofty and calm abstractedness of imagination, and the same purity and unworldliness of feeling; the same religious tone, and almost oracular emphasis, in the uttering of moral truths.

We present, as our first selection from the poems of Pindar, one of his celebrated odes to Hiero of Syracuse, by whom he was treated, during his residence at his court, rather as a prince than as a poet; in

return for which the great lyrist poured forth those strains to the honor of the king and in praise of his victories, which have contributed more to the immortalizing of the memory of that accomplished monarch than all his own splendid deeds combined.

THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

TO HIERO OF ÆTNA, TYRANT OF SYRACUSE, ON HIS VICTORY IN THE
CHARIOT-RACE.

I. 1.

Oh lyre of gold:
Which Phœbus, and that sister choir,
With crisped locks of darkest violet hue,
Their seemly heritage forever hold:
The cadenc'd step hangs listening on thy chime;
Spontaneous joys ensue;
The vocal troops obey thy signal-notes:
While sudden from the shrilling wire
To lead the solemn dance thy murmur floats
In its preluding flight of sound:
And in thy streams of music drown'd
The forked light'ning in Heaven's azure clime
Quenches its ever-flowing fire.

I. 2.

The monarch-eagle then hangs down
On either side his flagging wing,
And on Jove's sceptre rocks with slumbering head:
Hovering vapors darkling spread
O'er his arch'd beak, and veil his filmy eye:
Thou pour'st a sweet mist from thy string;
And, as thy music's thrilling arrows fly,
He feels soft sleep effuse
From every pore its balmy-stealing dews,
And heaves his ruffled plumes in slumber's ecstasy.
Stern Mars hath dropp'd his sharp'd and barbed spear;
And starts, and smiles to hear
Thy warbled chaunts, while joy flows in upon his mind:
Thy music's weapons pierce, disarm
The demons of celestial kind,
By Apollo's music-charms,
And accent of the zoned, full-bosom'd, maids
That haunt Pieria's shades.

I. 3.

But they, whom Jove abhors, with shuddering ear
The voices of the Muses hear;
Whether they range the earth or tossing sea:
Such is that hundred-headed giant, he
Of blessed Gods an enemy,

Typhon; who lies in chasm of Tartarus drear:
 To whom Cilicia's legend-fabled cave
 His nourish'd being gave:
 Now on his shaggy breast
 Sicilia's isle and Cuma's sea-girt shore
 Are ponderously prest;
 And that round pillar of the sky
 With congelation hoar,
 Ætna, crushes him from high;
 While the year rolls slow
 Nurse of keen-encrusted snow.

II. 1.

From forth whose secret caves
 Fountains pure of liquid flame
 With rush and roaring came;
 And rivers rolling steep in fiery waves
 In a stream of whitening smoke
 On glowing ether broke:
 And in the dark and dead of night
 With pitchy-gathering cloud and glare of light,
 The volleying fire was heard to sweep
 Masses of shiver'd rock with crashing sound,
 Dash'd midst the sullen ocean's waters deep.
 There that Vulcanian dragon casts
 His fiery whirlpool blasts;
 Blazing in horrid light
 On the scared ken of mortal sight;
 Far bursting, marvellous to hear,
 On the passing traveller's ear.

II. 2.

A *Miracle* of sight and sound
 To him that muses, how fast-bound
 That giant wallows on his flinty bed;
 Under Ætna's beetling head
 With blackening foliage crown'd,
 And deep beneath the mountain's roots profound:
 While as his limbs at their huge length are spread,
 His back is scarr'd with many a rocky wound.
 Oh, grant me, Jove! with strains like these
 Thy gracious ear to please:
 This forehead of green earth, this mount in air
 Swelling-sublime, thine eye o'ersees:
 The founder of illustrious fame
 Bade the neighboring city bear
 The mountain's kindred name:
 Its honors to the gazing crowd
 Did the herald's voice proclaim,
 In him, who, graced with conquest proud,
 In chariots winning fresh renown,
 Wears now the Pythian crown.

II. 3.

The ocean-faring men,
 When first they spread the sail,
 Hope the favoring wind may blow;
 Conceiving auspice then
 That the same happy gale
 Shall speed their voyage back athwart the main,
 Safe-passing to and fro:
 So my prophetic strain,
 From these auspicious deeds,
 Augurs Ætna's future fame
 In crowns and conquering steeds,
 And harp'd in banquets a melodious name.
 Delian and Pataræan king!
 Phœbus! that lovest Castalia's fount,
 Flowing round Parnassus' mount,
 Hear what now I sing:
 Lay it within thy soul to distant time:
 And let Sicilia's clime,
 As now, with men heroic spring.

III. 1.

For from the gods descend
 All high designs, that here on earth
 Point the virtues to their end:
 The wise of thought, the strong of hand,
 The eloquent of tongue,
 Not from ourselves are sprung,
 But from a secret and divine command
 Are usher'd into birth.
 Now, while the hope within me stirs, to praise
 That man of victory,
 While in my poising grasp I raise
 The brass-tipp'd javelin high:
 Let it not wide-starting stray;
 But speeding on its way
 Far overleap each rival's cast:
 Time! let the future, as the past,
 Felicity bestow,
 And bid the source of bounty flow,
 And sickness in oblivion lay.

III. 2.

In memory's blazon'd roll
 Shall rise the struggle of the battle-hour;
 When fought the gods on Hiero's side:
 And firm in fortitude of soul,
 He cropp'd, with Gelo, glory's flower;
 Gathering o'er every Greek renown,
 And winning wealthy empire's gorgeous crown:
 'Twas then a mighty man appeal'd
 To his high will, and sooth'd with friendly name
 Though with delaying step he came
 Like Philoctetes, to the field:

'Tis sung in ancient lore,
While Philoctetes nursed his rankling wound,
Heroes divine that archer found,
And drew from Lemnos' shore.

III. 3.

By him Troy-towers should fall from high
And heap the dusty soil;
And thus should end the Grecians' toil;
Though faintly bow'd with his disabling wound
Faltering he trod the ground;
For it was written thus in Destiny.
May the healing god appear
To Hiero, onwards as the moments creep,
Lull his grief and pain to sleep;
Bid speed the wishes of his soul;
And his frame from sickness rear.
Muse again my voice obey:
This strain for Hiero's chariot-victory won,
Sing to Dinomenes the son:
Not with averted ear
Shall he a father's triumph hear:
Come then; for him that shall o'er Ætna sway,
Meditate the pleasing lay.

IV. 1.

That city founded strong
In liberty divine,
Measured by the Spartan line,
Has Hiero 'stablish'd for his heritage:
To whose firm-planted colony belong
Their mother-country's laws,
From many a distant age:
The Dorian race, that draws
From Pamphylus and th' Heraclidæ old
The blood that circles in its veins,
Dwelling beneath Taygetus' high hills,
In wise Ægimius' statutes firm remains,
Fix'd to their great forefathers' will:
They, by high Fortune led,
Vast Pindus' ridgy head
O'erpass'd, and in Amyclæ held their seat:
And the twin-brothers near,
In neighboring Argos rode
On snowy coursers fleet;
Whose glory flourishing in blossom, show'd
While firm they couch'd the spear.

IV. 2.

Jove! grant that such renown
Be theirs, the people and the kings
Dwelling by clear Amena's springs:

The laws and liberties, whose fame has hung
On every human tongue,
These let them judge themselves, and know them for their own.
Guide to virtue! train'd by thee
Let this thy son his people turn again
To concord's peaceful ways;
Bound till his silver-hair'd decline of days
In mutual order's chain.
Father! I pray thee give the nod of Fate:
Let the Phœnician rest at peace
Within his turret; let the Tuscan shout
Of yelling battle cease;
Who saw at Cuma late
Their navy's wreck and rout.

IV. 3.

That leader of the Syracusan host
With gallies swiftly-rushing them pursued;
And they his onset rued:
When on the Cuman coast
We dash'd their youth in gulphy waves below,
And rescued Greece from heavy servitude.
My strain might grasp the Salaminian day
When Athens fray'd the Persian foe;
And glory should her act repay:
Let Sparta tell
How, at Cithæron's foot the Medians fell,
And cast their crooked bows away:
But first my harp should sound the lay
Of the banks of Himera's stream,
Whose waters limpid flow:
Dinomenes' brave sons absorb my theme,
Whose valor quell'd the Punic foe.

V. 1.

The seasonable speech
Grasping in narrow space the sum of things,
Draws less the biting obloquy
Of man's invidious tongue;
But swoll'n satiety
Fastidious loathing brings,
The hearer's thoughts quick soar beyond its reach
And fame sheds secret gall
In citizens with envy stung
At others' noble deeds:
Yet better envy, than the tear let fall
By pity o'er the ill: corruption breeds:
Then pass not virtue by;
In steady justice bold
The nation's ruddy hold;
Govern'd and guided still;
And shape thy tongue and will
On the forge of verity.

V. 2.

The lightest word that falls from thee, oh king!
 Becomes a mighty and momentous thing:
 O'er many placed, as arbiter on high,
 Many thy goings watchful see;
 Thy ways on every side
 A host of faithful witnesses desery:
 Then let thy liberal temper be thy guide:
 If ever to thine ear
 Fame's softest whisper yet was dear,
 Stint not thy bounty's flowing tide;
 Stand at the helm of state: full to the gale
 Spread thy wide-gathering sail.
 Friend! let not plausible avarice spread
 Its lures to tempt thee from the path of fame:
 For know, the glory of a name
 Follows the mighty dead.

V. 3.

Praise lights the beaten road
 Which the departed trod,
 And gilds the speaker's tongue, the poet's lays;
 Not Cræsus' virtue mild decays;
 But hateful Fame shall ever cling
 To Phalaris, him merciless of mind,
 Who in the brazen bull's rebellowing void
 Burn'd with the flame his kind:
 Never for him the social roof shall ring
 With sounds of harps in descant sweet:
 Ne'er has his name employ'd
 The tongue of boys, that prattling tales repeat:
 The virtuous deed
 In honor's highest meed:
 That deed's recorded fame
 Next touches with delight the human ear:
 The man that thus shall act and hear,
 May the crown of glory claim.

To this splendid ode we add the following extracts from other odes, and shall then close our notice of this great poet with a fragment on seeing the sun under an eclipse:

FROM THE SECOND OLYMPIC.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT AND REWARD.

The deeds that stubborn mortals do
 In this disordered nook of Jove's domain,
 All find their meed, and there's a judge below
 Whose hateful doom inflicts th' inevitable pain.

O'er the Good, soft suns awhile,
 Through the mild day, the night serene,
 Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
 Tempering all the tranquil scene.
 Their's is leisure; vex not they
 Stubborn soil or watery way,
 To wring from toil want's worthless bread:
 No ills they know, nor tears they shed,
 But with the glorious gods below
 Ages of peace contented share:
 Meanwhile the Bad, in bitterest woe,
 Eye-startling tasks, and endless tortures bear.

All, whose steadfast virtue thrice
 Each side the grave unchanged hath stood,
 Still unseduced, unstained with vice,—
 They, by Jove's mysterious road,
 Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,
 Happy isle, that holds the Blest;
 Where sea-born breezes gently blow
 O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
 Which nature boon from stream or strand
 Or goodly tree profusely showers;
 Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
 And braid their locks with never-fading flowers.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC.

TO THE ORCHOMENIAN GRACES, IN BEHALF OF THE BOY ASOPHICHUS.

O ye, ordained by lot to dwell
 Where Cephisian waters well;
 And hold your fair retreat
 Mid herds of coursers beautiful and fleet;
 Renowned queens, that take your rest
 In Orchomenus the blest,
 Guarding with ever wakeful eye
 The Minyans' high-born progeny;
 To you my votive strains belong;
 List, Graces, to your suppliant's song.
 For all delightful things below,
 All sweet, to you their being owe;
 And at your hand their blessings share
 The wise, the splendid, and the fair.

Nor without the holy Graces,
 The gods, in those supernal places,
 Their dances or their banquets rule;
 Dispensers they of all above
 Throughout the glorious court of Jove:
 Where each has plac'd her sacred stool

By the golden-bow'd Apollo,
Whom in his harpings clear they follow;
And the high majestic state
Of their Eternal Father venerate.

Daughters of heav'n;—Aglaia, thou
Darting splendors from thy brow;
With musical Euphrosyne,—
Be present. Nor less call I thee,
Tuneful Thalia, to look down
On this joyous rout, and own
Me their bard, who lead along,
For Asophichus, the throng
Tripping light to Lydian song;
And Minya for thy sake proclaim
Conquers in the Olympic game.

Waft, Echo, now, thy wing divine
To the black dome of Proserpine;
And marking Cleodamus there,
Tell the glad tidings;—how his son,
For him, hath crown'd his youthful hair
With plumes in Pisa's valley won.

FROM THE THIRD NEMEAN.

INNATE WORTH.

Great is the power of inbred nobleness:
But he, that all he hath to schooling owes,
A shallow wight obscure,
Plants not his step secure;
Feeding vain thoughts on phantoms numberless,
Of genuine excellence mere outward shows.

In Phillyra's house, a flaxen boy,
Achilles oft in rapturous joy
His feats of strength essay'd.
Aloof, like wind, his little javelin flew;
The lion and the brindled boar he slew,
Then homeward to old Chiron drew
Their panting carcasses.
This, when six years had fled.
And all the after time
Of his rejoicing prime,
It was to Dian and the blue-eyed maid,
A wonder how he brought to ground
The stag without or toils or hound:
So fleet of foot was he.

FROM THE EIGHTH NEMEAN.

A PRAYER FOR A GUILLELESS AND BENEVOLENT DISPOSITION.

Hateful of old the glozing plea,
With bland imposture at his side,
Still meditating guile;
Fill'd with reproaches vile;
Who pulls the splendid down,
And bids th' obscure in fest'ring glory shine.

Such temper far remove, O Father Jove, from me.
The simple paths of life be mine;
That when this being I resign,
I to my children may bequeath
A name they shall not blush to hear.
Others for gold the vow may breathe,
Or lands that see no limit near:
But fain would I live out my days,
Beloved by those with whom they're past,
In mine own city, till at last
In earth my limbs are clad;
Still praising what is worthy praise,
But scatt'ring censure on the bad.
For virtue by the wise and just
Exalted, grows up like a tree,
That springeth from the dust,
And by the green dews fed,
Doth raise aloft her head,
And in the blithe air waves her branches free.

A FRAGMENT.

TO THE SUN UNDER AN ECLIPSE.

Beam of the sun, heaven-watcher, thou whose glance
Lights far and wide, unveil to me, unveil
Thy brow, that once again mine eye may hail
The lustre of thy cloudless countenance.

Surpassing star! why thus at noon of day
Withdrawing, would'st thou mar
Man's stalwart strength, and bar
With dark obstruction Wisdom's winding way?

Lo! on thy chariot-track
Hangs midnight pitchy-black;
While thou, from out thine ancient path afar,
Hurriest thy belated car.

But thee, by mightiest Jove, do I implore—
O'er Thebes thy fleet steeds' flight
To rein, with presage bright
Of plenteousness and peace forevermore.

Fountain of Light!—O venerated Power!—
To all of earthly line
A wonder and a sign,
What terror threatenest thou at this dread hour?

Doom of battle dost thou bring;
Or cankerous blight, fruit-withering;
Or crushing snow showers' giant weight;
Or factions, shatterers of the State:
Or breaching seas poured o'er the plain;
Or frost that fettereth land and spring;
Or summer dank, whose drenching wing
Droops heavily with rain?

Such fate, portendeth such, thy gloomy brow?
Or, deluging beneath the imprison'd deep,
This earth once more, man's infant race wilt thou,
Afresh from off the face of nature sweep?

Lecture the Sixth.

ONOMACRITUS.—BACCHYLIDES.—EMPEDOCLES.—EUENUS.—ARIPHON.—SIMMIAS.—CALLISTRATUS.—PLATO.—ARISTOTLE.—MNASALCUS.—HYBRIAS.—HERMESIANAX.—PERSES.

ONOMACRITUS, the next poet to be noticed, occupies an interesting position in the history of the early Greek religious poetry. He was a native of Athens, and was born in that city 540 A.C. His profession was that of a priest and soothsayer; and by virtue of his sacred office he had access to the secret archives of the city, and there pretended to discover some oracular verses, which he attributed to Orpheus and Musæus. These verses he was in the habit of reciting in the public assemblies of the people for pecuniary emoluments, and by this means he acquired great wealth. This practice he continued for a number of years; and as the tyrant Hipparchus was his personal friend, his intimacy with royalty, and his identity with the priestly office, long shielded him from public exposure.

At length, however, Lasus of Hermione, the dithyrambic poet,—a philosopher, and a man of great boldness and spirit, publicly charged him with having forged these verses, and with issuing them to the people, to effect his own sordid and selfish purposes. As this charge was made by a citizen of exalted position and commanding character, the king was compelled to take notice of it; and Onomacritus was accordingly brought to trial, condemned, and sentenced to perpetual banishment.

On being banished from Athens, Onomacritus retired into Thessaly, and there, through his artful and insinuating conduct and manners, he soon raised himself to a position of so much importance that, when the Thessalians invited Xerxes, king of Persia, to invade and subjugate Greece, he formed one of the commissioners sent to the Persian court for that purpose. He is said to have stimulated the king to that undertaking, by reciting to him all the ancient oracles which seemed to favor the attempt, and suppressing those of an opposite tendency. The embassy succeeded, and Onomacritus having thus, as he supposed, wreaked his vengeance upon his native country, returned to Thessaly; but there, soon after, sunk into

that contempt and final obscurity, which the baseness of his conduct had so richly merited. The period of his death, according to Herodotus, was 485 A.C.; but no particulars of his life, after the Persian embassy, have been preserved.

Many disquisitions have been written for the purpose of determining whether Onomacritus was, or was not, the author of the poems which he ascribed to Orpheus and Musæus. Without entering more particularly into this vexed question, we may here remark that, according to Herodotus, he was an utterer of ancient oracles, however preserved, and that he had made a collection and arrangement of the oracles ascribed to Musæus. And this is entirely in keeping with the literary character of the age in which he lived, and with other traditions respecting Onomacritus himself; as, for instance, that he made interpolations in Homer as well as in Musæus, and that he was the real author of some of the poems which went under the name of Orpheus.

It is evident, however, that his literary character must be regarded as quite subordinate to his religious position; and that he was not a poet who cultivated the art for its own sake, but a priest, who availed himself of the ancient religious poems for the support of the worship to which he was attached. Of what character that worship was, may be seen from the statement of Pausanias, that 'Onomacritus, taking from Homer the name of the Titans, established orgies to Dionysus, and represented in his poems the Titans as the authors of the sufferings of Dionysus.' Here we have the great Orphic myth of Dionysus Zagreus, whose worship, it thus seems, was either established or re-arranged by Onomacritus, who must, therefore, be regarded as one of the chief leaders of the Orphic theology, and the Orphic societies.

The poem which Onomacritus pretended had been written by Orpheus, was a description of the Argonautic Expedition. That he fabricated the work himself there can be no doubt; and the probability is that he was in possession of certain genuine Orphic fragments, which he used as the ground-work of his fabrication. The Argonautics, in their antique air, resemble the first simple outline of an epic poem—the first rough attempt to record in verse an heroic action. The poem, so far as the conduct of the fable is concerned, is almost entirely destitute of poetic art: it is a mere diary of adventures, without complicated interest, and without the intricate display of powerful passion. The narration is conducted in the person of Orpheus himself, naturally and unambitiously; and is pleasing from its artlessness. The poet does little more than describe—but he describes forcibly; and has happily imitated the strong and grand simplicity of a rude bard. The cave of Chiron is a fine, romantic picture; and the sudden appearance of the king of Colchis, in his chariot, with his two daughters, is conceived with uncommon spirit and splendor of fancy.

What part Onomacritus may have taken in the construction of the

hymns interspersed throughout the poem, is very uncertain; but, as hymns are among the first essays of barbarous poetry, and are more easily perpetuated than any other, from the sacredness and frequency of religious rites, it is very probable that part of these hymns belong to the genuine Orphic era. Certainly, their style is still more ancient than that of the Argonautics. The shorter ones are mere invocations, made up of titular attributes, and adapted to certain sacrificial ceremonies. Some passages among the Orphic fragments embrace a sublime and mystical theology, which seem connected with a period, when the unity of the object of worship was still kept in view, through all its divisions and ramifications, among the parts of nature. Others are supposed to have been interpolated by the pious fraud of Jewish or Christian theologians. The poems on stones are curious monuments of an old Greek superstition, —common, also, with the Arabians,—which ascribes to gems certain healing virtues and magical properties. Their cast is not so ancient as that of the other poems.

FROM THE ARGONAUTICS'

VISIT TO THE ARGONAUTS CAVE OF CHIRON.

Then with a whistling breeze did Juno fill the sail,
 And Argo, self-impell'd, shot swift before the gale.
 The kings with nerve and heart the oar unwearied plied;
 Plough'd by the keel, foam'd white th' immeasurable tide.
 But when from Ocean's streams the sacred dawn appear'd,
 And morning's pleasant light both Gods and mortals cheer'd,
 Then, from the shore, the rocks and windy summits high
 Of wood-topt Pelion rear'd their beacon midst the sky.
 The helm, with both his hands, the pilot Tiphys held;
 The vessel cut the wave, with quiet course impell'd;
 Then swift they near'd the shore; the wooden ladder cast,
 And forth the heroes leap'd, relieved from labors past.
 Then to the circling throng the horseman Peleus cried;
 'Mark, friends! yon shadowing crag, midway the mountain side:
 There Chiron dwells, most just of all the Centaur race,
 That haunt high Pelion's top; a cave his dwelling-place.
 He there awards the right, or heals the body's pains;
 And chaunts to neighboring tribes, oracular, his strains.
 To Phœbus' chorded harp the laws, in wisdom, sings,
 Or Hermes' hollow lute, of shell sonorous, strings;
 And therefore Thetis came, with silver feet, to trace
 High Pelion's waving woods, my babe in her embrace;
 And here to Chiron's hands the new-born infant brought,
 To cherish with a father's eye, and rear with prudent thought.
 Indulge my longing, friends! with me the cavern tread;
 To mark how fares my boy; how gifted, and how bred.
 He trod the beaten path; we follow'd where he led.
 We enter'd straight a grot, of gloomy twilight shade;
 There, on a lonely couch, the centaur huge was laid.

At length unmeasured stretch'd, his rapid legs were thrown,
And, shod with horny hoofs, reclin'd upon the stone.
The boy Achilles stood, erect, beside the sire;
And smote with pliant hand the spirit-soothing lyre.
But when the Centaur saw the noble kings appear,
He rose with courteous art, and kiss'd, and brought them dainty cheer.
The wine in beakers served, the branchy couches spread
With scatter'd leaves, and placed each guest upon his bed.
In dishes rude the flesh of boars and stags bestow'd;
While draughts of luscious wine in equal measure flow'd.
But now, when food and drink had satisfied the heart,
With loud, applauding hands they urged my minstrel's art:
That I, in contest match'd against the Centaur sire,
Should, to some wide-famed strain, attune the wringing lyre.
But I, averse, forbore in contest to engage,
And blush'd, that youth should vie with more experienced age.
Till Chiron joined the wish, himself prepared to sing;
And forced me to contend, reluctant, on the string.
Achilles stretch'd his hand, and gave the beauteous shell,
Which Chiron took, and sang the Centaur combat fell:
How them the Lapithæ for daring outrage slew;
How, mad with strength of wine, 'gainst Hercules they flew;
And him, on Pholoe's mount, to stubborn conflict drew.
I next the lute received, of echo sweet and shrill,
And bade my breathing lips their honor'd song distil.
In dark and mystic hymn I sang of Chaos old,
How the disparted elements in round alternate roll'd;
Heaven flow'd through boundless space; and earth her teeming train
Fed from her ample breast, and deep in whirlpools heaved the main.
I sang of elder Love, who, self-sufficing, wrought
Creation's differing forms with many-counsell'd thought.
Of baneful Saturn next; and how the heaven above
Fell with its regal sway to thunder-launching Jove.
I sang the younger gods, whence rose their various birth,
How spread their sep'rate powers through sea, and air, and earth.
Of Brimus and of Bacchus last, and giants' mystic fame,
And whence man's weaker race arose, of many-nation'd name.
Through winding cavities, that scoop'd the rocky cell,
With tone sonorous thrill'd my sweetly vocal shell.
High Pelion's mountain heads, and woody valleys round,
And all his lofty oaks remurmur'd to the sound.
His oaks uprooted rush, and all tumultuous wave
Around the darken'd mouth of Chiron's hollow cave.
The rocks re-echo shrill; the beasts of forest wild
Stand at the cavern's mouth, in listening trance beguiled:
The birds surround the den; and, as in weary rest,
They drop their fluttering wings, forgetful of the nest,
Amazed the Centaur saw; his clapping hands he beat;
And stamp'd in ecstasy the rock with hoof'd and horny feet.
When Tiphys threads the cave, and bids the Minyan train
To hurry swift on board; and thus I ceased my strain.
The Argonauts leap'd up in haste, and snatch'd their arms again.

Then Peleus to his breast the boy, embracing, rears;
 Kissing his head, and beauteous eyes, and smiling through his tears:
 Achilles so was soothed; and, as I left the cave,
 A leopard's spotted skin, in pledge, the Centaur gave.
 Forth from the den we sprang, down from the mountain high;
 The aged Centaur spread his raised hands tow'rd's the sky:
 And call'd on all the gods a safe return to give,
 That famed in ages, yet unborn, the youthful kings might live.
 Descending to the shore, we climb'd the bark again;
 Each press'd his former bench, and lash'd with oar the main;
 Huge Pelion's mountain swift receded from our view,
 And o'er vast ocean's green expanse the foam white-chafing flew.

FROM THE ORPHIC REMAINS.

I.

One self-existent lives: created things
 Arise from him; and he is all in all.
 No mortal sight may see him; yet himself
 Sees all that live. He out of good can bring
 Evil to men: dread battle; tearful woes;
 He, and no other. Open to thy sight
 Were all the chain of things, could'st thou behold
 The Godhead, ere as yet he stepp'd on earth.
 My son! I will display before thine eyes.
 His footsteps, and his mighty hand of power.
 Himself I cannot see. The rest is veil'd
 In clouds; and tenfold darkness intercepts
 His presence. None discerns the Lord of men,
 But he, the sole-begotten, of the tribe
 Of old Chaldæans: he, to whom was known
 The path of stars, and how the moving sphere
 Rolls round this earth, in equal circle framed,
 Self-balanced on her centre. 'Tis the God,
 Who rules the breathing winds, that sweep around
 The vault of air, and round the flowing swell
 Of the deep, watery element; and shows
 Forth, from on high, the glittering strength of flame.
 Himself, above the firmament's broad arch,
 Sits, on a throne of gold: the round earth lies
 Under his feet. He stretches his right hand
 To th' uttermost bounds of ocean, and the root
 Of mountains trembles at his touch; nor stands
 Before his mighty power. For he, alone,
 All-heavenly is, and all terrestrial things
 Are wrought by him. First, midst, and last, he holds
 With his omniscient grasp. So speaks the lore
 Of ancient wisdom: so the man who sprang
 Forth from the cradling waters, speaks: who took
 The double tables of the law from God;
 Other to speak, were impious. Every limb
 I tremble, and my spirit quakes within.

II.

Jove is the first and last; who th' infant thunder hurl'd;
 Jove is the head and midst; the framer of the world,
 Jove is a male; a nymph of bloom immortal Jove:
 Jove is the base of earth, and starry heaven above.
 Jove is the breath of all; the force of quenchless flame;
 The root of ocean Jove; the sun and moon the same.
 Jove is the king, the sire, whence generation sprang;
 One strength, one Demon, great, on whom all beings hang;
 His regal body grasps the vast material round;
 There fire, earth, air, and wave, and day, and night are found;
 Wisdom, first maker, there, and joy-prolific Love;
 All these centering fill the mighty frame of Jove.

III.

Hear me, thou! forever whirling round the rolling Heavens on high!
 Thy far-travelling orb of splendor, midst the whirlpools of the sky!
 Hear, effulgent Jove, and Bacchus! father both of earth and sea!
 Sun all-various! golden-beaming! all things teeming out of thee!

TO THE MOON.

FROM THE HYMNS.

Heavenly Selene! goddess queen! that shedd'st abroad thy light!
 Bull-horned moon! air-habiting! thou wanderer through the night!
 Moon, bearer of the nightly torch! thou star-encircled maid!
 Female, at once, and male the same; still fresh, and still decay'd!
 Thou! that in thy steeds delightest, as they whirl thee through the sky!
 Clothed in brightness! mighty mother of the rapid years that fly!
 Fruit-dispenser! amber-visaged! melancholy, yet serene!
 All-beholding! sleep-enamor'd! still with trooping planets seen!
 Quiet-loving! who in pleasaunce, and in plenty takes delight!
 Joy-diffusing! fruit-maturing! sparkling ornament of night!
 Swiftly-pacing! ample-vested! star-bright! all-divining maid!
 Come benignant! come spontaneous! with thy starry sheen array'd!
 Sweetly-shining! save us, virgin! give thy holy suppliants aid!

FROM THE LITHICS.

Th' immortal Gods will view thee with delight,
 If thou should'st hold the agate, branching bright
 With veins, like many a tree, that rears its head
 In some fair garden, with thick boughs bespread:
 As the tree-agate, thus to mortals known,
 In part a branchy wood; in part a stone.
 If on thy oxen's horns this gem be bound,
 When with the cleaving share they turn the ground;

Or on th' unwearied ploughman's shoulder borne,
 Then shall thy furrows spring with thickening corn :
 Full-bosom'd Ceres, with the wheaten crown,
 Shall lean from Heaven, and scatter harvests down.

Bacchylides, another of the distinguished lyric poets of this period, was a native of the island of Ceos, and was a nephew as well as fellow-townsmen of the celebrated Simonides, of whom we have already spoken. Eusebius places his birth in 450 A.C. ; but this must evidently be a mistake, as Hiero of Syracuse, at whose court the poet past many years of his life, died in 467 A.C. The probability is, therefore, Bacchylides was born about 500 A.C.

Bacchylides belonged to a family in which, as was so often the case, poetry was followed as an hereditary profession. His father is variously called Medon, Meidon, and Meidylus ; and his paternal grandfather was the athlete Bacchylides. Of his life we have no farther knowledge than that he early left his native island, and repaired to the court of Syracuse, whither his uncle Simonides had already preceded him. He soon became a very great favorite of Hiero, who is said to have preferred his Pythian odes to those of Pindar. On what principle this preference could have been founded it is, however, very difficult to perceive ; for in sublimity, the chief characteristic of the Pythian ode, he was incomparably Pindar's inferior. The probability is, that he was more deferential in his conduct, and more obsequious in his disposition.

The few relics extant of the numerous and various poems of Bacchylides, exhibit polish, correctness, delicacy, and ornament, but nothing of the fire and fervor of Pindar : his excellence was the result of education rather than of natural poetic inspiration. The period of his death, and the circumstances attending that event, have not been preserved ; but it is probable that he passed at Syracuse all the closing years of his life. The Roman emperor Julian, so highly estimated the lyrics of Bacchylides, that he not only kept a copy of them constantly about his person, but drew from them rules for the conduct of life. The following specimens present all the variety which the remains of this poet contain :

ANACREONTIC.

The goblet's sweet compulsion moves
 The soften'd mind to melting loves.
 The hope of Venus warms the soul,
 Mingling in Bacchus' gifted bowl ;
 And buoyant lifts in lightest air
 The soaring thoughts of human care.
 Who sips the grape, with single blow
 Lays the city's rampire low ;
 Flush'd with the vision of his mind
 He acts the monarch o'er mankind.

His bright'ning roofs now gleam on high,
 All burnish'd gold and ivory :
 Corn-freighted ships from Egypt's shore
 Waft to his feet the golden ore :
 Thus, while the frenzying draught he sips
 His heart is bounding to his lips.

P E A C E .

Innumerable are the boons bestowed,
 On man by gracious Peace!
 The flowers of poets honey-tongued,
 And wealth's immense increase.
 Then from the joyous altars
 Unto the gods arise
 The fumes of sheep's and oxen's flesh
 In ruddy sacrifice :
 In crowds to the gymnasium
 The strenuous youth resort,
 Or to the pipe blithe revellers
 Pursue their maddening sport ;
 The spider black doth weave his net
 In the iron-handled shield,
 And sharp-set spear and two-edged sword
 To mouldy canker yield ;
 No longer anywhere is heard
 The trumpet's blazen blare,
 From men's eyes soul-delighting sleep
 At midnight sent to scare ;
 Banquets, heap'd high with food and wine,
 Are spread in every street,
 And songs from youthful companies
 Are sounding strong and sweet.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Alas, poor Child! for thee our bosoms swell
 With grief, tears cannot cure, words may not tell.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S OFFERING.

To Zephyr, kindest wind that swells the grain,
 Eudemus consecrates this humble fane ;
 For that he listen'd to his vow and bore
 On his soft wings the rich autumnal store.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

Virtue, placed on high, doth shine
 With a glory all-divine ;
 Riches oft alike are shower'd
 On the hero and the coward.

II.

Wise-men now, like those of old,
Can but tell what others told.
Full hard it is the hidden door
Of words unspoken to explore.

III.

Here let no fatted oxen be,
Gold nor purple tapestry :
But a well-disposed mind ;
But a gentle muse and kind ;
But glad wine, to glad our souls,
Mantling in Boeotian bowls.

IV.

Peaceful wealth, or painful toil,
Chance of war, or civil broil,
'Tis not for man's feeble race
These to shun or those embrace.
But that all-disposing Fate,
Which presides o'er mortal state,
Where it listeth, casts a shroud
Of impenetrable cloud.

With the death of Bacchylides the class of lyric poets to which he belonged ended; and more than half a century elapsed before Greece produced another lyric, or even fugitive poet, whose eminence was sufficiently great to preserve his name from oblivion. This is attributable to various circumstances, the principal of which were the rise and extraordinary influence of the comic drama, and the all-absorbing power of the tragic muse.

The character of the Athenians was now undergoing a rapid change, and that admiration for elevated and heroic conduct, which had so strikingly distinguished them from the commencement of the contest with the Persians, until the close of the Peloponnesian war, and which was the constant theme of the lyric poets, was no longer displayed; and hence the entertainments of the theatre, being better suited to their tastes, and to their prevailing habits, than were severe and thoughtful compositions, the poetic genius of the nation was naturally turned to the comic stage. To this subject our attention will be more particularly directed in our remarks upon the dramatic poetry of the Greeks.

Occasionally, however, in the midst of this general absence of lyric poetry, out of the tragic drama, a poet arose who had sufficient fire and enthusiasm of genius to resist the prevailing sentiment, and to devote himself to the more pure and elevated purposes of the muse. To the poets of this class belong Empedocles of Agrigentum, Euenus of Paros, Ariphron of Sicyon, Simmias of Thebes, and Callistratus of Athens. But, unfortunately, very few particulars of their lives are now known, and only an occasional fragment of their poetry has been preserved.

Empedocles was the son of Meton, and was born at Agrigentum in Sicily about 455 A.C. The easy circumstances and high rank of his family, left him at liberty to devote himself to philosophical studies, for which he had, from his youth, evinced a strong predilection. He was of a noble and enthusiastic nature, and abandoning the principles of the tyrannical government of the rulers of his native city, he manifested his zeal in the establishment of political equality, by his magnanimous support of the poor, by his inexorable severity in persecuting the overbearing conduct of the aristocracy, and in his declining the sovereignty when it was offered him.

His brilliant oratory, his penetrating knowledge of nature and of circumstances, and the reputation of his marvellous powers, which he had acquired by curing diseases, by his successful exertion in removing marshy districts, averting epidemics and obnoxious winds, spread a lustre around his name, which induced Timæus and other historians to mention him frequently as the 'averted and controller of storms.' The circumstances attending his death are variously given. Heraclides Ponticus represents him as having been removed from the earth, like a divine being; and another account makes him perish in the flames of Mount *Ætna*. Aristotle, however, whose authority cannot be contested, asserts that he spent a number of the closing years of his life in Peloponnesus, and there eventually died in the sixtieth year of his age.

Empedocles was an enthusiast, both in philosophy and in poetry; and his great poem upon *Nature* bears the marks of this enthusiasm, both in its epic language and the nature of its contents. At the beginning of it he said, that faith and divine will had decreed that, if one of the gods should be betrayed into defiling his hands with blood, he should be condemned to wander about for thirty thousand years, far removed from the immortals. He then described himself to have been exiled from heaven, for having engaged in deadly conflict, and committing murder. As, therefore, since the heroic times of Greece, a fugitive wanderer required an expiation and purification; so a god ejected from heaven, and condemned to appear in the likeness of a man, required some purification that might enable him to assume his original high estate. This purification was supposed to be in part accomplished by the lofty contemplations of the poem, which was hence—either wholly or in part—called a song of expiation.

According to the idea of the transmigration of souls, Empedocles supposed that, since his exile from heaven, he had been a shrub, a fish, a bird, a boy, and a girl. For the present, 'the powers which conduct souls' had borne him to the dark cavern of the earth; and from hence the return to divine honors was open to him, as to seers and poets, and other benefactors of mankind. The great doctrine, that *Love* is the power which formed the world, was probably announced to him by the

Muse whom he invoked, as the secret by the contemplation of which he was to emancipate himself from all the baleful effects of *Discord*.

Besides his great poem on *Nature*, Empedocles was the author of many minor poetic performances, of which two epigrams still remain, both of which are distinguished by the use of the rhetorical figure called Paronomasia or Pun. One of these follows, and we introduce it not more on account of the celebrity of the author, than as an ancient specimen of this sort of writing. The pun consists in the derivation of the name Pausanias—a portion only, however, of the double meaning of which has been preserved in the translation :

EPITAPH ON A PHYSICIAN.

Pausanias—not so named without a cause,
As one who oft has given to pain a *pause*,—
Blest son of Esculapius, good and wise,
Here, in his native Gela, buried lies ;
Who many a wretch once rescued by his charms.
From dark Persephone's constraining arms.

Euenus, or Evenus, was a native of the island of Paros, and was born about 460 A.C. Plato frequently alludes to him, and sometimes ironically, as at once a sophist or philosopher, and a poet. He was the instructor of Socrates in poetry, a statement which receives some countenance from a passage in Plato, from which it may also be inferred that he was alive at the time of Socrates' death, but at such an advanced age that he was likely soon to follow him.

Euenus' poetry was gnomic, that is, it formed the vehicle for expressing philosophical maxims and opinions. There were other writers of the name of Euenus ; but as the first six of the epigrams in the *Anthology* are of the gnomic character, they may be with tolerable certainty ascribed to this author. From these epigrams we present the following as specimens :—

THE VINE AND THE GOAT.

Though thou should'st gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat ! Enough of fruit
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
When to the altar thou art led.

THE SWALLOW AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

Attic Maiden, breathing still
Of the fragrant flowers that blow
On Hymettus' purpled hill,
Whence the streams of honey flow,

Wherefore thus a captive bear
To your nest a grasshopper?

Noisy prattler, cease to do
To your fellow-prattler wrong;
Kind should not its kind pursue,—
Least of all the heirs of song.
Prattler seek some other food
For your noisy, prattling brood.

Both are ever on the wing,
Wanderers both in foreign bowers,
Both succeed the parting Spring,
Both depart with Summer hours,
—Those who love the minstrel's lay,
Should not on each other prey.

CONTRADICTION.

In contradiction, wrong or right,
Do many place their sole delight.
If right, 'tis well—if wrong, why so?—
But contradict whate'er you do.
Such reasoners deserve, I hold,
No argument save that of old,—
'You say 'tis black—I say 'tis white—
And so, good sir, you're answered quite.'
Far different is the aspect seen
Of modest Wisdom's quiet mien—
Patient and soon to be persuaded,
When argument by truth is aided.

Ariphron was a native of Sicily, and is supposed to have been born about 450 A.C. Of the history of his life antiquity affords us no incidents; and of his poetry nothing now remains to us but the following beautiful poem to health, which was preserved by Athenæus with the greatest care. The poem was an object of universal admiration among the ancients, and was often quoted by them,—particularly by Lucian and Maximus Tyrius. Its intrinsic merit warrants all the attention which it has received. Dr. Johnson, in allusion to this poem, remarks, 'There is among the fragments of the Greek poets a short hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much truth and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding, from his own experience, new vigor to the wish, and new colors to the picture. The particular occasion of this little composition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been sick, and, in the first rapture of returning vigor, thus addressed the goddess.'

TO HEALTH.

Health, brightest of the blest, do thou
 To my poor hearth descend!
 For what of life kind heaven allow,
 Be thou my guest and friend!
 For every joy that fortune brings,
 All that from wealth or children springs,
 From courtly show or sovereign sway,
 Lifting to gods us things of clay,
 From love, or love's enchanting wiles,
 From labor's pause, or pleasure's smiles,—
 With thee they blossom, Health divine;
 Their spring, their beauty, all is thine;
 And none—save thou thy smile bestow—
 May taste of happiness below.

Simmius, another philosophic poet of this period, was a native of Thebes, and was born about 440 A.C. He early devoted himself to philosophical studies, following, at first, the doctrines of Pythagoras; but he afterwards became the disciple and intimate friend of Socrates, and was present at his death, having come from Thebes, with his brother Cebes, bringing with him a large sum of money, to assist in liberating Socrates from the sentence which had been pronounced against him. At this time both Simmius and his brother were comparatively young men, and yet the great respect in which they were held induced Plato to introduce them as the principal speakers, besides Socrates himself, in the *Phædon*; and the skill with which they argue, and the respect and affection with which Socrates treats them, prove the general esteem in which they were held, and the high place they occupied among the disciples of their great teacher.

The poetry of Simmius consisted of a few brief effusions in the form of epitaphs and epigrams; the merit of which is such as to have preserved them from oblivion, while his dialogues, twenty-three in number, and other philosophical writings have all perished. The following epitaph on Sophocles is as delicate in thought and beautiful in expression as so brief a composition can well be:

ON SOPHOCLES.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
 Sweet ivy, lend thine aid, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clustering vine:
 Thus shall your lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

Callistratus, the poet to whom our remarks have now brought us down, was a native of Athens, and was born in that city 420 A.C. Of his family we have no farther knowledge than that he was honorably connected; and of the history of his poetic career all we know is that he was the author of a national ode of such extraordinary merit and popularity as to have been often ascribed to Alcæus, one of the contemporaries of Sappho. The incident, however, which the ode celebrates, transpired long after Alcæus' death, and consequently he could have had no connection with its production.

The ode itself is a convivial song; and from the iterations by which it is distinguished, and of which it is the earliest sample in the Greek language, we are inclined to believe that in the rehearsal or singing of it, whether in the theatres or at other places of public entertainment, the whole company present joined. The subject of the ode was the triumph of Harmodius and Aristogiton over the Pisistratidæ, and with this event the name of Callistratus remains hallowed in our memories. The Athenians held those heroes in such veneration, and regarded their great and heroic deed with such admiration, that they not only erected two splendid statues to their memory, but would not, thenceforth, permit any Athenian child to bear either of their names.

The statues erected to the memory of Harmodius and Aristogiton were carried away by Xerxes into Persia, when that prince took and destroyed Athens; but they were afterwards returned by Alexander the Great, and replaced upon their original pedestals. Of the various translations of this ode with which we are familiar, we prefer the following:—

ODE TO HARMODIUS.

In myrtle my sword will I wreathe,
Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave.

Loved Harmodius, thou never shalt die!
The poets exultingly tell,
That thine is the fulness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreathe,
Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seized,
While Minerva he vainly implor'd.
And the Goddess of Wisdom was pleased
With the victim of Liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,
 Among men as your glory shall be;
 Ye doomed the usurper to die,
 And bade our dear country be free.

On this important ode, and the great event which it celebrates, the one hundred and twelfth number of the *Edinburgh Review* remarks,—‘Amidst the doubts and contradictions of historians and philosophers—Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato—it is difficult not to believe that the action thus commemorated, though prompted, perhaps, like the revolt of Tell, by private injury, was an example of that rude justice, whose ambiguous morality is forgiven for its signal public benefits. Something of greatness and true splendor there must have been about a deed of which the memory was cherished as an heir-loom by the whole Athenian community of freemen, and made familiar as household words, by constant convivial celebration. Not until the decline of Attic liberty, and the approach of universal degradation, did a comic writer presume to sneer at the lay of Harmodius as wearing out of fashion. It was an ill sign of the poet to indulge in such a sneer, and it was a worse sign of the people to endure it.’

Plato and Aristotle, after Socrates, the two most eminent philosophers that Greece ever produced, deserve a passing notice among the Grecian poets of this period.

Plato, it is true, abandoned poetry immediately after he began to turn his attention to the severer studies of philosophy; but the whole of the early part of his literary life was devoted to the Muses. Indeed, from the poetic tinge which colors all his philosophical writings, particularly the *Memorabilia* of Socrates, there can be no doubt that his genius was such as would have led to the highest degree of excellence in any department of poetry to which he might have devoted his exalted intellect. The intrinsic merit of the following fragments will commend them to every reader capable of appreciating a pure and exalted poetic vein. The lines on the tomb of Themistocles have been by some critics, but we think without sufficient authority, attributed to a contemporary poet of the same name:

THE ANSWER OF THE MUSES TO VENUS.

When Venus bade the Aonian Maids obey,
 Or Cupid else should vindicate her sway,
 The virgins answered: ‘Threat your subjects thus!
 That puny warrior has no arms for us!’

A MORE ENLARGED VERSION OF THE SAME.

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:
 'Adore my altars, and revere my name;
 My son shall else assume his potent darts:
 Twang goes the bow; my girls, have at your hearts!
 The Muses answered:—'Venus, we deride
 The infant's malice, and his mother's pride;
 Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
 To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade;
 Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
 On the instructive verse and moral book.
 On female idleness his power relies,
 But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies.

ON A RURAL IMAGE OF PAN.

Sleep, ye rude winds: be every murmur dead
 On yonder oak-crowned promontory's head!
 Be still, ye bleating flocks,—your shepherd calls.
 Hang silent on your rocks, ye waterfalls!
 Pan on his oaten pipe awakes the strain,
 And fills with dulcet sounds the pastoral plain.
 Lur'd by his notes, the Nymphs their bowers forsake,
 From every fountain, running stream, and lake,
 From every hill, and ancient grove around,
 And to symphonious measures strike the ground.

ON A SLEEPING CUPID.

I pierced the grove, and, in its deepest gloom
 Beheld sweet Love, of heavenly form and bloom;
 Nor bow nor quiver at his back were strung,
 But harmless on the neighboring branches hung.
 On rose buds pillowed, lay the little child,
 In glowing slumbers pleased, and sleeping smil'd,
 While all around the bees delighted sip
 The breathing fragrance of his balmy lip.

ON THE IMAGE OF A SATYR,

AND A CUPID SLEEPING BY A FOUNTAIN SIDE.

From mortal hands, my being I derive,
 Mute marble once, from man I learn'd to live.
 A Satyr now, with nymphs I hold resort,
 And guard the watery grottos where they sport.

In purple wine refused to revel more,
 Sweet draughts of water from my urn I pour ;
 But, Stranger, softly tread, lest any sound
 Awake yon boy, in rosy slumbers bound.

ON DION OF SYRACUSE.

For Priam's queen and daughters, at their birth,
 The Fates weaved tears into their web of life:
 But for thee, Dion, in thy hour of mirth,
 When triumph crowned thine honourable strife
 Thy gathering hopes were poured upon the sand.
 Thee still thy countrymen revere and lay
 In the broad precincts of thy native land,
 But who the passion of my grief shall stay ?

A LOVER'S WISH.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky ?
 Oh, that I were yon spangled sphere !
 And every star should be an eye
 To wander o'er thy beauties here.

THE KISS.

Oh! on that kiss my soul,
 As if in doubt to stay,
 Lingered awhile, on fluttering wing, prepar'd
 To soar away.

ON HIS BELOVED.

In life thou wert my morning star,
 But now that Death has stol'n thy light,
 Alas, thou shinest dim and far,
 Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

ON ARISTOPHANES.

The Muses, seeking for a shrine.
 Whose glories ne'er shall cease,
 Found, as they strayed, the soul divine
 Of Aristophanes.

ON THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
 Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
 By this directed, to thy native shore
 The merchant shall convey his freighted store ;

And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

Aristotle would, perhaps, have become equally renowned as a poet as he was as a philosopher, had he seriously devoted his great intellectual powers to that divine art. The following beautiful hymn, or pæan, was written in honor of his patron, Hermias, tyrant of Atarneus, but who had been originally a slave. The origin of the fine epitaph on the tomb of Ajax, is unknown :

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

O sought with toil and mortal strife
By those of human birth,
Virtue, thou noblest end of life,
Thou goodliest gain on earth !
Thee, Maid, to win, our youth would bear
Unwearied, fiery pains ; and dare
Death for thy beauty's worth ;
So bright thy proffered honors shine,
Like clusters of a fruit divine.

Sweeter than slumber's boasted joys,
And more desired than gold,
Dearer than nature's dearest ties :—
For thee those heroes old ;
Herculean son of highest Jove,
And the twin-birth of Leda, strove
By perils manifold :
Great Peleus' son, with like desire,
And Ajax sought the Stygian fire.

The bard shall crown with lasting lay,
And age immortal make
Atarneus's sovereign, 'reft of day
For thy dear beauty's sake :
Him, therefore, the recording Nine
In songs extol to heights divine,
And every chord awake ;
Promoting still, with reverence due,
The meed of friendship tried and true.

ON THE TOMB OF AJAX.

By Ajax' tomb, in solemn state,
I, Virtue, as a mourner wait,
With hair dishevell'd, sable vest,
Fast streaming eyes and heaving breast ;
Since in the Grecian tents I see
Fraud, hateful Fraud, preferr'd to me.

Mnasalcas, a contemporary of Aristotle, and a native of a village in the territory of Sicyon, called Plataeae, was an epigrammatic writer of great merit. Nothing farther of his life is known. Brunck gives eighteen of his epigrams, the first of which is the following parody on Aristotle's epitaph on the tomb of Ajax :

PARODY

ON AN INSCRIPTION OF ARISTOTLE.

In woful guise, at Pleasure's gate,
I, Virtue, as a mourner wait,
With hair in loose disorder flowing,
And breast with fierce resentment glowing,
Since, all the country round, I see
Base sensual joys preferred to me.

To this parody we add the following brief inscriptions :—

ON A TEMPLE OF VENUS NEAR THE SEA-SHORE.

Here let us from the wave-washed beach behold
Sea-born Cythera's venerable fane,
And fountains fringed with shady poplars old
Where dip their wings the golden halcyon train.

ON A PIPE IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

Say, rustic pipe! in Cythera's dome
Why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?
Nor rocks, nor valleys, here invite the strain;
But all is Love—go, seek thy hills again.

ON THE SHIELD OF ALEXANDER.

A holy offering at Diana's shrine,
See Alexander's glorious shield recline;
Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day,
Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonor'd lay.

With a brief notice of Hybrias of Crete, Hermesianax of Colophon, and Perses of Thebes or Macedonia, we shall close our present remarks.

Hybrias was, in his day, a lyric poet of great celebrity, and is the author of the following brief scholion—a poem so greatly esteemed as to be preserved by Athenæus, Eustatheus, and in the Greek Anthology. Of this writer we have unfortunately no farther knowledge :

THE WARRIOR'S RICHES.

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
 And a right good shield of hides untann'd,
 Which on mine arm I buckle:
 With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
 With these I make the vintage flow,
 And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
 A massy spear and a well-made shield,
 Nor joy to draw the sword:
 Oh! I bring those heartless, hapless drones
 Down, in a trice, on their marrow-bones,
 To call me king and lord.

Hermesianax, a distinguished elegiac poet, was born at Colophon about 360 A.C. His principal production was an elegiac poem, in three books, addressed to his mistress Leontium, whose name formed the title of the poem. A very considerable part of the third book is quoted by Athenæus, and also Pausanias. Pausanias introduces another quotation also, from this author, as part of an elegy on the Centaur Eurytion; which, however, is of doubtful authority. We give the former extract entire:

THE LOVES OF THE GREEK POETS.

Such was the nymph whom Orpheus led
 From the dark mansions of the dead,
 Where Charon with his lazy boat
 Ferries o'er Lethe's sedgy moat;
 The undaunted minstrel smites the strings,
 His strain through hell's vast conclave rings;
 Cocytus hears the plaintive theme,
 And reflux turns his pitying stream;
 Three-headed Cerberus, by fate
 Posted at Pluto's iron gate,
 Low-crouching rolls his haggard eyes
 Extatic, and foregoes the prize;
 With ears erect at hell's wide doors,
 Lies listening as the songster soars:
 Thus music charm'd the realm beneath,
 And beauty triumph'd over death.

The bard, whom night's pale regent bore
 In secret on the Athenian shore,
 Musæus felt the sacred flame,
 And burnt for the fair Theban dame,
 Antiope, whom mighty Love
 Made pregnant by imperial Jove;

The poet plied his amorous strain,
 Press'd the fond fair, nor press'd in vain;
 For Ceres, who the veil undrew,
 That screen'd her mysteries from view,
 Propitious this kind truth reveal'd,
 That woman close-besieged will yield.

Homer, of all past bards the prime,
 And wonder of all future time,
 Whom Jove with wit sublimely blest,
 And touched with purest fire his breast,
 From gods and heroes turned away
 To warble the domestic lay,
 And, wandering to the desert isle,
 On whose parch'd rocks no seasons smile,
 In distant Ithaca was seen
 Chaunting the suit-repelling queen.

Old Hesiod, too, his native shade
 Made vocal to the Ascræan maid
 The bard his heaven-directed lore
 Forsook, and hymn'd the gods no more;
 Soft, love-sick ditties now he sung,
 Love touch'd his harp, love tuned his tongue,
 Silenced his Heliconian lyre,
 And quite put out religion's fire.

Mimnermus tuned his amorous lay,
 When time had turned his temples gray;
 Love revelled in his aged veins,
 Soft was his lyre, and sweet his strains;
 Frequenter of the wanton feast,
 Nanno his theme, and youth his guest.

Antimachus with tender art
 Pour'd forth the sorrows of his heart;
 In her Dardanian grave he laid
 Chryseis, his belov'd maid;
 And thence returning, sad beside
 Pactolus' melancholy tide,
 To Colophon the minstrel came,
 Still sighing forth the mournful name,
 Till lenient time his grief appeas'd
 And tears by long indulgence ceas'd.

Alcæus strung his sounding lyre,
 And smote it with a hand of fire,
 To Sappho, fondest of the fair,
 Chanting the loud and lofty air.

* * * * *

E'en Sophocles, whose honey'd lore,
 Rivals the bee's delicious store,

Chorus'd the praise of wine and love,
Choicest of all the gifts of Jove.

* * * * *

Philoxenus, by wood-nymphs bred,
On famed Cithæron's sacred head,
And trained to music, wine, and song,
Midst orgies of the frantic throng,
When beauteous Galatea died,
His flute and thyrsus cast aside;
And, wandering to thy pensive coast,
Sad Melos, where his love was lost;
Each night, through the responsive air,
Thy echoes witness'd his despair;
Still, still his plaintive harp was heard,
Soft as the nightly-singing bird.

Philotas, too, in Battis' praise,
Sung his long-winded roundelays;
His statue in the Coan groves
Now breathes in brass perpetual love.

The mortified, abstemious Sage,
Deep-read in learning's crabbed page,
Pythagoras, whose boundless soul
Scaled the wide globe from pole to pole,
Earth, planets, seas, and heavens above,
Yet found no spot secure from love;
With love declines unequal war,
And, trembling, drags his conqueror's car,
Theano clasp'd him in her arms,
And Wisdom stooped to Beauty's charms.

E'en Socrates, whose moral mind
With truth enlighten'd all mankind,
When at Aspasia's side he sate,
Still found no end to love's debate,
For strong indeed must be the heart,
Where love finds no unguarded part.

Sage Aristippus, by right rule
Of logic, purged the Sophist's school,
Check'd folly in its headlong course,
And swept it down by reason's force;
Till Venus aimed the heartfelt blow,
And laid the mighty victor low.

Perses was also an epigrammatic poet, and was included in the *Garland of Meleager*; but whether he was a Theban or a Macedonian is uncertain, as in the title of one of his epigrams he is made to belong to the former of those countries, and in that of another to the latter. The

Greek Anthology contains nine of his epigrams, of which the following is a sample :

ON THE MONUMENT OF A DAUGHTER.

Unblest Manilla! On this speaking tomb
What means the type of emblematic gloom?
Thy lost Callirhoë we here survey,
Just as she mourned her ebbing soul away,
Just as the death-mists o'er her eye-lids fell,
In those maternal arms she loved so well.
There, too, the speechless father sculptured stands,
That cherished head supporting with his hands.
Alas! alas! thus grief is made to flow
A ceaseless stream—eternity of woe.

Lecture the Seventh.

LYCOPHRON.—THEOCRITUS.—ARATUS.—DIOTIMUS.—ASCLEPIADES.—
PHÆDIMAS.—NICIAS.—NOSSIS.—ANYTE.

SOON after the age of Callistratus and his contemporaries, lyric and other miscellaneous poetry, in Greece proper, comparatively ceased, and hence in pursuing our subject we must now turn our attention to a new region. Athens, it is true, still preserved her comic drama, but its power and influence were gone. The sceptre of Philip of Macedon had, as the consequence of his victory at Chæronea, 337 A.C., become extended over all Greece; and the despotic sway of his son and successor Alexander the Great, pressed the hand of oppression upon the whole country with such severity, that even the impetuous tongue of Demosthenes was stopped, and the acrimonious muse of Aristophanes abandoned. Whilst the country had, therefore, lost its liberty, and was trembling lest its national existence should be destroyed, little time or thought could be extended to the patronage of those arts in which they had formerly so greatly exulted, and for which they had long been so eminently distinguished.

At the close of Alexander's career, 224 A.C., which was as brief as it was brilliant, his vast empire, after a struggle between his principal generals, of twenty-three years' continuance, and ending in the battle of Issus, fell under the control of Seleucus, Lysimachus, Antiochus, and Ptolemy Lagus, the last of whom was not only a distinguished soldier and a man of great energy of character, but also a Macedonian of refined taste and exalted attainments. To his share in the division of the vast Macedonian empire, Egypt fell; and he had no sooner reduced his new dominions to order and regularity, and settled its government, than he resolved to make Alexandria, his capital, what Athens had formerly been—the seat of literature, the arts, and the sciences. With this view he invited men of eminence from every part of Greece and its former dependencies, to resort to his court; and he there extended to them a patronage marked with royal munificence. Alexandria, therefore, soon became,

not only the seat of the Muses, but the home of the sciences, and the abode of both genius and learning. Of the poets who resorted thither, Lycophron is the first to be noticed.

Lycophron was a native of Chalcis, in the island of Eubœa, and was born about 304 A.C. He was the son of Socles, and the adopted son of the historian Lycus of Rhegium; and from such exalted connections it is natural to infer that he received every advantage of culture and education, though of his early life we have no knowledge. But that he must have attained to some degree of eminence before he left his native island is evident from the fact, that, soon after his arrival at the court of Alexandria, he occupied the most prominent place among the poets of that court, and enjoyed the personal confidence and the privilege of familiar intercourse with the sovereign, Ptolemy Philadelphus.

That monarch, observing the refined taste and high degree of cultivation of Lycophron's mind, entrusted to him the arrangement of the works of the comic poets contained in the Alexandrian library. In the execution of this commission he drew up a very extensive work on comedy, which appears to have embraced the whole subject of the history and nature of the comic drama of Greece, together with accounts of the comic poets, and, besides this, many matters bearing indirectly on the interpretation of the comedians.

Lycophron doubtless found, on his arrival at the court of Alexandria, many other poets of eminence; and as Grecian poetry from this period assumes an aspect of more uncontrolled fancy than it possessed in its earlier and severer reign, one of the first acts of the Alexandrian poets was to form themselves into a constellation which they transferred to the heavens under the name of the Pleiades. Of this poetic constellation Lycophron was the first conspicuous star; Theocritus, the second; Aratus, the third; Nicander, the fourth; Apollonius, the fifth; Philochus, the sixth; and Homyres the younger, the seventh.

These poets, in the refined and delicate court of Ptolemy, basked in the sunshine of perpetual prosperity, and were placed by their liberal monarch in a position of ease and entire independence; and hence, as is always the case under similar circumstances, few important incidents marked their lives. It is only amidst the whirlwind and the storm that the fires of genius burst forth, and variety of scene and circumstance in the poet's life are exhibited. We are not to expect, therefore, in the poets of the Alexandrian school, the vivid, fervid, and absorbing powers of genius that were displayed by Pindar and his associates; but their poetry flows in a pure, limpid, and quiet stream—abounding in the beautiful, but the beautiful of a subdued and easy tone.

The time of Lycophron's death is uncertain; but he is generally supposed to have lived to an advanced age, and to have retained, till his death, the confidence, and even affection, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and

of his son and successor, Ptolemy Evergetes. According to Ovid he was killed by the random shot of an arrow.

As a poet, Lycophron obtained a place in the Tragic Pleiad; but if he ever wrote tragedies, there is not a fragment of any of them extant. The only one of his poems that has come down to us is the *Cassandra*, or *Alexandra*. This is neither a tragedy nor an epic poem, but a long Iambic monologue, in which Cassandra is made to prophesy the fall of Troy; the adventures of the Grecian and Trojan heroes, with numerous other mythological and historical events, going back as early as the Argonauts, the Amazons, and the fables of Io and Europa, and ending with Alexander the Great. The poem was, doubtless, designed as a compliment to Ptolemy himself, and to indicate to his mind the events of that destiny which had finally raised him from an ordinary station to that of one of the most powerful and brilliant monarchs of the age in which he lived. This poem is frequently called the 'Dark Poem,' in consequence of the great obscurity which pervades many parts of it; but in a mythological point of view, it has ever been regarded as of the highest importance. The extract which we have selected in illustration of these remarks, is the prophesy of the death of Hector by the hand of Achilles; for, in addition to its intrinsic merit, it contains allusions of great historical importance:

PROPHECY OF THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

Now Myrina's turrets o'er
And along the ocean shore
Sounds are heard of wailing cries,
Neighings shrill of war-steeds rise.
When the tawny wolf,* his feet,
With Thessalian swiftness fleet,
Springing with impetuous leap,
Presses on the sandy steep;
Hidden fountains gushing round,
As he stamps the yielding ground.
Mars, in war-dance famed, hath stood,
Blowing shrill the trump of blood.
All the earth, before mine eyes,
Drear and desolated lies:
Lances bristle, and in air
Iron harvest's waving glare.
From the topmost tower I bend:
Shrieks the height of air ascend:
Groans are utter'd; garments torn;
Women o'er the slaughters mourn.
Woe my heart! to me, to me
That the heaviest blow will be;
That will gnaw my soul to see.

* Achilles.

Lo! the warlike eagle* come
 Green of eye, and black of plume:
 Screaming fierce he swooping springs,
 Marks the dust with trailing wings;†
 Plougher of the furrow'd sand,
 Sweeping circles track the land.
 With a mix'd and horrid cry,
 See he snatches him on high!
 Brother! to my soul endear'd!
 Nursling, by Apollo rear'd!
 Beak and talon keen deface
 All his body's blooming grace:
 Slaughter-dyed, his native wood
 Reddens with the stain of blood.

Theocritus, the second star in the Alexandrian constellation, and one of the most remarkable poetic geniuses of any age or country, was the son of Praxagoras and Philinna, and was born at Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, about 300 A.C. His parentage, though respectable, was comparatively obscure; and of the early part of his life, or of his family, we have no farther information than that which we derive from an epigram usually set in front of his works, and which, according to Suidas, was probably written by Theocritus of Chios. The date of his birth and the period in which he flourished, are derived from two of his Idyls, the one addressed to Hiero the Second, king of Syracuse, and the other to Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt.

Theocritus remained in his native place until he had so far distinguished himself by his poetic genius as to attract very extensive notice among the poets of his age; and perhaps he would have confined his residence to his native city had his monarch been a man of taste, or a patron of the arts. This, however, not being the character of Hiero, Theocritus sought patronage at the distant court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, where, as we have already remarked, science and art, in any department, received all the patronage, and all the fostering care which that monarch could bestow upon them.

It was with reluctance, however, that Theocritus left the place of his nativity, notwithstanding the brilliant inducements that Alexandria held out to him; and before he took his departure, therefore, he addressed to Hiero an Idyl, in which he intimated his design, and at the same time delicately complained that neglect by his own sovereign was the cause of his seeking patronage abroad,—remarking, at the same time, that if Hiero were as munificent a patron of poetry and the arts as he was a splendid subject for them, he would be unsurpassed by any living monarch.

On arriving at the court of Alexandria, whither his fame had preceded him, Theocritus was received by Philadelphus with every conceivable mark of honor and distinction; and he there met Aratus, the distinguished author of 'The Phænomena,' a poet of congenial spirit with his

* Achilles.

† His chariot-wheels.

own, and with whom he immediately formed so close an intimacy, that it thenceforth became a common practice with them to borrow from each other's poems extensive and important passages. Thus the commencement of the first Idyl, addressed by Theocritus to Ptolemy, is an extract, without alteration, from a poem of Aratus.

The germ of the bucolic poetry of Theocritus may be discovered, at a very early period, among the Dorians, both of Laconia and of Sicily,—especially at Tyndaris and Syracuse, where the festivals of Artemis were enlivened by songs, in which two shepherds or herdsmen, or two parties of them, contended with one another, and which gradually grew into an art, practised by a class of performers called *Lydiastæ* and *Bucolistæ*, who flourished extensively in Sicily and the neighboring districts of Italy. The subjects of their songs were popular mythical stories and the scenes of country life; the beauty, love, and unhappy end of Daphnis, the ideal of the shepherd, who was introduced by Stesichorus into his poetry, and of Diomus, who was named by Epicharmus; the melancholy complaints of the coy huntsman Menalcas; and other kindred subjects. These songs were still popular in the time of Diodorus; but scarcely a fragment of them has come down to us.

The poems of Theocritus were written in the Doric dialect,—a dialect peculiarly adapted to such subjects,—and were styled by their author 'Idyls,' to indicate their general brevity, and the variety of their subjects. We should now call them miscellanies. Of these miscellanies thirty are still preserved, the first nine and the eleventh of which are pastorals; and in pastoral poetry Theocritus holds the same rank that Homer holds in epic,—comparatively the originator, and certainly the perfector. Hence critics have uniformly drawn their rules for composition in this department of poetry from the practice of this eminent writer; and hence also Virgil's Eclogues are mere translations, or at best nothing more than imitations of this great original pastoral writer.

The poetry of Theocritus is marked throughout by the strength and vivacity of original genius. Everything in it is distinct and peculiar. Everything is individualized and brought strongly and closely to the eye and understanding of the reader, so as to stamp upon the mind the impression of reality. His scenes of nature, and his men and women are equally striking,—distinct in features and in manners, and may be easily described by the peculiar picturesqueness of character which they present. His humor is chiefly shown in the portraiture of the middle rank, and in city life, where he abounds in strokes of character not confined to ancient times, and in natural peculiarities to suit all ages and all climes; hence his permanent and enduring popularity. He is not limited to rough, rustic, or comic dialogue or incident, but passes with equal facility to refined and elevated subjects; and hence those who have heard of the

rusticity only of Theocritus will be unexpectedly struck by the delicacy of his thoughts, and the richness and eloquence of his fancy. Consequently, while some have made coarseness an objection to Theocritus, others have affected to talk of his assigning to his rustics words and sentiments above their station; as if Theocritus was not himself the best judge of the manners of his own countrymen.

The scene of the Idyls is uniformly laid in the poet's native island; and, perhaps, Sicily at that time abounded, to a greater extent than any other country familiar to the Greeks, in those peculiar characteristics which the variety of rustic or pastoral life required; and hence the naturalness of his delineations is such as to present, not only each grouping, but each individual character with the force of verisimilitude.

The period of this extraordinary and original writer's death is uncertain; but he is generally supposed to have returned, in advanced life, to Syracuse, where, according to an intimation by Ovid, he was strangled by order of the king, but for what cause is not mentioned. The variety and importance of the remains of this truly great poet, make it necessary that our illustrations of his genius should be much more extensive than in ordinary cases; and in the extracts which follow, we have, therefore, endeavored to present all the varied aspects under which his poetry appears:

CHARACTER OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH IDYL.

What is his character? A royal spirit
To point out genius and encourage merit;
The poet's friend, humane, and good, and kind;
Of manners gentle, and of generous mind.
He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe;
His hand is ever ready to bestow:
Request with reason, and he'll grant the thing,
And what he gives, he gives it like a king.

PRAISES OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

FROM THE SEVENTEENTH IDYL.

With Jove begin, ye Nine, and end with Jove,
Whene'er ye praise the greatest god above:
But if of noblest men, the song ye cast,
Let Ptolemy be first, and midst, and last.
Heroes of old, from demigods that sprung,
Chose lofty poets, who their actions sung.
Well skill'd, I tune to Ptolemy, my reed;
Hymns are of gods, above the honor'd meed.

To Ida, when the woodman winds his way,
Where verdant pines their towering tops display,
Doubtful he stands, with undetermined look,
Where first to deal the meditated stroke:
And where shall I commence? New themes arise
Deeds that exalt his glory to the skies.
If from his fathers we commence the plan,
Lagus how great, how excellent a man!
Who to no earthly potentate would yield
For wisdom at the board, or valor in the field:
Him with the gods Jove equals, and has given
A golden palace in the realms of heaven:
Near him sits Alexander, wise and great,
The fell destroyer of the Persian state.
Against them, thron'd in adamant, in view
Alcides, who the Cretan monster slew,
Reclines, and, as with gods the feast he shares,
Glories to meet his own descendant heirs;
From age, and pain's impediments, repriev'd,
And in the rank of deities receiv'd.
For in his line are both these heroes class'd,
And both deriv'd from Hercules the last.
Thence, when the nectar'd bowl his love inspires
And to the blooming Hebe he retires,
To this his bow and quiver he allots,
To that his iron club, distinct with knots;
Thus Jove's great son is by his offspring led
To silver-footed Hebe's rosy bed.

How Berenice shone! her parent's pride,
Virtue her aim, and wisdom was her guide:
Sure Venus with light touch her bosom press'd,
Infusing in her soft ambrosial breast
Pure, constant love: hence faithful records tell
No monarch ever lov'd his queen so well;
No queen with such undying passion burn'd,
For more than equal fondness she return'd.
Whene'er to love the chief his mind unbends,
To his son's care the kingdom he commends.
Unfaithful wives, dissatisfied at home,
Let their wild thoughts on joys forbidden roam:
Their births are known, yet of a numerous race,
None shows the features of the father's face.
Venus, than all the goddesses more fair,
The lovely Berenice was thy care;
To thee 'twas owing, gentle, kind, and good,
She past not Acheron's woe-working flood.
Thou caught'st her e'er she went where spectres dwell,
Or Charon, the grim ferryman of hell;
And in thy temple plac'd the royal fair,
Thine own high honor's privilege to share.
Thence gentle love in mortals she inspires
And soft solitudes, and sweet desires.

The fair Deïpyle to Tydeus bare
 Stern Diomed, the thunderbolt of war;
 And Thetis, goddess of the azure wave,
 To Peleus brought Achilles, bold and brave;
 But Berenice nobler praise hath won,
 Who bore great Ptolemy, as great a son:
 And sea-girt Cos receiv'd thee soon as born,
 When first thine eyes beheld the radiant morn.
 For there thy mother to Lucina pray'd,
 Who sends to those who suffer child-bed, aid.
 She came, and friendly to the genial bed,
 A placid, sweet tranquillity she shed
 O'er all her limbs; and thus, serene and mild,
 Like his lov'd sire, was born the lovely child.
 Cos saw, and fondling in her arms the boy,
 Thus spoke, transported, with the voice of joy:
 'Quick rise to light, auspicious babe be born!
 And me with equal dignity adorn
 As Phœbus Delos:—on fam'd Triops' brow,
 And on the neighboring Dorian race bestow
 Just honors—and as favorably smile,
 As the god views with joy Rhenæa's fertile isle.
 The island spoke; and thrice the bird of Jove
 His pinions clang'd, resounding from above;
 Jove's omen thunder'd from his eagle's wings;
 Jove loves and honors venerable kings.
 But whom in infancy his care befriends,
 Him power, and wealth, and happiness attends:
 He rules, belov'd, unbounded tracts of land,
 And various oceans roll at his command.
 Unnumber'd nations view their happy plains,
 Fresh fertiliz'd by Jove's prolific rains:
 But more, like Egypt, can such plenty boast,
 When genial Nile o'erflows the humid coast:—
 Here, too, O Ptolemy! beneath thy sway
 What cities glitter to the beams of day!
 Lo! with thy statelier pomp no kingdom vies,
 While round thee thrice ten thousand cities rise.
 Struck by the terror of thy flashing sword,
 Syria bow'd down, Arabia call'd thee lord;
 Phœnicia trembled, and the Lybian plain,
 With the black Æthiop, own'd thy wide domain:
 E'en Lesser Asia and her isles grew pale,
 As o'er the billows pass'd thy crowd of sail.
 Earth feels thy nod, and all the subject sea;
 And each resounding river rolls for thee.
 And while around thy thick battalions flash,
 Thy proud steeds neighing for the warlike clash,
 Through all thy marts the tide of commerce flows,
 And wealth beyond a monarch's grandeur glows.
 Such gold-hair'd Ptolemy! whose easy port
 Speaks the soft polish of the manner'd court;

And whose severer aspect, as he wields
 The spear, dire-blazing, frowns in tented fields.
 And though he guards, while other kingdoms own
 His conquering arms, the hereditary throne,
 Yet in vast heaps no useless treasure stor'd
 Lies, like the riches of an emmet's hoard;
 To mighty kings his bounties he extends,
 To state confederate, and illustrious friends.
 No bard at Bacchus' festival appears,
 Whose lyre has power to charm the ravish'd ears,
 But he bright honors and rewards imparts,
 Due to his merits, equal to his arts:
 And poets hence, for deathless song renown'd,
 The generous fame of Ptolemy resound.
 At what more glorious can the wealthy aim,
 Than thus to purchase fair and lasting fame?
 The great Atridæ this alone enjoy,
 While all the wealth and spoil of plunder'd Troy,
 That 'scap'd the raging flame, or whelming wave,
 Lies buried in oblivion's greedy grave.
 Close trode great Ptolemy, at virtue's call,
 His father's footsteps, but surpast them all.

THE SYRACUSAN GOSSIPS.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH IDYL.

SUBJECT.—Two Syracusan women, who had travelled to Alexandria, go to see the solemnity of Adonis' festival, which had been prepared by Arsinoë, the queen of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

CHARACTERS.—*Gorgo, Eunoe, Praxinoe, Old Woman, and Stranger.*

Gor. Ho! is Praxinoe within?

Eu. Dear Gorgo!

How late you are! she is within.

Prax. I wonder

That you are come at last. Quick, Eunoe, bring
 A seat, and place a cushion.

Eu. 'Tis all right.

Gor. Breath of my body! I have scarce escaped
 Alive to you, Praxinoe; through such crowds
 Of people, and of chariots! everywhere
 Clattering of shoes, and whisk of soldiers' cloaks,
 And such a weary way; and you are lodged
 At such a distance!

Prax. Why that wise-acre
 Has found me out a den, and not a house,
 At the world's end, for fear we should be neighbors:
 My constant plague; and all for spite and envy
 He thwarts me thus!

Gor. Mother of Venus! softly!
The little one is by; speak not so freely
Of your good husband: Madam, do but look
How the brat eyes you!

Prax. That's a good, brave boy!
Pretty Zopyrion! I'm not speaking, love,
Of your good dad.

Gor. By Proserpine, the child
Has scent of it—No; dad is good.

Prax. That person
Some time ago, (we'll speak of all as happening
Some time ago,) he was to bring me rouge,
And nitre, from a shop; when home he came
With salt, forsooth! an overgrown, long looby!

Gor. And, troth my own good man has these same pranks;
A very sieve for money: yesterday,
He buys me, at seven drachmas, five old fleeces
From backs of rotten sheep; as coarse as dogs' hair;
Such riff-raff! refuse all, and good for nothing.
But come—come; take your clasp'd robe, and your scarf,
And let's away to Ptolemy's rich palace
And see Adonis: there's a stately show,
I hear, preparing by the queen.

Prax. Yes, yes;
With grand ones, all is grand. Now as you've seen
And heard, do tell me all you've heard and seen,
For I see nothing.

Gor. Nay, nay, 'tis full time
That we should, e'en, be going: they, who've leisure,
Should make the most of holy days.

Prax. Some water:
Quick, fetch it, Eunoe: you've grown dainty, jade:
Here, place it, wench: 'cats love to sleep on cushions.'
Come, stir yourself: the water: I must wash
Before I go: see how the daudle brings it!
Well pour away; soft, soft! you pour away,
Girl! with a vengeance! see, you giddy slut!
How you have wetted all my robe! there—hold!
Thank Heaven, I'm wash'd however. Where's the key
Of the great chest? go, Eunoe, bring it hither.

Gor. Praxinoe, I own, that robe with clasps
Becomes you mightily. What might it cost
When in the piece?

Prax. Oh Gorgo! do not ask me!
More than two pounds of silver, and the making
Was near the death of me!

Gor. 'Tis made, however;
And to your mind, at last.

Prax. Why, yes, indeed:
You have well said: it does, I think, become me.
Now quick my scarf and parasol: stay, girl,
Set the folds tidy. Child! I cannot take you;

Hobgoblin is abroad; the horses bite:
 Cry, as you may, I will not have you crippled.
 Let's go. Pray Phrygia! mind the little one,
 And try divert him. Stop—call in the dog:
 Mind, shut the street-door after us. Good Gods!
 There is a crowd! *when* we shall pass, or *how*,
 I'm quite at my wits' end! they're thick as ants.
 Well—Ptolemy! thou tread'st thy father's steps.
 His good deeds made a God of him; and now
 Folks may pass safely in a crowd, without
 Those rogues' tricks, and sly gipsey practices,
 Which cheats and sharpers used to practice on us;
 All rogues alike, playing at fast and loose,
 And bustling for one's money. Dearest Gorgo!
 What will become of us? See the king's troopers!
 Look, look, that chestnut horse rears bolt upright!
 What a wild, furious beast! run, Eunoe! run,
 Out of his way! he'll break his rider's neck;
 I was in luck to leave the child at home!

Gor. Take heart, Praxinoe: we have past them no.;
 They've gallop'd towards the country.

Prax. Thank my stars!

I can take breath again! a horse and snake
 I never could abide, quite from a girl.
 Come; make a push: what a throng presses out
 Upon us.

Gor. From the hall, good mother?

Old Woman. Aye, good daughter.

Gor. Can we get in easily?

Old Woman. The Greeks, sweet wench, got Troy, by trying for't;
 All's got by trying.

Gor. There the old witch goes,
 With her wise saws and soothsayings. These women
 Seem to know everything. They'll tell us, how
 Jove kiss'd his wife. See, see, Praxinoe!
 What crowds about the gate!

Prax. My stars! immense!

Here, Gorgo, give your hand in mine; and you
 Eunoe, hold Eutychus by hers: mind, girl,
 And stick close to her, or you'll sure be lost:
 Let's all push in, at once; mind, Eunoe, stick
 Close to us: lack-a-day! there goes my veil!
 Look Gorgo! torn in two! my dear good man,
 Heavens bless you, do not tear my scarf as well!

First Man. 'Tis not my fault, dear Madam; yet I'll take
 What care I can.

Prax. How the crowd strive and press!
 Just like a drove of pigs!

First Man. Take heart, dear Madam!
 We're in, and safe at last.

Prax. And so, good Sir,
 May you be safe and sound, the longest day

You have to live. A good, kind gentleman!
 To take such care of us. Ah! Eunoe's squeez'd!
 Force your way, wench! now, push! that's bravely done.
 Now we're all in; as said the bridegroom tuck'd
 In bed with his young wife.

Gor. Praxinoe, here!

Look at this tapestry, first; how finely woven!
 How elegant! you'd think the Gods had woven it!

Prax. Holy Minerva! how these weavers work!
 See how like painters they have wrought the hangings
 With pictures large as life! how natural
 They stand out; and how natural they move
 Upon the wall! they look alive, not woven.
 Well! man, it must be own'd, is a wise creature.
 Ah! there he is! Adonis! wonderful!
 All on a couch of silver! see, the down
 Seems peeping on his chin! oh sweet Adonis!
 They say he's loved in hell.

Second Man. Be quiet, hussies!

Stop that eternal clack. You prate, and prate,
 Like two caged turtles, with that broad splay brogue.

Gor. My goodness! who's this fellow? prate or not,
 What is it, Sir, to you? You quite mistake
 Your persons, I believe. None of your airs
 To us. Belike you think you may talk big
 To Syracusans; but we'd have you know,
 We are from Corinth, Sir: of the same blood
 As was Bellerophon: our dialect
 Peloponnesian; let the Dorians speak
 The Doric brogue; 'tis none of ours, believe me.

Prax. Sweet Proserpine! I'd send the fellow packing
 That dared crow over me: unless, indeed,
 My husband: you may threaten, Sir; but I
 Will not be cuff'd, depend on't.

Gor. Hush! Praxinoe;

The Grecian woman's daughter's going to sing
 About Adonis: she that sings so finely:
 In plaintive airs, they say, she rivals Sperchis;
 Her song will be most charming; that I know;
 Now, watch her die-away soft look; she'll sing.

GREEK GIRL *sings.*

Oh Venus! swimming all in gold! oh queen
 That lovest the Golgian groves, Idalia's green!
 And steep, o'erhanging Eryx' mountain scene!
 In the twelfth morn the hours, soft-footed, glide,
 And bring, from Acheron's perennial tide,
 Thy own Adonis: slow the hours may roam,
 Yet came with blessings, when at last they came.
 Oh daughter of Dione! thou hast given
 To Berenice charms that bloom of Heaven;

Pour'd dews ambrosial in her mortal breast,
 And bid her live, among immortals blest.
 Arsinoe now, her grateful daughter, fair
 As Helen's self, repays thee for thy care.
 Oh graced with many names! with many shrines!
 Deck'd by her hands thy own Adonis shines.
 For him each tree the season's fruitage sheds;
 From silver baskets breathe the garden-beds;
 Vases of gold drop Syrian unguents round;
 And cakes of snowy meal with flowers are crown'd;
 Smooth-kneaded in the board, with female toil,
 Of luscious honey, and of liquid oil.
 Here birds and reptiles haunt; while anise weaves
 Its green festoons, and bowers them in its leaves.
 Small cupids, perch'd like nightingales on high,
 Vault midst the boughs, and, poised, their pinions try.
 Oh, ebony! oh, gold! and ivory white!
 Oh eagles, bearing, in your upward flight,
 The youthful cup-bearer of Jove! behold,
 Softer than sleep, the purple carpets roll'd;
 The weaver of Miletus this might say,
 This tribute might the Samian shepherd pay.
 For the soft pair behold the couches spread;
 Here Venus, there Adonis, gilds the bed;
 Adonis, with his rose-tipp'd arms, now seen
 In bridegroom bloominess of fair eighteen;
 His ruddy lips just ripening into bliss,
 Impressing smooth the soft and beardless kiss.
 Then now let Venus with her bridegroom woo;
 But throngs of maidens, with the morning dew,
 Shall to the frothy waves his image bear,
 With trailing vestures and dishevell'd hair;
 And thus begin the song, with bosoms bare;
 'Thou passest, dear Adonis! to and fro
 To th' upper stream, from Acheron below:
 No other demi-god has thus return'd;
 Atrides; Ajax, that with madness burn'd;
 Hector, of Priam's sons the proudest joy;
 Patroclus; Pyrrhus, who subverted Troy;
 Deucalion's race; or Lapithæ of old;
 Or Pelops' flower; or those, of stern Pelasgian mould:
 Still smile, Adonis! bless each future year!
 Thou kind appearest now; thus ever kind appear!

Gor. You'll own, Praxinoe, that a woman, too,
 Is a wise creature. What a blessed lady!
 What knowledge is within that little head!
 And so sweet-voiced too! But 'tis time for home.
 My good man has not dined: you know his temper:
 So cross and choleric! I'd not have you meet him,
 Ere he has stay'd his stomach. Dear Adonis!
 Now fare thee well! joy go with thy procession.

THE INFANT HERCULES.

FROM THE TWENTY-FOURTH IDYL.

Young Hercules had now beheld the light
Only ten months, when once upon a night,
Alcmena having washed, and given the breast
To both her heavy boys, laid them to rest.
Their cradle was a noble shield of brass,
Won by her lord from slaughter'd Pterilas.
Gently she laid them down, and gently laid
Her hand on both their heads, and yearned, and said:
'Sleep, sleep, my boys! a light and pleasant sleep,
My little souls, my twins, my guard, and keep!
Sleep happy, and wake happy!' And she kept
Rocking the mighty buckler, and they slept.

At midnight when the Bear went down, and broad
Orion's shoulder lit the starry road,
There came, careering through the opening halls,
On livid spires, two dreadful animals—
Serpents, whom Juno, threatening as she drove.
Had sent there to devour the boy of Jove.
Orbing their blood-fed bellies in and out,
They tower'd along; and, as they look'd about,
An evil fire out of their eyes came lamping;
A heavy poison dropp'd about their champing.

And now they have arrived, and think to fall
To their dread meal, when lo! (for Jove sees all)
The house is lit as with the morning's break,
And the dear children of Alcmena wake.
The younger one as soon as he beheld
The evil creatures coming on the shield,
And saw their loathsome teeth, began to cry
And shriek, and kick away the clothes, and try
All his poor little instincts of escape;
The other, grappling, seized them by the nape
Of either poisonous neck, for all their twists,
And held like iron in his little fists.

Alcmena heard the noise, and 'Wake!' she cried;
Amphitryon, wake! for terror holds me tied;
'Up! stay not for the sandals. Hark! the child—
The youngest—how he shrieks! The babe is wild!
And see the walls and windows! 'Tis as light
As if 'twere day, and yet 'tis surely night.
There's something dreadful in the house; there is,
Indeed, dear husband!' He arose at this,
And seized his noble sword, which overhead
Was always hanging at the cedar bed.

All in an instant, like a stroke of doom;
Returning midnight smote upon the room.

Amphitryon called, and woke from heavy sleep
 His household, who lay breathing hard and deep:
 'Bring lights here from the hearth! lights! lights! and guard
 The door-ways! rise ye ready laborers hard!
 He said; and lights came pouring in, and all
 The busy house was up in bower and hall;
 But when they saw the little suckler, how
 He grasped the monsters, and with earnest brow
 Kept beating them together, plaything-wise,
 They shriek'd aloud; but he, with laughing eyes,
 Soon as he saw Amphitryon, leaped and sprung,
 Child-like, and at his feet the dead disturbers flung.

LIBERALITY TO POETS ENJOINED.

FROM THE SIXTEENTH IDYL.

* * * * *

Not so the truly wise their wealth employ:
 'Tis there's to welcome every coming guest,
 And blessing each departed friend, be blest;
 But chiefly their's to mark with high regard
 The Muse's laurell'd priest—the holy bard;
 Lest in the grave their unsung glory fade;
 And their cold moan pierce Acheron's dreary shade—
 As the poor laborer, who, with portion scant,
 Laments his long hereditary want.
 What though Aleua's and the Syrian's domes
 Saw crowding myriads fill their festal rooms;
 What though o'er Scopas' fields rich plenty flow'd
 And herds innumerable through his valleys low'd;
 What though the beautiful Creondæ drove
 Full many a beauteous flock through many a grove;
 Yet when expiring life could charm no more,
 And their sad spirits sought the Stygian shore,
 Their grandeur vanish'd with their vital breath,
 And riches could not follow them in death!
 Lo! these for many a rolling age had lain
 In blank oblivion, with the vulgar train,
 Had not their bard, the mighty Ceian, strung
 His many-chorded harp, and sweetly sung,
 In various tones, each high-resounding name,
 And giv'n to long posterity their fame.

Verse can alone the steed with glory grace,—
 Whose wreaths announce the triumph of the race!
 Could Lycia's chiefs, or Cyenus' changing hues,
 Or Ilion live with no recording muse?
 Not e'en Ulysses, who through dangers ran
 For ten long years in all the haunts of man;
 Who e'en descended to the depths of hell,
 And fled unmangled from the Cyclop's cell;
 Not he had lived, but sunk, oblivion's prey,
 Had no kind poet pour'd the unfading ray.

Thus, too, Philæti^{us} had in silence past,
 And nameless, old Laertes breath'd his last;
 And good Eumæus fed his herds in vain,
 But for Ionia's life-inspiring strain.
 Lo! while the spirit of the spendthrift heir
 Wings the rich stores amass'd by brooding care,
 While the dead miser's scattering treasures fly,
 The Muse forbids the generous man to die.

Of the various poems of Theocritus that have come down to the present period, the poem which follows is certainly one of the most remarkable. It is called 'The Epithalamium of Helen,' and is evidently an imitation of the Song of Solomon. During the time that Theocritus dwelt at Alexandria, that translation of the Bible which is known as 'The Septuagint' was rendered out of the original Hebrew tongue into the Greek. The circumstances attending the translation were the following:—

King Ptolemy, being anxious to enrich the Alexandrian library—the foundation of which he had recently laid—with every valuable literary production that he could command, and having learned that the Jews possessed, in their Temple, the sacred Book of their laws, requested the High Priest of Jerusalem to send a number of the most learned men of that city down to Alexandria, for the purpose of translating the work into the Greek language. The Jews, being at that time the subjects of the King of Egypt, Eleazar the High Priest readily complied with Ptolemy's request; and accordingly six men to represent each of the Israelitish Tribes were sent to Alexandria, and there remained until the important work was completed. This translation of the Scriptures is the one that our Saviour and his Apostles uniformly used in their ministrations, and it received its name from the number of men engaged in preparing it. The work was doubtless familiar to Theocritus and the other Greek poets of the Alexandrian court; and the Song of Solomon attracting their particular attention, and being peculiarly in accordance with Grecian fancy, soon became a model for their own compositions:

EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN.

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH IDYL.

In Sparta once the nuptial chorus flow'd,
 Where Menelaus, yellow-hair'd, abode:
 Twelve virgins, noblest of the city, there
 Braided with blooming hyacinth their hair:
 The pride of all the Spartan maids were they,
 Who to the painted chamber raised the lay.
 Where Atreus' younger son the damsel bore,
 The bride, dear Helen, and had closed the door;

They in one strain brake sweetly forth; and beat
Lightly the ground with intertwining feet.
The mansion echoed from its roof around
The wedding song, with hymeneal sound:
'Dost thou, dear bridegroom! to thy chamber flee
In twilight eve, and weary bows thy knee?
Slumber thy eye-lids? art thou bathed in wine,
That early thus, thy limbs in rest recline?
Thou might'st have rested at more timely hour,
And left the virgin in her mother's bower,
To sport, a maiden with her fellow maids,
Till day-break glimmer'd through the twilight shades.
For thine at eve, at morn, her bridal charms,
And gliding years shall find her in thine arms.
Oh happy bridegroom! when thy feet had stood
On Spartan soil, where rival princes wooed;
Some sneeze, well-omen'd, met thee on thy way
The bléss assurance of this blissful day.
Rival to thee no demi-god may prove,
Whose bride's great father is Saturnian Jove:
Jove's beauteous daughter now reclines with thee,
And rests between the self-same canopy.
Like her no Grecian damsel treads on earth,
And great, if like herself, shall prove her infant birth.
Full three-score girls, in sportive flight we stray'd,
Like youths anointing, where along the glade
The bath of cool Eurotas limpid play'd.
But none, of all, with Helen might compare,
Nor one seem'd faultless of the fairest fair.
As morn, with vermeil visage, looks from high,
When solemn night has vanish'd suddenly;
When winter melts, and frees the frozen hours,
And spring's green bough is gemm'd with silvery flowers:
So bloom'd the virgin Helen in our eyes,
With full voluptuous limbs, and towering size:
In shape, in height, in stately presence, fair,
Straight as a furrow gliding from the share;
A cypress of the gardens, spiring high,
A courser in the cars of Thessaly.
So rose-complexion'd Helen charm'd the sight;
Our Sparta's grace, our glory, and delight.
None with such art the basket at her side,
The needle's picturing threads, inventive, plied:
So cross'd the woof; the sliding shuttle threw;
And wove the web in variegated hue.
Or when across the lyre her hand she flings,
And Pallas, broad of breast, or Dian sings:
None in the minstrel's craft with Helen vies,
And all the Loves are laughing in her eyes.
Oh fair! oh graceful damsel! but thy name
Is now a matron's, and no more the same.
We, by the dawnlight's blush, in bounding speed
Will print the verdure of the leafy mead:

And, in remembrance of our Helen, wreath
 Chaplets of dewy flowers, that fragrant breathe;
 And long for thee, as longs the yearling lamb
 To drain the milky nectar of its dam.
 We, first, a crown of creeping lotus twine,
 And on a shadowy plane suspend, as thine;
 We, first, beneath a shadowy plain distill
 From silver vase the balsam's liquid rill;
 Graved on the bark the passenger shall see,
 Adore me, Traveller! I am Helen's Tree!

To the preceding extensive and important extracts from Theocritus' larger poems, we add the following epitaphs:

ON ANACREON.

Strangers, who near this statue chance to roam,
 Let it awhile your studious eyes engage;
 And you may say, returning to your home,
 'I've seen the image of the Teian sage—
 Best of the bards, who grace the Muses' page.'
 Then, if you add, 'Youth loved him passing well,'
 You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

ON EUSTHENES, THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

To Eusthenes, the first in wisdom's list,
 Philosopher and Physiognomist,
 This tomb is rais'd: he from the eye could scan
 The cover'd thought, and read the very man.
 By strangers was his decent bier adorn'd,
 By strangers honor'd, and by poets mourn'd:
 Whate'er the Sophist merited he gain'd,
 And dead, a grave in foreign realms obtain'd.

ON THE STATUE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The son of Pæon to Miletus came
 To meet his Nicias of illustrious name;
 He in deep reverence of his guest divine,
 Deck'd with the daily sacrifice his shrine;
 And of the god this cedar statue bought—
 A finished work, by skilled Eëtion wrought.
 The sculptor, with a lavish sum repaid,
 Here all the wonders of his art display'd.

ON A FRIEND DROWNED AT SEA.

Risk not your life upon the wintery sea;
 With all his care man's life must fragile be:

My Cleonicus sped from Syria's shore
 To wealthy Thasos, and rich cargo bore;—
 Ah! passing rich:—but as the Pleiad's light
 In ocean set, he with them sank in night.

ON EURYMEDON.

Thine early death, ah! brave Eurymedon,
 Hath made an orphan of thine infant son;
 For thee, this tomb thy grateful country rears;
 For him she bids thee calm a parent's fears;—
 Secure, thy rest do thou with heroes take—
 He shall be honor'd for his father's sake.

ON HIPPONAX, THE SATIRIST.

Here lies Hipponax, to the Muses dear.
 Traveller! if conscience sting, approach not near!
 But if sincere of heart, and free from guile,
 Here boldly sit, and even sleep awhile.

Aratus, the friend and associate of Theocritus, was born at Soli, or at Tarsus, in Asia Minor, about 295 A.C. He was brought up to the medical profession, and attained to a sufficient degree of eminence in it to become physician to Antigonus Gonatas, king of Macedonia. His genius, however, strongly inclined him to poetry; and he, therefore, soon abandoned his profession, with all its prospective advantages, and thenceforth devoted himself entirely to the Muses.

Macedonia was not, however, at that time in a condition properly to appreciate eminent poetic genius; and Aratus, therefore, with many other contemporary bards, sought the more congenial atmosphere of the Egyptian court, and there his eminence as a poet was at once recognized, and he became intimately associated with the wits, whom Ptolemy's munificence had drawn around him. Like Lycophron, Theocritus, and his other associates, his life presents, from the time of his settlement in Alexandria, few incidents of importance; and doubtless it glided along amid the same luxurious habits which marked the course of all the geniuses under the patronage of the Alexandrian monarch. The period of his death is unknown; but he is supposed by Suidas to have returned, in advanced life, to Macedonia, and there to have ended his days.

Of the various works of Aratus an astronomical poem, entitled '*The Phenomena*,' was by far the most distinguished; and indeed this poem breathes a spirit of elevated purity, to be accounted for only on the supposition that the pure poetic spirit of the Old Testament poetry had now begun to exert a marked influence upon the minds of the Alexandrian

poets, 'The *Phænomena*' was so highly esteemed by the Romans, that it was first translated into the Latin language by the celebrated orator Cicero, some of whose version is still extant, and afterwards by Germanicus, the grandson of the emperor Augustus. The poem itself is simple and unartificial, and contains little more than the names of the constellations, and their order, as painted on the celestial globe, and the several appearances of the moon and stars, as indicative of atmospheric changes; though when the author digresses to general nature, and particularly to the instincts of animals, he displays not merely accurate observation, but the faculty of coloring objects, possessed only by the true poet.

To have been translated by so eminent a genius as Cicero, is certainly as high an honor as any Grecian poet could have anticipated; but a higher one awaited Aratus; for it was from him that St. Paul, in his oration before the Athenians on Mar's Hill, quoted, when he exclaimed, 'For in Him we live, and move, and have our being, as certain of your own poets have said; for we are also his offspring.' Besides his astronomical poem, Aratus wrote various hymns and inscriptions, none of which, however, seem ever to have attained a sufficient degree of celebrity to make them an object of preservation by his successors. We shall, therefore, give only the two following extracts:

PROEM TO THE PHÆNOMENA.

From Jove begin my song; nor ever be
 The name unutter'd: all are full of thee;
 The ways, and haunts of men; the heavens and the sea.
 On thee our being hangs; in thee we move;
 All are thy offspring, and the seed of Jove.
 Benevolent, he warns mankind to good,
 Urges to toil, and prompts the hope of food.
 He shows when best the yielding glebe will bear
 The goaded oxen, and the cleaving share.
 He shows what seasons smile, to delve the plain,
 To set the plant, or sow the scatter'd grain.
 'Twas he that placed those glittering signs on high,
 Those stars, dispers'd throughout the circling sky;
 From these the seasons and the times appear,
 The labors, and the harvests of the year.
 Hence men to him their thankful homage raise,
 Him, first and last, their theme of joy and praise;
 Hail, Father! wondrous! whence all blessings spring!
 Thyself the source of every living thing!
 Oh of mellifluous voice! ye Muses, hear!
 And if my prayer may win your gracious ear,
 Your inspiration, all ye Muses, bring,
 And aid my numbers, while the stars I sing.

PROGNOSTICS OF WEATHER.

Be this the sign of wind: with rolling sweep
High swells the sea; long roarings echo deep
From billow-breaking rocks; shores murmur shrill,
Though calm from storm, and howls the topmost hill.
The heron with unsteady motion flies,
And shoreward hastes, with loud and piercing cries;
Borne o'er the deep, his flapping pinions sail,
While air is ruffled by the rising gale.
The coots, that wing through air serene their way,
'Gainst coming winds condense their close array.
The diving cormorants and wild-ducks stand,
And shake their dripping pinions on the sand:
And oft, a sudden cloud is seen to spread,
With length'ning shadow, o'er the mountain's head.
By downy-blossom'd plants, dishevell'd strown,
And hoary thistles' tops, is wind foreshown:
When those behind impelling those before,
On the still sea they slowly float to shore.
Watch summer thunder break, or lightnings fly,
Wind threatens from that quarter of the sky;
And, where the shooting stars, in gloomy night,
Draw through the heavens a track of snowy light,
Expect the coming wind; but, if in air
The meteors cross, shot headlong here and there,
From various points, observe the winds arise,
And thwarting blasts blow diverse from the skies.
When lightnings in the north and south appear,
And east and west, the mariner should fear
Torrents of air, and foamings of the main;
These numerous lightnings flash o'er floods of rain.
And oft when showers are threat'ning from on high,
The clouds, like fleeces, hang beneath the sky:
Girding heaven's arch, a double rainbow bends,
Or, round some star, a black'ning haze extends.
The birds of marsh, or sea, insatiate lave,
And deeply plunge, with longings for the wave.
Swift o'er the pool the fluttering swallows rove,
And beat their breasts the baffled lake above.
Hoarse croak the fathers of the reptile brood,
Of gliding water-snakes the fearful food:
At break of day, the desert-haunting owl
Lengthens from far her solitary howl:
The clamoring crow is perch'd, where high the shore
With jutting cliff o'erhangs the ocean roar;
Or with dipp'd head the river wave divides,
Dives whole-immers'd, or cawing skims the tides.
Nor less the herds for coming rain prepare,
And skyward look, and snuff the showery air.
On walls the slimy-creeping snails abound,
And earth-worms trail their length, the entrails of the ground;

The cock's young brood ply oft the pluming bill,
And chirp, as drops from eaves on tinkling drops distil.

A passing notice of the contemporaries of Theocritus and Aratus, Diotimus, Asclepiades, Phædimus, Nicias, and the two poetesses, Nossis and Anyte—will close our present remarks.

Diotimus was a grammarian of Adramyttium, in Mysia, and followed the profession of a teacher at Gargara in the Troad—a hard lot, which his friend Aratus bemoans in an epigram still extant. Little more is known of his history than that he left behind him a very important Common Place Book, and was an extensive writer of such epigrams as the following:

ON A FLUTE-PLAYER.

Man's hopes are spirits with fast-fleeting wings.
See where in death our hopeful Lesbus lies!
Lesbus is dead, the favorite of kings!
Hail light-wing'd Hopes, ye swiftest deities!
On his cold tomb we carve a voiceless flute,
For Pluto hears not, and the grave is mute.

Asclepiades was a native of the island of Samos, and was an epigrammatic writer of much celebrity. He was the friend, and by some critics is supposed to have been the teacher of Theocritus; but the evidence given to sustain this idea is not at all conclusive. The following specimens fairly present the general spirit of his epigrams:—

ON THE PICTURE OF BERENICE.

This form is Cytherea's—nay
'Tis Berenice's I protest;
So like to both, you safely may
Give it to either you like best.

ON HESIOD.

Sweet bard of Ascrea! on thy youthful head
The Muses erst their laurel-branches spread,
When on the rugged summits of the rocks
They saw thee laid amidst thy sultry flocks.
E'en then to thee, o'er fair Castalia's wave,
Their sacred powers unbounded empire gave.
By this inspired, thy genius soared on high,
And ranged the vaulted azure of the sky;
With joy transported, viewed the blest abodes,
And sang the extatic raptures of the gods.

Phædimus, according to Stephanus, was a native of Bisanthe, in Macedonia; and though professedly an epigrammatic poet, he was, according to Athenæus, the author of an important epic poem entitled *Heraclei*. Four of his epigrams are preserved in the Greek Anthology; and his verses have a place in the Garland of Meleager also. The following elegy is, perhaps, the most complete of his remains:

HEROIC LOVE.

This bow that erst the earth-born dragon slew,
 O mighty God of Day, restrain!
 Not now those deadly shafts are due
 That stretch the woodland tyrants on the plain.
 Rather, O Phœbus, bring thy nobler darts,
 With which thou piercest gentle hearts—
 Bid them Themistio's breast inspire
 With Love's bright flame and Valor's holy fire:
 Pure Valor, firm, heroic Love—
 Twin deities, supreme o'er gods above,
 United in the sacred cause
 Of his dear native land and freedom's laws.
 So let him win the glorious crown
 His fathers wore—bright meed of fair renown.

Nicias, an epigrammatic writer, of whom nothing more is now, however, known than that he flourished at this period, and that he was *the* friend to whom Theocritus addressed his eleventh and thirteenth idyls. He is supposed to have been a native of Miletus, in Asia Minor; and from his intimacy with Theocritus, it is conjectured that he passed some part of his life at the court of Alexandria. The first of the two following epigrams is a beautiful conceit. The nymph of the fountain, by the side of which Simus had erected a monument to his child, is supposed to utter the following plaintive language to the passer-by:

ON THE TOMB OF AN INFANT.

Stay, weary traveller, stay!
 Beneath these boughs repose!
 A step out of the way,
 My little fountain flows.
 And never quite forget
 The monumental urn,
 Which Simus here hath set
 His buried child to mourn.

THE BEE.

Many-colored, sunshine-loving, spring-betokening bee!
 Yellow bee, so mad for love of early-blooming flowers—
 Till thy waxen cell be full, fair fall thy work and thee,
 Buzzing round the sweetly-smelling garden plots and bowers.

Nossis, a Greek poetess, was of a little earlier date than the poets last noticed. She was a native of Locri, in southern Italy, and flourished about 310 A.C. Of her poems twelve epigrams of considerable beauty still remain; but from these all we can learn of her history is, that her mother's name was Theuphila, and that she had a daughter called, in the following inscription, Melinna:

ON AN IMAGE OF HER DAUGHTER.

In this loved stone Melinna's self I trace,
 'Tis her's that form, 'tis her's that speaking face
 How like her mother's! Oh what joy to see
 Ourselves reflected in our progeny!

LOVE.

What in life is half so sweet
 As the hour when lovers meet?
 Not the joys that fortune pours
 Nor Hymettus' fragrant stores.
 Thus says Nossis—Whosoe'er
 Venus takes not to her care,
 Never shall the roses know
 In her blooming bowers that grow.

ON THE PICTURE OF THYMARETE.

On yonder tablet graved I see
 The form of my Thymareté,—
 Her gracious smile, her lofty air,
 Warm as in life, all blended there.
 Her little fondled dog, that keeps
 Still watch around her while she sleeps,
 Would in that shape his mistress trace,
 And fawning, lick her honored face.

Anyte, of Tegea, in Arcadia, is numbered among the lyric poets by Meleager, in whose list she stands first, and by Antipater of Thessalonica, who names her with Praxilla, Myro, and Sappho, and calls her the female

Homer—an epithet used either in reference to the martial spirit of some of her epigrams, or to their antique character. Her epigrams are, for the most part, in the style of the ancient Doric choral songs, like the poems of Aleman; and for this reason we should be inclined to place her at a much earlier period than the date assigned her by Tatian, which is 300 A.C. At whatever period, however, Anyte may have lived, her epigrams, as will be perceived from the following, are both spirited and beautiful in the extreme:

ON THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVERN.

Stranger, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—
Sweet, 'mid the green leaves, breezes whisper here.
Drink the cool wave, while noontide fervors glow;
For such the rest to wearied pilgrims dear.

ON A GROVE OF LAUREL.

Whoe'er thou art, recline beneath the shade,
By never-fading leaves of laurel made;
And here awhile thy thirst securely slake,
With the pure beverage of the crystal lake:
So shall your languid limbs, by toil oppress'd,
And summer's burning heat, find needful rest,
And renovation from the balmy power
That stirs and breathes within this verdant bower.

ON A DOLPHIN CAST ASHORE.

No more exulting o'er the buoyant sea,
High shall I raise my head, in gambols free:
Nor by some gallant ship breathe out the air,
Pleased with my own bright image figured there.
The storm's black mist has forced me to the land,
And laid me lifeless on this couch of sand.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS.

NEAR THE SEA COAST.

Cythera from this craggy steep
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls, the breathing gale,
Propitious to the venturous sail;
While ocean flows beneath, serene,
Awed by the smile of beauty's queen.

ON THE YOUNG VIRGIN PHILLIDA.

In this sad tomb where Phillida is laid,
Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade,
And calls, in hopeless grief, on her who died,
In the full bloom of youth and beauty's pride;
Who left, a virgin, the bright realms of day,
On gloomy Acheron's pale coasts to stray.

ON THE MAID ANTIBIA.

The maid Antibia I lament, for whom
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall;
For beauty, prudence, famed was she; but doom
Destructive overwhelmed the hopes of all.

Lecture the Eighth.

CALLIMACHUS.—APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.—LEONIDES.—CLEANTHES.
—RHIANUS.—ANTAGORAS.—NICÆNETUS.—DIOSCO-
RIDES.—CUPHORION.—DAMAGETES.

CALLIMACHUS the writer who next demands our attention, was, according to Suidas, the son of Battus and Mesatme, emigrants from Attica to Cyrene, a Grecian Colony on the northern coast of Africa, and was there born about 295 A.C. The family of the Battiadæ soon rose to such eminence at Cyrene as to hold the first rank amongst its citizens; and hence Ovid and other poets frequently call our author simply Battiades.

Callimachus was educated by the celebrated grammarian Hermocrates, and after he had completed his studies he opened a school in his native place, but soon removed to Eleasis, a suburb of Alexandria, where he taught successfully for many years, and had for his pupils, Eratosthenes, Pilostephanus, Aristophanes of Byzantium, Ister, Hermippus, and Apollonius Rhodius.

Having successfully followed his profession for many years, and by it acquired both eminence and distinction, Callimachus now began to feel an ardent desire to present himself before the literati of Alexandria in the capacity of poet—an art which he had for many years sedulously cultivated. The overwhelming influence and popularity, however, of the many eminent court poets, precluded the possibility of placing himself before the public under circumstances that would, in any degree, warrant the hope of success, until the following incident occurred—the invitation of the king to celebrate the dedication of Berenice's hair to Venus—an invitation which embraced not only the wits of the court, but also all other wits of the city and its vicinity.

Euergetes had now succeeded Philadelphus on the throne of Egypt; and as the provinces of Phœnicia and Palestine embraced this opportunity to attempt to throw off the Egyptian yoke, he wished to lose no time in invading and subduing them. At the same time Berenice, his queen, through the ardor of her attachment to the king, and her anxiety for his success, vowed that should the expedition prove successful, she would, on the king's return to Egypt, dedicate her hair to Venus. The expedition proving successful, the dedication was accordingly made; and in order

that the occurrence might assume an aspect of the utmost importance, the astronomers of the court were directed to place the hair in the heavens as a constellation; and hence the origin of the constellation Berenice.

Lest, however, the transfer of the hair to the heavens should not create a source of sufficiently vivid recollection for the self-sacrificing act of the queen, the king ordered that the poets of the court should celebrate the same event in the strains of immortal verse; and the invitation, as already observed, including other poets as well as those identified with the court, Callimachus at once entered the list, and so complete was his triumph over all his competitors, that Ptolemy immediately invited him to abandon his school, repair to court, and become Royal Librarian. Thus having attained the height of his ambition, the schoolmaster thenceforth became merged in the royal poet and courtier, and in this situation Callimachus remained from 266 A.C., until his death, which occurred about twenty years afterwards.

Callimachus was one of the most distinguished grammarians, critics, and poets of the Alexandrian period, and his celebrity surpassed that of nearly all the other Alexandrian scholars and poets. He was, also, one of the most fertile writers of all antiquity, and if the number mentioned by Suidas be correct, he was the author of nearly eight hundred works, though doubtless most of them were not of great extent, if he followed one of his own maxims,—that a great book was equal to a great evil. The number of his works of which the titles or fragments are now known, amounts to upwards of forty. But what we possess is very little, and consists principally of poetical productions, apparently the least valuable of all his works; since, according to the general opinion of the ancients, Callimachus, notwithstanding his exalted poetic reputation, was not a man of real poetical talent; but acquired his great skill in poetry, through his extensive learning and intense labor. His prose works on the contrary, which would have furnished us with much highly important information concerning ancient mythology, history, and literature, are entirely lost.

The poetical productions of Callimachus, still extant, are *Hymns*, *Epigrams*, and *Elegies*. Of his hymns, six in number, five are written in hexameter verse, and in the Ionic dialect, and one, on the bath of Pallas, in distichs, and in the Doric dialect. These hymns bear greater resemblance to epic than to lyric poetry, and are the productions of great labor and learning, like most of the poems of that period. They are very valuable, however, as almost every line furnishes some curious mythological information, and are loaded, to a greater extent, with learning, than any other poetical productions of that age. The epigrams of Callimachus, seventy-three in number, furnish the best specimens of that kind of poetry extant. The high estimation they enjoyed in antiquity is attested by the fact, that Archibius, the grammarian, who lived not more than one generation after the age of their author, wrote a commentary upon them; and Marianus, in the reign of the emperor

Anastasius, wrote a paraphrase of them in Iambics. They were early incorporated in the Greek Anthology, and have been thus preserved. The three elegies of our author are all lost, with the exception of some fragments; but there are frequent imitations of them found among the Roman poets. Indeed, if we may believe the Roman critics, Callimachus was the greatest elegiac poet that Greece produced; and Ovid, Propertius, and Catullus took him for their model in this species of poetry.

Callimachus was the author of various other poetical works besides those already alluded to, among which were two epic poems; but all of them have perished excepting a few fragments. The first of these epics was divided into four books, and treated of the causes of the various mythical stories, religious ceremonies, and other prevailing customs. The work is often referred to, and was paraphrased by Marianus; but the paraphrase is entirely lost, and of the original we have only a few fragments. The author took for its subject the name of an old woman who had received Theseus hospitably when he went out to fight against the Marathonian bull. This work was likewise paraphrased by Marianus, and we still possess some fragments of the original. Two other of his poems, the names of which have descended to us, were also probably epics; but of their character we have no definite information. From all accounts it appears that there was scarcely any kind of poetry in which Callimachus did not try his strength; for he is said by Suidas to have written comedies, tragedies, Iambic and Choliambic poems.

Of the numerous and various prose works of Callimachus, not one is extant, though there were among them some of the highest importance. The one of which the loss is most to be lamented, was a comprehensive history of Greek literature. It contained, systematically arranged, lists of the different authors and their works. The various departments of literature appear to have been classified, so that Callimachus spoke of the comic and tragic poets, of the orators, law-givers, philosophers, historians, and various others, in separate books, in which the authors were enumerated in their chronological succession. It is supposed that this great work was a part of the fruit of the author's studies in the libraries of Alexandria, and that it mainly recorded those authors whose works were contained in those vast collections. To his many other prose works we have not space to particularly allude.

We shall close our remarks on this distinguished author, with his 'Hymn on the Bath of Minerva,' and a few fine epigrams:

HYMN ON THE BATH OF MINERVA.

Come, all ye virgins of the bath! come forth,
 Ye handmaids of Minerva! for I hear
 The neighing of the sacred steeds: e'en now
 The goddess is at hand. Haste, hasten forth,

Maids of the yellow locks, Pelasgian maids !
Ne'er does Minerva lave her ample limbs,
Till from the loins of those her smoking steeds
She cleanse the dust away ; nor yet returns
Her weapons all with dust and gore defiled,
From slaughter of that impious, earth-born brood,
But first, at distance, loosens from the car
Her courser's necks, and bathes in ocean's waves
Their dropping sweat, and from their bitted mouth
Clears the coagulated foam away.
Go forth, Achæan maids ! nor let your hands—
(I hear the rattling sound of ringing wheels)—
Let not your hands bear ointments, nor the vase
Of alabaster : Pallas takes not joy
In mingled ointments. Nor the mirror bring,
For still Minerva's brow is beautiful.
Nor yet, when Paris, on the mount of Ide,
Sate arbiter of beauty, did she look
Upon the polish'd brass ; nor on the stream
Of Simois, in transparent dimples roll'd ;
Nor Juno sought the mirror, nor the stream ;
While Venus took the polish'd brass, and gaz'd,
Arranging, o'er and o'er, the self-same locks :
But Pallas, nimbly running in her speed,
Compass'd a circuit, like the racing youths,
Twin stars of Sparta, on Eurotas, banks,
Pollux and Castor. Then, with practis'd art,
Her limbs anointed with the fragrant oil
Of her own olive-yards. Oh virgin ! then
The color of the morning flush'd once more
Thy cheeks ; the hue, that blushes on the rose,
Or tints the peach. Now, now that manlier oil
Bring hither, maidens ! such as Castor used,
And Hercules ; and bring a golden comb,
That she may draw her length'ning tresses down,
And smooth her glossy hair. Come goddess forth !
A pleasing band awaits thee : virgins sprung
From great Ancestor's tribe. To thee the shield
Of Diomed is borne in custom'd rite,
Which thy loved priest, Eumedes, taught of yore.
He, when the plotting multitude devised
The stratagems of death, fled, clasping close
Thy hallow'd image : to the Crean mount
He fled, and placed it on the steepy rocks,
Named thence Palladian. Come, Minerva, forth !
City-destroyer ! golden-helm'd ! who lovest
The din of neighing steeds, and clashing shields !
This day, ye water-bearing damsels, draw,
From fountains only, and forbear the streams :
This day, ye hand-maids, dip your urns in springs
Of Physidea, or the limpid well
Of Anyone : for from mountains green

With pasture shall th' Inachian river roll
A goodly bath for Pallas ; mingling gold,
And flowrets, with its waters. But beware
Pelagian ! lest thy undesigning glance
Surprise the queen Minerva. He that views
The naked form of Pallas, with last look
Hath seen the towns of Argos. Come then forth,
August Minerva ! I meantime address
These thy fair maids, in legendary lore ;
Not from myself ; for others sang the tale.

Maidens ! in times of old, Minerva loved
A fair companion with exceeding love,
The mother of Tiresias ; nor apart
Lived they a moment. Whether she her steeds
Drove to the Thespians old, or musky groves
Of Coronæa, and Curalius' banks,
That smoke with fragrant altars, or approach'd
To Haliartus, and Bœotia's fields ;
Still in the chariot by her side she placed
The nymph Chariclo ; nor the prattlings sweet,
Nor dances of the nymphs, to her were sweet,
Unless Chariclo spoke, or led the dance.
Yet for the nymph Chariclo was reserved
A store of tears ; for her, the favor'd nymph,
The pleasing partner of Minerva's hours.
For once, on Helicon, they loosed the clasps,
That held their flowing robes, and bathed their limbs
In Hippocrene, that, beauteous, glided by ;
While noonday stillness wrapp'd the mountain round.
Both laved together ; 'twas the time of noon ;
And deep the stilly silence of the mount.
When with his dogs of chase, Tiresias trod
The sacred haunt. The darkening down just bloom'd
Upon his cheek. With thirst unutterable
Panting, he sought that fountain's gushing stream,
Unhappy ; and, involuntary, saw
What mortal eyes, not blameless, may behold.
Minerva, though incensed, thus pitying spoke :
' Who to this luckless spot conducted thee,
Oh son of Everus ! who sightless hence
Must needs depart !' she said, and darkness fell
On the youth's eyes, astonished where he stood :
A shooting anguish all his nerves benumb'd,
And consternation chain'd his murmuring tongue.
Then shriek'd the nymph ; ' What, goddess, has thou done
To this my child ? are these the tender acts
Of goddesses ? thou hast bereaved of eyes
My son. Oh miserable child ! thy gaze
Has glanced upon the bosom and the shape
Of Pallas ; but the sun thou must behold
No more. Oh miserable me ! oh shades
Of Helicon ! oh mountain, that my steps

Shall ne'er again ascend! for small offence
 Monstrous atonement! thou art well repaid
 For some few straggling goats and hunted deer
 With my son's eyes! the nymph then folded close,
 With both her arms, her son so dearly loved;
 And utter'd lamentation, with shrill voice,
 And plaintive, like the mother nightingale.
 The goddess felt compassion for the nymph,
 The partner of her soul, and softly said:
 'Retract, divinest woman! what thy rage,
 Erring, has utter'd. 'Tis not I, that smite
 Thy son with blindness. Pallas hath no joy
 To rob from youths the lustre of their eyes.
 The laws of Saturn this decree. Whoe'er
 Looks on the being of immortal race,
 Unless the willing god consent, must look,
 Thus at his peril, and atoning pay
 The dreadful penalty. This act of fate,
 Divinest woman! may not be recall'd.
 So spun the Destinies his mortal thread,
 When thou didst bear him. Son of Everus!
 Take then thy portion. But what hecatombs
 Shall Aristæus and Autonoë,
 Hereafter on the smoking altars lay,
 So that the youth Actæon, their sad son,
 Might be but blind like thee? for know that youth
 Shall join the great Diana in the chase;
 Yet, not the chase, nor darts in common thrown,
 Shall save him; when his undesigning glance
 Discerns the goddess in her loveliness
 Amidst the bath. His own unconscious dogs
 Shall tear their master, and his mother cull
 His scatter'd bones, wild-wandering through the woods.
 That mother, nymph! shall call thee blest, who now
 Receivest from the mount thy sightless son.
 Oh, weep no more, companion! for thy sake
 I yet have ample recompense in store
 For this thy son. Behold! I bid him rise
 A prophet: far o'er every seer renown'd
 To future ages. He shall read the flights
 Of birds, and know whatever on the wing
 Hovers auspicious, or ill-omen'd flies,
 Or void of auspice. Many oracles
 To the Bœotians shall his tongue reveal;
 To Cadmus, and the great Labdacian tribe.
 I will endow him with a mighty staff,
 To guide his steps aright; and I will give
 A lengthen'd boundary to his mortal life;
 And, when he dies, he only, midst the dead,
 Shall dwell inspir'd, and honor'd by that king
 Who rules the shadowy people of the grave.'

She spoke, and gave the nod; what Pallas wills

Is sure; in her of all his daughters, Jove
 Bade all the glories of her father shine.
 Maids of the bath! no mother brought her forth;
 Sprung from the head of Jove. Whate'er the head
 Of Jove, inclining, ratifies, the same
 Stands firm; and thus his daughter's nod is fate.

She comes! in very truth, Minerva comes!
 Receive the goddess, damsels! ye, whose hearts,
 With tender ties, your native Argos binds,
 Receive the goddess! with exulting hails,
 With vows, and shouts. Hail, goddess! oh, protect
 Inachian Argos! hail! and, when thou turn'st
 Thy coursers hence, or hitherward again
 Guidest thy chariot-wheels, oh! still preserve
 The fortunes of the race from Danaus sprung!

ON HERACLITUS.

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead;
 And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
 How oft we two talked down the sun; but thou,
 Halicarnassian guest! art ashes now.
 Yet live thy nightingales of song; on those
 All-plundering Death shall ne'er his hand impose.

THE DEATH OF CLEOMBROTUS.

Cleombrotus, upon the rampart's height
 Bade the bright sun farewell; then plunged to night.
 The cares of life were yet to him unknown;
 Glad were his hours, his sky unclouded shone;
 But Plato's reason caught his youthful eye,
 And fixed his soul on immortality.

ON A BROTHER AND SISTER.

We buried him at dawn of day:
 Ere set of sun his sister lay
 Self-slaughter'd by his side.
 Poor Basilé! she could not bear
 Longer to breathe the vital air,
 When Melanippus died.

Thus in one fatal hour was left,
 Of both a parent's hopes bereft,
 Their desolated sire;
 While all Cyrene mourned to see
 The blossoms of her stateliest tree
 By one fell blight expire.

THE CHASE.

Mark, Epicydes, how the hunter bears
 His honors in the chase—when timid hares
 And noblest stags he tracks through frost and snow,
 O'er mountains echoing to the vales below.
 Then if some clown halloo—'Here, master, here
 Lies panting at your feet the stricken deer!'—
 He takes no heed, but starts for newer game:
 Such is my love, and such his arrow's aim,
 That follows still with speed the flying fair,
 But deems the yielding slave below his care.

Apollonius Rhodius, one of the pupils of Callimachus at Alexandria, was the son of Silleus and Rhode, and was a native of Naucratis in Egypt; but the exact period of his birth is uncertain. He flourished, however, during the reigns of Ptolemy Euergetes, who ascended the throne 247 A.C., and his two successors Philopator and Epiphanes, the last of whom died 181 A.C., when Apollonius was far advanced in age.

The ambition of Apollonius' parents early evinced itself in the anxiety they manifested for his education—they having sent him, when a mere child, to Alexandria, to enjoy the advantages of Callimachus' instruction. The youth soon so eminently distinguished himself as to become an object of deep interest, not only to his parents and instructor, but to the entire circle of his friends; and the flattering notice taken of the early efforts of his muse, so inflated his young and ambitious mind, that, before he had reached the age of maturity, he resolved to present himself as a poetic competitor of his distinguished master, Callimachus. This circumstance induces the inference that the family of Apollonius must have been of great eminence, or he could not have been led to place himself in so important, and, apparently, arrogant position.

For this trial of skill Apollonius produced *The Argonautica*, an epic poem in four books, on the Argonautic expedition. The poem, however, was evidently written in haste, and though many passages were extremely beautiful, yet, as a whole, it was deficient in that unity of plan, and fulness of characteristic development, afterwards imparted to it; it consequently failed of success. This failure so mortified the youthful ambition of the author, that he immediately left Egypt, and retired to the island of Rhodes, where he soon after opened a school of Rhetoric and Polite Literature. Youthful as he was, his scholastic eminence had preceded him to that island, and the Rhodians therefore were prepared to give him a welcome, and even a very warm reception. Aided by the fame of the school of Callimachus, his professional success was so marked and so flattering that he soon found himself in such circumstances as enabled him to give the time and the attention to the revision of '*The Argonautica*' which it required, and for which additional years, increased knowledge, and a matured judgment, had eminently prepared him. Hav-

ing completed the task of revision and reconstruction, he recited the poem in a public assembly of the Rhodians, and with the work they were so much delighted that they immediately conferred upon the author the freedom of the city, and gave him the appellation of Rhodius—an appellation which he ever afterwards bore.

The fame which Apollonius Rhodius thus acquired abroad soon extended to his native country, and he was at once invited by the king to return thither, and become one of the court poets. Delicacy, however, for some time, retrained him from accepting the invitation; for Callimachus was not only yet living, but still held the important position of librarian to the king; and he feared the spirit of rivalry which he himself had kindled up in the mind of his former teacher might militate against his advancement; he therefore declined the invitation. Callimachus, however, soon after died, and was succeeded as librarian by Eratosthenes; and as the poetic and literary reputation of Apollonius had meantime greatly increased, he now felt at liberty to return to Egypt in accordance with the king's request, and make Alexandria his permanent abode. Soon after his removal into Egypt, Eratosthenes died, and the place of Royal Librarian being thus again vacated, Apollonius was at once appointed to fill the vacancy; and in that exalted station he continued during the remainder of his life, and at his death was buried in the same tomb with Callimachus.

'The Argonautica' gives a direct and simple description of the expedition of the Argonauts, and in a strain that is equal throughout. The episodes, which are not numerous, and contain particular mythuses, or descriptions of countries, are often very beautiful, and give life and color to the whole poem. The character of Jason, the hero, is not sufficiently developed to engage the interest of the reader. The character of Medea, the heroine, on the other hand, is beautifully drawn, and the gradual growth of her love for Jason, is described with a truly artistic moderation. Hence much the finest parts of the poem are those passages which delineate the attachment between Medea and Jason; and we may here remark that Virgil was so sensible of the beauty and sweetness of the character of Medea, that his own Dido is not only copied from it, but is, in reality, a very faint imitation of the original.

As a work of art the Argonautica is strictly an epic poem, and though the style is not sufficiently elevated for the subject, yet it possesses the second great characteristic of the epic, which is tenderness—grandeur or sublimity being the first. The language is an imitation of that of Homer, but is more brief and concise, and has all the symptoms of something which is studied and not natural to the poet. The Argonautica, in reality, is a work of art and labor, and thus forms, notwithstanding its many resemblances, a striking contrast with the natural and easy flow of the Homeric poems. On its first publication the Argonautica was extremely

popular amongst the Greeks, and was afterwards much read by the Romans. Though the entire poem is still extant, we have only space for the following brief extracts :

SAILING OF THE ARGO.

Now, when the morning, with her shining eyes,
Look'd forth on Pelion's lofty crags, and far
The verge serene of Ocean, rippling, dash'd
With sound of breaking waves, as the fresh wind
Ruffled the sea ; then Tiphys waked and roused
His friends, to climb the deck, and set their oars :
Then with the wild din the Pagasæan bay
Re-echoed ; and instructive sounds arose
From Pelian Argo, hastening to depart :
For Pallas, from Dodona's vocal oaks,
Had in the keel infix'd a sacred beam.
They climb'd the benches in their order'd ranks :
Each rower's seat disposed by lot, and sate
In fair array, their weapons ranged beside ;
Ancæus in the midst ; and in his strength,
Huge Hercules ; his club beside him lean'd :
Beneath his feet sank down the hollow keel.
Then were the oars outstretch'd, and the sweet wine
Was pour'd upon the surface of the sea ;
And Jason turn'd his eyes, that swam with tears,
From his dear country's shores. As youths, that form
The dances of Apollo, midst the groves
Of Delphos, or in Delos' isle, or near
Ismenus' wave, and to the chiming harp
With rapid feet, elastic, strike the ground
Circling his altar ; so to Orpheus' lyre
They smote the turbid billows of the sea
With cadenced oars. The ruffling surges dash'd ;
The dark brine leap'd in foam from side to side ;
Deep murmuring to the strong impetuous strokes
From men of might. As on the galley row'd,
Their armor glitter'd in the sun like fire :
The waves' long track froth'd whitening, and a path
Of foam appear'd through the green watery plain :
And on that day lean'd all the gods from heaven
To look upon the ship, and see the strength
Of demi-gods, who there with valor high
Travell'd the deep ; and from high Pelion's tops
The nymphs gazed wondering down ; and saw the world
Of Pallas, and th' heroic chiefs themselves
Firm brandishing their oars with grasping hands.
Chiron himself from the high mountain's head
Came down beside the sea, and dipp'd his feet
In the shore's billowy foam : with many a sign

Waving his ponderous hand, and bidding them,
With acclamation, happily return.
His spouse beside him stood; and in her arms
Dandled the babe of Peleus: showing him
To his dear father. They, now, left behind
The shore-encircled bay, by Tiphys' skill
And prudence; who with art still held his hand
On the smooth rudder, guiding it secure.
Then in the socket the rear'd mast they fix'd;
And stretch'd the cordage, bound from side to side.
Then spread the sails, and to the topmast strain'd:
The wind fell whistling in their folds. Then fast
Upon the decks they braced the tighten'd ropes
To cramps of wood; and, calmly gliding, pass'd
Beyond Tisæum's promontory crag,
Long stretching into ocean. Then with voice
And harp, Æager's son tuned smooth the lay
To high-born Dian, guardian of the ship,
Who rules the mountain beacons of the sea,
Protector of Iolchos. From the deep
The fishes upward sprang; the small and vast
Of all the scaly tribe leap'd from beneath
In bounds, and follow'd through the liquid track.
As when th' innumerable sheep, now full
Of pasture, follow in their leader's steps
Back to the sheep-fold: he before them walks,
Tuning on shrilling pipe a rustic lay;
So follow'd they, while fresher blew the gale.

PASSION OF MEDEA.

Amidst them all, the sun of Æson, chief,
Shone forth divinely in his comeliness,
And graces of his form. On him the maid
Held still her eyes askance, and gazed him o'er
Through her transparent-glistening veil; while grief
Consum'd her heart, her mind, as in a dream,
Slid stealthily away, and hovering hung
On his departing footsteps. Sorrowing they
Went from the palace forth. Chalciope,
Dreading Æetes' anger, hastening pass'd
Within her secret chamber, with her sons:
And thus Medea went, her soul absorb'd
In many musings, such as love incites
Thoughts of deep care. Now all remember'd things
In apparition rose before her eyes:
What was his aspect; what the robe he wore;
What words he utter'd; in what posture placed
He on the couch reclined; and with what air
He from the porch pass'd forth. Then red the blush
Burn'd on her cheek; while in her soul she thought
No other man existed like to him:

His voice was murmuring in her ears, and all
 The charming words he utter'd. Now, disturb'd,
 She trembled for his life; lest the fierce bulls,
 Or lest Æetes should, himself, destroy
 The man she loved: and she bewailed him now
 As if already dead; and down her cheeks,
 In deep commiseration, the soft tear
 Flow'd anxiously. With piercing tone of grief
 Her voice found utterance: 'Why, unhappy one!
 Am I thus wretched? what concerns it me,
 Whether this paragon of heroes die
 The death, or flee discomfited? And yet
 He should unharm'd depart. Dread Hecate!
 Be it thy pleasure! let him homeward pass,
 And 'scape his threaten'd fate: or, if his fate
 Beneath the bulls have destined him to fall,
 First let him know, that in his wretched end
 Medea does not glory!' So, disturb'd,
 Mused the sad virgin in her anguish'd thoughts.

DELIBERATION OF MEDEA

ON HER PROMISE TO JASON.

Night then brought darkness o'er the earth: at sea
 The mariners their eyes from shipboard raised.
 Fix'd on the star Orion, and the Bear.
 The traveller and the keeper of the gate
 Rock'd with desire of sleep; and slumber now
 Fell heavy on some mother, who had wept
 Her children in the grave. No bay of dogs,
 No noise of tumult, stirr'd the city streets;
 All hush'd in stillest darkness. But sweet sleep
 Sooth'd not Medea. Many a busy thought,
 For love of Jason, strain'd her wakeful eyes.
 She fear'd the bulls, by whose o'er-mastering strength
 He, on the battle-field, must haply meet
 Dishonorable death. With feverous throbs
 The heart within her bosom restless heaved.
 As when the glitter of the sun, that springs
 From water, in some cauldron freshly pour'd,
 Or milk-pail, brandish'd quivers on the walls,
 Darts in quick rings, and vibrates round and round;
 So was the Virgin's heart, within her breast,
 Turn'd to and fro. The tear, compassionate,
 Stole trickling from her eyes, and inward grief
 Prey'd with slow wasting on her pining frame:
 Such weight of suffering did her sleepless love
 Lay on her bosom. Now her will resolves
 To gift the chief with drugs of charming power:
 Now she abjures the thought; and she will die

Together with the man she loves. Anon
Her resolutions change; nor will she die
With him she loves, nor yield the charming drugs;
But calm, with unresisting apathy,
Bear with his fate. Then sitting, while her thoughts,
Waver'd in musing doubts, aloud she spake:
'Still am I wretched with the choice of ills!
My mind is impotent of thought: no cure
For this, the torment irresistible
That evermore consumes me. Would to Heaven
That I had fallen by Dian's nimble darts,
Ere I had seen him! Ere my sister's sons
Had gone for Greece, whence some unfriendly god,
Or Fury brings these lamentable woes.
Then let him fight, and perish, if his fate
Decree that he shall die upon the field.
How should I shun my parents' eyes, and mix
The needful drugs? What speech can serve my turn?
What fraud shall aid me, or what secret wile?
Shall I apart from his companions, see
The chief alone, and interchange kind words?
Wretch that I am! for if, indeed, he die,
How could I hope a respite from my woes?
Then were my sum of misery full, if he
Were reft of life. Away with modesty!
Away with decent forms! and let him go,
Saved by my counsels, whereso'er he list.
And then, on that same day when he achieves
The combat, let me die: to yon high beam,
Let me, suspended by the throat, expire;
Or drain the juices, that destroy the soul.
Yet men will cast reproaches, after life,
Upon my breathless body; and, from far,
Shall the whole city cry aloud, and rail,
Upon my death; and here and there will throng
The Colchian women, and pursue with taunts
My memory.' This maiden's heart was wrapt
So deeply in a stranger, that for him
She died; and stain'd her parents, and her house,
To lovesick frenzy yielding up herself,
What shame will not be mine? oh, misery!
Were it not better now, this very night,
Here in my chamber, to forsake my life?
So, by a sudden death, to 'scape at once
All this reproach; before my deeds have wrought
This full disgrace, unworthy of a name?

She said, and to her casket went, full-stored
With drugs: some healthful, some of deadly bane.
She placed it on her knees, and wept; the tears
Unceasing bathed her bosom; flowing forth,
Spite of herself, abundantly, for grief
Of her hard fate. And now the impulse rose,

To cull and taste the drugs that poison life.
 She loosed the casket's fastenings; with ill hap
 Gathering the mortal herbs, when, suddenly,
 Came o'er her mind a horror of the grave.
 Long time she mused in doubt: life's pleasing cares,
 In smiling vision, flitted on her sight:
 She thought upon the pleasures that are found
 Among the living; she remember'd her
 Of the gay playmates of her virgin hours:
 The sun more pleasant in her fancy shone
 Than ere his light had been; and, more and more,
 Her fondness grew for each remember'd thing.
 She then replaced the casket from her knees,
 For Juno turn'd her heart; and, straight, she long'd
 For morning to appear, that she might give
 The promised drugs of saving power, and greet
 The face of Jason. Oft she drew the bolts
 That closed her chamber door, and with long look
 Watch'd for the light. Then morning on her gaze
 Darted its lovely splendor, and the throng
 Appear'd in motion through the city streets.

But, when the virgin saw the morning light
 Gay—glittering round, she with her hands bound up
 The tresses of her yellow hair, that flow'd
 Loose in disorder down: she ting'd her cheeks,
 Which tears had sullied, with cosmetic red;
 O'er her smooth body shed a shining oil,
 That breathed nectarian odor, and enrobed
 Her form in elegant cymar, whose folds
 Were gather'd at the waist with pliant clasps;
 And a tiara, silver-tissued, placed
 Upon her fragrant head: so walking forth
 She passed the palace, with elastic step
 Treading the floor: of present ills alike
 Forgetful, and of greater yet behind.

MEDEA AND JASON

IN THE TEMPLE OF HECATE.

No other theme employ'd Medea's mind,
 Though singing; nor could all her sportive maids,
 Whatever carol they alternate sang,
 Long please her: she, still absent, in the song
 Broke off abrupt. Nor on the damsels round
 Look'd she with stedfast eyes; but turn'd them still
 To the far paths, and ever lean'd her cheek,
 Inclining forward; and a shock was felt
 Quick at her heart, if e'er she list'ning caught
 A footfall's echo, or the passing wind.

But soon he came; and, to the longing maid
 Appear'd, high bounding; as the Syrian star,

Emerged from ocean, rises, beautiful
And glorious to behold; yet to the flocks
Sends forth wide-wasting plagues. Thus Jason came:
Thus beautiful in aspect; but his sight
Raised agonized emotion, and her heart
Sank; her eyes darken'd; and the reddening blood
Rush'd to her cheek; nor could her faltering knees
Advance, nor yet recede; and, under her,
Her feet seem'd rooted to the earth. Anon
The damsels left them, and retired apart.

Thus, opposite each other, mute they stood:
As oaks, or fir-trees tall, nigh-growing, lift,
Upon the mountains, their firm-rooted stems
In quietness, when not a breath of air
Is stirring in the leaves; anon, with gusts
Of rushing wind are shaken to and fro
With deep tumultuous murmur; so the breath
Of love would stir within them, and their tongues
Flow with no stinted utterance. Jason felt
The virgin tremble with her heaven-sent grief,
And, soft in blandishment, address'd her thus:
'Why dost thou fear me, maiden, thus alone?
For I am not like men, who boast themselves
Vain-gloriously, nor was I ever such,
When dwelling in the land that gave me birth.
Then fear me not too greatly, gentle maid!
But now interrogate, or speak thyself
Whate'er thou list; and, since we meet with minds
Of friendly greeting, in this hallow'd place,
Where guile were sacrilege, now openly
Speak thou, or question me. Not with smooth words
Beguile me; since thy promise, from the first,
Is through thy sister pledged, that thou wilt give
The welcome drugs. By Hecate herself!
By thy own parents! by all-seeing Jove!
Who o'er the stranger and the suppliant still
Spreads his protecting hand, I thee conjure!
For I a stranger and a suppliant come
Into thy presence: in severest strait
I bend and clasp thy knees; for, without thee,
I cannot hope to quell with mastering strength
This bitter conflict. For thy aid my thanks
Hereafter shall be thine: such thanks as men,
Who dwell remote can give. I will exalt
Thy name and graceful honor; and the rest
Of heroes with me shall extol thy praise,
When they to Greece return: the mothers too,
And wives of heroes, who now musing sit
Upon the ocean shore, and wail our loss.
Disperse their heavy sorrows, for thou canst.
Thus the Minoian virgin, she who call'd
Pasiphae mother, daughter of the sun;

Wise Ariadne, from his mortal toil
Deliver'd Theseus. She indeed, the wrath
Of Minos sooth'd, in Theseus' galley sate,
And left her country; and the gods themselves
Loved her; and still her sign is seen in Heaven;
And, 'midst the glittering symbols of the sky,
The starry crown of Ariadne glides.
Such gracious power from the deities
Will sure be thine, if thou wilt save the lives
Of this, our band of heroes; and in sooth
Thy form bespeaks thee graced with manners mild.'

So said the youth, with admiration high
Gilding his speech; but she, her eyes cast down,
Smiled with enchanting sweetness: all her soul
Melted within her, of his words of praise
Enamor'd. Then she fix'd full opposite
Her eyes upon him, at a loss what word
She first should speak, yet wishing in a breath
To utter all her fond impetuous thoughts.
And with spontaneous act, she took the drug
From forth her fragrant girdle's folds, and he
Received it at her hands, elate with joy:
And she had drawn the spirit from her breast,
Had he but asked it; sighing out her soul
Into his bosom. So from Jason's head,
Waving with yellow locks, Jove lighten'd forth
A lambent flame, and snatch'd the darted rays
That trembled from his eyes. Her inmost soul
Floating in bliss, she all dissolved away;
As dew on roses in the morning's beams
Evaporating melts. So stood they both;
And bent, in bashfulness, their eyes on earth,
Then glanced them on each other; while their brows
Smiled joyous, in serenity of love.

At length the virgin, half-inaudible,
Addressed him thus: 'Learn now my purpos'd means
To aid thee. When thou comest, and my sire
Gives thee to sow the serpent's mortal teeth,
Watch when the midnight parts the sky; and bathe
In the perennial river's flowing stream.
Then wrapt in sable garments, dig a trench
In hollow circle: slay a lamb therein,
And fresh and undivided, lay the lamb
Upon the altar, when thy hand has heap'd
Within the circling trench the fuel'd fire,
Then soothe with prayers the one dread Hecate;
And from a goblet in libation shed
The honey of the hive. The Goddess thus
Duly appeas'd, recede, and quit the pile;
Nor let the tramp of footsteps make thee turn,
Nor yell of dogs, lest all should be undone;
Nor thou from this comprize as meet it is,

Greet thy companions. Liquefy this drug,
 By glimmer of the dawn, and, naked, spread
 The slippery ointment o'er thy shining limbs.
 A mighty force shall instantly pervade
 Thy body, and immensity of strength;
 And thou wouldst say, thou wert a match in fight,
 Not for men only, but immortal Gods:
 And let thy spear, thy buckler, and thy sword
 Be thus anointed. Not the lances, then,
 Of earth-born hosts can wound thee; nor the flame,
 Resistless darted, of the deadly bulls.
 Not thus invulnerable in thy strength
 Wilt thou remain, but only on that day.
 Go boldly to the combat: draw not back,
 For I have other aid. When thou has yoked
 The sturdy bulls, and plough'd with hands of strength
 The furrow'd fallow, and the giants rise,
 Sprung from the serpent's teeth, which thou hast thrown
 Midst the dark glebe; when thou shalt mark them rise
 Thick o'er the field, then cast, with wily throw,
 A heavy stone. They for the prize, like dogs
 That ravening fight for food, shall turn and slay
 Each other. Thou thyself impetuous rush,
 And charge amidst the battle. So shalt thou
 Bear from Æeta's isle the fleece away
 To distant Greece; and thou shalt hence depart
 When'er it please thee; should it please thee hence
 So to depart. She said; and silently
 Low tow'rd's her feet bent sad her sorrowing eyes,
 And bathed her cheek with scalding tears, and mourn'd,
 That she should wander on the seas, far off,
 Away from him. Then, careless of reserve,
 Again, with plaintive speech, addressing him,
 She caught him with her hand: for now her eyes
 Had lost their bashful shame: 'Remember yet,
 If to thy home thou ever shouldst return,
 Medea's name. When thou art far away,
 I shall remember thee.' . . .

Leonidas, of Tarentum, Cleanthes, of Vassus, and Rhianus, of Bena, contemporaries of Apollonius Rhodius, were all as remarkable for peculiar circumstances in their lives, as they were for their genius.

Leonidas was a native of Tarentum, a Greek settlement in the southern part of Italy, and was an epigrammatic writer of very considerable celebrity. We know little of the history of his life, however, farther than that he lived during the reign of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, who was killed in battle 272 A.C. From one of the epigrams of Leonidas, written for his own epitaph, we learn the name of his birth-place, and also that after many wanderings, during which the Muses were his chief solace, he died, and was buried at a distance from his native land.

The epigrams of Leonidas were very numerous, and were chiefly inscriptions for dedicatory offerings and works of art; and though not of a very high order of poetry, they are usually pleasing, ingenious, elevated in moral tone, and in good taste. Bernhardt not unhappily characterizes them as being 'in a sharp, lapidary style.' Of these epigrams the following are the most pleasing:

HOME.

Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stor'd,
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board—
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

THE RETURN OF SPRING TO SAILORS.

Haste to the port! the twittering swallow calls,
Again returned; the wintry breezes sleep;
The meadows laugh; and warm the zephyr falls
On ocean's breast and calms the fearful deep.

Now spring your cables, loiterers; spread your sails;
O'er the smooth surface of the waters roam!
So shall your vessel glide with friendly gales,
And fraught with foreign treasure, waft you home.

A MOTHER ON HER SON.

Unhappy child! unhappy I, who shed
A mother's sorrows o'er thy funeral bed!
Thou'rt gone in youth, Amyntas; I, in age,
Must wander through a lonely pilgrimage,
And sigh for regions of unchanging night,
And sicken at the day's repeated light.
Oh, guide me hence, sweet spirit, to that bourne,
Where, in thy presence, I shall cease to mourn.

INSCRIPTION ON A BOAT.

They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas:—
It may be so; yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze:

Nor strength nor size can then hold fast,
 But fortune's favor, heaven's decree:—
 Let others trust in oar and mast,
 But may the gods take care of me!

ON A STATUE OF ANACREON.

Come see your old Anacreon,
 How, seated on his couch of stone
 With silvery temples garlanded,
 He quaffs the rich wine, rosy-red;
 How, with flush'd cheek and swimming eye,
 In drunken fashion, from his thigh
 He lets his robe unheeded steal,
 And drop and dangle o'er his heel.
 One sandal's off; one scarce can hide
 The lean and shrivell'd foot inside.
 Old Anacreon—hark! he sings
 Still of love to th' old harp-strings!
 Still, Bathylla—still, Megiste,—
 How he coax'd ye, how he kiss'd ye!
 Gentle Bacchus, watch and wait,
 You must watch and hold him straight;
 Hold him up; for, if he fall,
 You lose your boldest bacchanal.

ON HOMER.

Dim grows the planets, when the god of Day
 Rolls his swift chariot through the heavenly way;
 The moon's immortal round, no longer bright,
 Shrinks in pale terror from the glorious light:—
 Thus, all eclipsed by Homer's wondrous blaze,
 The crowd of poets hide their lessened rays.

ON HIMSELF.

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
 Far from the dear land of my infancy.
 'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,
 But in a stranger clime 'tis worse than death.
 Call it not life to pass a fevered age
 In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide stage.
 But me the Muse has ever loved, and given
 Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of heaven;
 Nor lets my memory decay, but long
 To distant time preserves my deathless song.

Cleanthes was the son of Phantias, and was born at Assos in Troas, about 290 A.C., though the exact date is unknown. He was of low and comparatively obscure origin, and commenced life by being a wrestler and boxer in a public circus; but conceiving an ardent desire for philosophical knowledge, he resolved to leave his native place and repair to Athens, where the information he sought after might be more readily obtained than at Assos. His circumstances when he arrived in Athens, were so low that he was obliged to resort to manual labor to obtain his daily subsistence, and meet the expenses of his instruction. The employment to which he resorted was that of drawing water during the night from the public wells of the city; but as this gave him no *visible* means of support, he was summoned before the Areopagus to account for his way of living. The secret of his employment was thus divulged; and the judges of the court were so delighted by the evidence of industry which he produced, that they voted him ten minæ.

Cleanthes at first placed himself under the instruction of Crates, but soon after removed to the school of Zeno, whose faithful disciple he continued for many years. Being naturally dull of apprehension, he was considered by his fellow-pupils stupid, and received from them the title of *the Ass*, in which appellation he is said to have rejoiced, as it implied that his back was strong enough to bear whatever Zeno put upon it. Several other anecdotes preserved of him show that he was one of those enthusiastic votaries of philosophy who naturally appeared from time to time in an age when there was no deep and earnest religion to satisfy the thinking part of mankind. He declared that for the sake of philosophy he would dig and undergo all possible labor; he took notes of Zeno's lectures on bones and pieces of earthen-ware when he was too poor to buy parchment; and with quaint penitence he reviled himself for his small progress in philosophy, by calling himself an old man 'possessed of gray hairs, but not of a mind.'

For his vigor and zeal in the pursuit of philosophy, Cleanthes was styled a second Hercules; and when Zeno died, 263 A.C., he succeeded him in his school, and continued to fill that important position till his death, which occurred in the eightieth year of his age, and the particulars attending which are characteristic. His physician recommended to him a two days' abstinence from food to cure an ulcer in his mouth; and at the end of the second day, he said that, as he had now advanced so far in the road to death, it would be a pity to have the trouble over again; and he therefore still refused all nourishment, and died of starvation.

The philosophical doctrines of Cleanthes were those of the stoical sect; and the names of his numerous treatises, as preserved by Laertius, present the usual catalogue of moral and philosophical subjects. Of his poems, the only one that has escaped the ravages of time is his *Hymn to Jupiter*. Of this poem, which contains some striking sentiments,

West, the distinguished English critic, remarks: 'It is extraordinary to find sentiments so correct in a heathen, and poetry so pure and elevated in a philosopher.' Of this poem the following version is as faithful to the original as it can, perhaps, be rendered in our language:

HYMN TO JUPITER.

Most glorious of th' immortal powers above!
Oh thou of many names! mysterious Jove!
For evermore Almighty! Nature's source!
That govern'st all things in their order'd course!
All hail to thee! since, innocent of blame,
E'en mortal creatures may address thy name;
For all that breathe, and creep the lowly earth,
Echo thy being with reflected birth;
Thee will I sing, thy strength for aye resound:
The universe, that rolls this globe around,
Moves wheresoe'er thy plastic influence guides,
And, ductile, owns the god whose arm presides.
The lightnings are thy ministers of ire,
The double-forked, and ever-living fire;
In thy unconquerable hand they glow,
And at the flash all nature quakes below.
Thus, thunder-arm'd, thou dost creation draw
To one immense, inevitable law:
And with the various mass of breathing souls
Thy power is mingled, and thy spirit rolls.
Dread genius of creation! all things bow
To thee; the universal monarch thou!
Nor aught is done without thy wise control,
On earth, or sea, or round th' ethereal pole,
Save when the wicked, in their frenzy blind,
Act o'er the follies of a senseless mind.
Thou curb'st th' excess; confusion to thy sight
Moves regular; th' unlovely scene is bright.
Thy hand, educing good from evil, brings
To one apt harmony, the strife of things.
One ever-during law still binds the whole,
Though shunn'd, resisted, by the sinner's soul.
Wretches! while still they course the glittering prize,
The law of god eludes their ears and eyes.
Life then were virtue, did they this obey;
But wide from life's chief good they headlong stray.
Now glory's arduous toils, the breast inflame;
Now avarice thirsts, insensible of shame;
Now sloth unnerves them in voluptuous ease:
And the sweet pleasures of the body please.
With eager haste they rush the gulf within,
And their whole souls are center'd in their sin.
But oh, great Jove! by whom all good is given,
Dweller with lightnings, and the clouds of heaven!
Save from their dreadful error lost mankind!
Father! disperse these shadows of the mind!

Give them thy pure and righteous law to know,
 Wherewith thy justice governs all below.
 Thus honor'd by the knowledge of thy way,
 Shall men that honor to thyself repay;
 And bid thy mighty works in praises ring,
 As well befits a mortal's lips to sing:
 More blest, nor men, nor heavenly powers can be,
 Than when their songs are of thy law and thee.

Rhianus, a distinguished Alexandrian poet and grammarian, was born at Bene, an obscure city in the island of Crete, about 250 A.C. Like Cleanthes, he was of low origin, and commenced his career as the master of a gymnastic circus; but conceiving an earnest and ardent desire for literary attainments, he left his athletic pursuits, and devoted all the energies of his mind to the acquisition of knowledge—the result of which was, scholarship of a commanding order, and poetic power of lasting admiration. Of his history, time has unfortunately preserved comparatively little information, farther than that during a long life, most of which was passed at Alexandria, he devoted his chief attention to the composition of historical poems, such as the history of Messena, and other cities of antiquity. He wrote, also, according to Suidas, an epic poem, of which, however, only a single line has been preserved, and a number of epigrams, eleven of which are still extant.

Rhianus was so great a favorite of the Romans, as to occupy, in their judgment, the first rank among the Grecian poets; and Tiberius, the accomplished, but cruel and unprincipled emperor, placed his bust in the public libraries of Rome, along with those of the most distinguished poets of antiquity. The moral fragments of the poetry of Rhianus contain much dignity and elevation of sentiment; and his epigrams, all of which treat of amatory subjects with much freedom, excel in elegance of language, cleverness of invention, and simplicity of expression. The two following poems will illustrate these remarks:

ON HUMAN FOLLY.

Still err our mortal souls, nor wisely bear
 The heaven-dealt lots, that still depress the scale
 From side to side. The man of indigence
 Loads with his bitter blame the gods; and, stung
 With discontent, neglects his mental powers,
 And energies; nor dares, courageous, aught
 Of speech or action; trembling when the rich
 Appear before him—sadness and despair
 Eating his very heart. While he, who swells
 With proud prosperity, whom heaven endows
 With riches, and with power above the crowd;
 Forgets his being's nature; that his feet

Tread the low earth, and that himself was born
 Of mortal parents; but, with puff'd-up mind,
 Sinful in haughtiness, like Jove, he wields
 The thunder; and, though small in stature, lifts
 The neck, with high-rein'd head, as though he wooed
 Fair-arm'd Minerva; and had cleft a way
 To high Olympus' top; that with the gods
 There number'd, he might feast in blessedness.
 But lo! Destruction, running with soft feet,
 Unlook'd for, and unseen, bows suddenly
 The loftiest heads. Deceitfully she steals
 In unexpected forms upon their sins;
 To youthful follies wears the face of age;
 To aged crimes the features of a maid;
 And her dread deed is pleasant in the sight
 Of Justice, and of him who rules the gods.

AMATORY EPIGRAM.

Dexionica, with a limed thread,
 Her snare, beneath a verdant plane-tree, spread;
 And caught a blackbird by the quivering wing;
 The struggling bird's shrill outeries piping ring.
 Oh, god of love! Oh, Graces, blooming fair!
 I would that I a thrush, or blackbird, were:
 So, in her grasp, to breathe my murmur'd cries,
 And shed a sweet tear from my silent eyes!

A brief notice of Antagoras, Nicaenetus, Dioscorides, Euphorion, and Damagetes, all of whom were poets of this age, will close our present remarks.

Antagoras was a native of the island of Rhodes, and was ranked among the epic poets of the period in which he lived. He is said to have been very fond of good living, respecting which, Plutarch and Athenæus relate some very facetious anecdotes. He wrote an epic poem under the title of *Thebais*, which he read to the Bœotians, to whom it appeared so tedious, that they could not refrain from yawning. He also composed many epigrams, of which the following are specimens:

CUPID'S GENEALOGY.

Whither shall we go to prove
 The genealogy of Love?
 Shall we call him first-created
 Of the gods from chaos dated,
 When Erebus and Night were mated;
 And their glorious progeny
 Sprung from out the secret sea?

Or will Venus claim Love's birth?
 Or the roving Winds, or Earth?
 For his temper varieth so,
 And the gifts he doth bestow
 (Like his form which changeth still,
 Taking either sex at will,
 Are now so good, and now so bad,
 We know not whence his heart he had.

ON TWO CYNIC PHILOSOPHERS.

Here Palemo and pious Crates lie—
 (So speaks this column to the passers by,)
 In life unanimous and joined in death,
 Who taught pure wisdom with inspired breath:
 Whose acts, accordant with the truths severe
 Their lips pronounced, bespoke the soul sincere.

Nicænetus, an epigrammatic writer, was a native of Abdera, in Thrace, but early in life settled in Samos. Athæneus speaks of him in connection with his celebrating a Samian usage, as being a poet of strong native tendencies. He wrote, among other things, a list of illustrious women; and of his numerous epigrams, six are still preserved. Of these we give the following:

THE PRECEPT OF CRATINUS.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
 You'll never write anything wise;
 For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
 Which hurries a bard to the skies.

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

Not in the city be my banquet spread,
 But in sweet meadows, where around my head,
 The zephyr may float freely: be my seat
 The mossy platform of some green retreat,
 Where shrubs and creepers, starting at my side,
 May furnish cushion smooth and carpet wide.
 Let wine be served us, and the warbling lyre
 Trill forth soft numbers of the Muses' choir;
 That we, still drinking, and our hearts contenting,
 And still to dulcet tones new hymns inventing,
 May sing Jove's bride, from whence these pleasures come,
 The guardian goddess of our island home.

Dioscorides seems, from the internal evidence of his epigrams, of which there are thirty-nine in the Greek Anthology, to have lived in Egypt,

and to have flourished during the reign of Ptolemy Euergetes, His epigrams are chiefly upon the great men of antiquity, especially the poets, and were highly esteemed by his contemporaries. The two following are exceptions to their general character :

THE PERSIAN SLAVE TO HIS MASTER.

O master ! shroud my body, when I die,
In decent cerements from the vulgar eye.
But burn me not upon yon funeral pyre,
Nor dare the gods and desecrate their fire;
I am a Persian; 'twere a Persian's shame
To dip his body in the sacred flame.
Nor o'er my worthless limbs your waters pour;
For streams and fountains Persia's sons adore:
But leave me to the clods that gave us birth,—
For dust should turn to dust, and earth to earth.

SPARTAN VIRTUE.

When Thrasybulus from the embattled field
Was breathless borne to Sparta on his shield,
His honored corse, disfigured still with gore,
From seven wide wounds, (but all received before,)
Upon the pyre his hoary father laid,
And to the admiring crowd triumphant said:
Let slaves lament,—while I, without a tear,
Lay mine and Sparta's son upon his bier.

Euphorion, a native of Chalcis, in Eubœa, was eminent both as a grammarian and poet. He was the son of Polymnetus, and was born, according to Suidas, 274 A.C., the same year in which Pyrrhus was defeated by the Romans. He became, but at what period of his life is not known, a citizen of Athens, and was there instructed in philosophy by Lacydes and Prytanis, and in poetry by Archebulus of Thera. Having amassed great wealth, he went into Syria, to Antiochus the Great, who made him his librarian. After residing for many years in Syria he there died, and was buried at Antioch, the capitol of the Syrian empire.

Euphorion was a writer of much more than ordinary genius, and his works were very numerous, both in poetry and prose. His poems were chiefly of the epic class, and related principally to mythological history. He was, however, an epigrammatist as well as an epic poet, and had a place in the Garland of Meleager. He was also a great favorite of the emperor Tiberius, who wrote Greek poems in imitation of him. The following epigrams are very sweet :

ON A CORPSE WASHED ASHORE.

Not rugged Trachis hides these whitening bones,
Nor that black isle, whose name its colors shows,

But the wild beach, o'er which with ceaseless moans
 The vexed Icarian wave eternal flows,
 Of Drepanus—ill-fated promontory—
 And there, instead of hospitable rites,
 The long grass sweeping tells his fate's sad story
 To rude tribes gathered from the neighboring heights.

ON TEARS.

Be temperate in grief! I would not hide
 The starting tear-drop with a Stoic's pride,—
 I would not bid the o'erburthen'd heart be still,
 And outrage Nature with contempt of ill.
 Weep; but not loudly! He, whose stony eyes
 Ne'er melt in tears, is hated by the skies.

Damagetes, the poet with whom we close our present remarks, was the author of thirteen epigrams in the Greek Anthology, from the contents of some of which we ascertain that he flourished about 225 A.C., and probably in Egypt. His name is given by the Scoliaſt to Apollonius Rhodius, from which we infer that his position among the wits of the age was prominent. The following epigrams are well worth preserving :

ON A WIFE

DYING IN HER HUSBAND'S ABSENCE.

These the last words, Theano, swift descending
 To the deep shades of night, was heard to say,—
 'Alas! and is it thus my life is ending,
 And thou, my husband, far o'er seas away?
 Ah! could I but that dear hand press with mine,
 Once—once again!—all else I'd pleas'd resign.'

ON TWO THEBAN BROTHERS

SLAIN IN THRACE.

By Jove, the god of strangers, we implore
 Thee, gentle pilgrim, to the Æolian shore,
 (Our Theban home,) the tidings to convey
 That here we lie, to Thracian wolves a prey.
 This to our father, old Charinus, tell;
 And, with it, this,—'We mourn not that we fell
 In early youth, of all our hopes bereft;
 But that his darkening age is lonely left.'

Lecture the Ninth.

BION.—MOSCHUS.—NICANDER.—TYMNES.—POLYSTRATUS.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON.—ARCHIAS.—MELEAGER.—PHILODEMUS.—CRINAGORAS.—ZONAS.—ANTIPHALUS.—LEONIDAS.—PHILIP.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA,—AND THE GREEK POETS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

THE poets who occupied our time and attention during the last lecture, lived at a time when the literature of the Alexandrian school had become thoroughly established—when originality of thought and vigor of expression were all but extinct; and though the ancient writers were most highly valued, their spirit was lost, and the chief use made of them was to heap together their materials in elaborate compilations, and expound them by trivial and fanciful additions, while the noble forms of verse, in which they had embodied their thoughts, were made the vehicles of a mass of cumbrous learning. Hence the complaints which the best of succeeding writers made of the obscurity, verbosity, and tediousness of Lycophron, Callimachus, Euphorion, and the other chief writers of the long period, during which the Alexandrian grammarians ruled the literary world.

Bion and Moschus, whom we are next to notice, though belonging to the same school, differed from their associates and immediate predecessors in many essential particulars. They were, perhaps, more purely imaginative than any other poets of antiquity. The spirit of poetry seems not only to have seized upon their feelings, but to have absorbed all the powers of their intellect; and hence in the breathing forth of their numbers there is so little ‘of the earth earthy.’

Bion was born at Phlossa, a small town on the river Meles, in the vicinity of Smyrna, about 200 A.C. Having acquired a poetic reputation in Smyrna, he was soon drawn from that city by the attractions of the court of Alexandria, and under the reign of Ptolemy Philometer he basked, for a few years, in the sunshine of uninterrupted prosperity; but having, in some way not known, given offence to his munificent patron, he left Egypt, and for many years after resided in the island of Sicily,

cultivating bucolic poetry, the natural growth of that island. He afterwards, according to Moschus, visited Macedonia and Thrace, and was finally put to death by poison, administered, as is supposed, by royal order. The lines of Moschus, found in his 'Elegy on Bion,' which induce this opinion, are the following :

What man so hard could mix the draught for thee,
Or bid be mixed, nor feel thy melody?

Bion's poems are usually called idyls, and he is commonly reckoned among the bucolic poets; but it must be remembered that this name is not confined to the subjects that it really indicates; for, in the time of Bion, bucolic poetry embraced that class of poems, also, in which the legends about gods and heroes were treated from an erotic point of view. He wrote in hexameter verse exclusively; and his language is usually the Doric dialect, mixed with Attic and Ionic forms. His style is highly refined, his sentiments soft and sentimental, and his versification very fluent and elegant.

The elegy of Bion on Adonis is in the strain of that pure and elevated poetry which is so rarely seen; and it is worthy of notice that 'Venus and Adonis' formed the subject of the first important effort of the immortal Shakspeare. In both these poems the poets create not only the feelings which they express, but the objects upon which those feelings are expanded. Thus, as has been exquisitely said by the latter of these two great poets—

The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Glances from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name.

It is this peculiar property which gives character to that remarkable elegy. Indeed, every thing in Bion partakes essentially of the poet. His apologues are beautiful models of allegory, and delight us by their unaffected archness, and the sweetness of their simplicity. These remarks will be fully illustrated by the elegy itself, which follows :

ELEGY ON ADONIS.

I mourn Adonis, fair Adonis dead:
The Loves their tears for fair Adonis shed:
No more, oh Venus! sleep in purple vest;
Rise robed in blue: ah, sad one! smite thy breast,
And cry, 'the fair Adonis is no more.'
I mourn Adonis; him the Loves deplore:
See fair Adonis on the mountains lie;
The boar's white tusk has rent his whiter thigh:

While in faint gasps his life-breath ebbs away,
Griefs harrowing agonies on Venus prey :
Black through the snowy flesh the blood-drops creep ;
The eyes beneath his brows in torpor sleep :
The rose has fled his lips, and with him dies
The kiss, that Venus, though in death, shall prize :
Dear is the kiss, though life the lips have fled ;
But not Adonis feels it warm the dead.

I mourn Adonis : mourn the Loves around :
Ah ! cruel, cruel is that bleeding wound :
Yet Venus feels more agonizing smart ;
A deeper wound has pierced within her heart.
Around the youth his hounds in howlings yell ;
And shriek the nymphs from every mountain dell :
Venus, herself, among the forest dales,
Unsancl'd, strews her tresses to the gales :
The wounding brambles, bent beneath her tread,
With sacred blood-drops of her feet are red :
She through the lengthening vallies shrieks and cries,
'Say where my young Assyrian bridegroom lies ?'
But round his navel black the life-blood flowed,
His snowy breast and side with purple glow'd.

Ah, Venus ! ah, the Loves for thee bewail ;
With that lost youth thy fading graces fail ;
Her beauty bloom'd, while life was in his eyes ;
Ah, woe ! with him it bloom'd, with him it dies.
The oaks and mountains 'ah, Adonis' sigh :
The rivers moan to Venus' agony :
The mountain springs all trickle into tears :
The blush of grief on every flower appears :
And Venus o'er each solitary hill,
And through wide cities chaunts her dirges shrill.

Woe, Venus ! woe ! Adonis is no more :
Echoes repeat the lonely mountains o'er,
'Adonis is no more : ' woe, woe is me !
Who at her grievous love dry-eyed can be ?
Mute at th' intolerable wound she stood :
And saw, and knew the thigh dash'd red with blood :
Groaning she stretch'd her arms : and 'stay !' she said,
'Stay, poor Adonis !—lift thy languid head :
Ah ! let me find thy last expiring breath,
Mix lips with lips, and suck thy soul to death.
Wake but a little, for a last, last kiss :
Be it the last, but warm with life, as this.
That through my lips I may thy spirit drain,
Suck thy sweet breath, drink love through every vein :
This kiss shall serve me ever in thy stead ;
Since thou thyself, unhappy one ! art fled :
Thou art fled far to Acheron's drear scene,
A king abhorr'd, and an inhuman queen :
I feel the woe, yet live : and fain would be
No goddess, thus in death to follow thee.

Take Proserpine, my spouse: all loveliest things
 Time to thy realm, oh mightier goddess! brings:
 Disconsolate I mourn Adonis dead,
 With tears unsated, and thy name I dread.
 Oh thrice-belov'd! thou now art dead and gone!
 And all my sweet love, like a dream, is flown.
 Venus sinks lonely on a widow'd bed:
 The Loves with listless feet my chamber tread:
 My cestus perish'd with thyself: ah why,
 Fair as thou wert, the coverts venturous try,
 And tempt thy woodland monster's cruelty?

So Venus mourns: her loss the Loves deplore:
 Woe, Venus, woe! Adonis is no more.
 As many drops as from Adonis bled,
 So many tears the sorrowing Venus shed:
 For every drop on earth a flower there grows:
 Anemones for tears; for blood the rose.

I mourn Adonis: fair Adonis dead:
 Not o'er the youth in words thy sorrows shed:
 For thy Adonis' limbs a couch is strewn,
 That couch he presses, Venus! 'tis thy own.
 There dead he lies, yet fair in blooming grace:
 Still fair, as if with slumber on his face.
 Haste, lay him on the golden stand, and spread
 The garments that inrobed him in thy bed,
 When on thy heavenly breast the livelong night
 He slept, and court him, though he scare thy sight:
 Lay him with garlands and with flowers; but all
 With him are dead, and wither'd at his fall.
 With balms anoint him from the myrtle tree:
 Or perish ointments; for thy balm was he.

Now on his purple vest Adonis lies:
 The groans of weeping Loves around him rise:
 Shorn of their locks beneath their feet they throw
 The quiver plumed, the darts, and broken bow:
 One slips the sandal, one the water brings
 In golden ewer, one fans him with his wings.

The Loves o'er Venus' self bewail with tears,
 And Hymen in the vestibule appears
 Shrouding his torch; and spreads in silent grief
 The vacant wreath that twined its nuptial leaf.
 'Hymen!' no more: but 'woe, alas!' they sing:
 'Ah, for Adonis!' 'Ah! for Hymen!' ring:
 The Graces for the son of Myrrha pine;
 And, Venus! shriek with shriller voice than thine:
 Muses, Adonis, fair Adonis, call,
 And sing him back; but he is deaf to all.
 Bootless the sorrow, that would touch his sprite,
 Nor Proserpine shall loose him to the light:
 Cease Venus! now thy wail: reserve thy tear:
 Again to fall with each Adonian year.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

Mild star of eve, whose tranquil beams
 Are grateful to the queen of love,
 Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
 More bright than all the host above,
 And only to the moon's clear light
 Yields the first honors of the night!

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
 Thou glory of the midnight sky!
 And when my steps are wandering far,
 Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
 Then, if the moon deny her ray
 Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way!

No savage robber of the dark,
 No foul assassin claims thy aid
 To guide his dagger to its mark,
 Or light him on his plund'ring trade;
 My gentle errand is to prove
 The transports of requited love.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

As late I slumbering lay, before my sight
 Bright Venus rose in visions of the night:
 She led young Cupid; as in thought profound
 His modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground;
 And thus she spoke: 'To thee, dear swain, I bring
 My little son; instruct the boy to sing.'

No more she said; but vanish'd into air,
 And left the wily pupil to my care:
 I,—sure I was an idiot for my pains,—
 Began to teach him old bucolic strains;
 How Pan the pipe, how Pallas form'd the flute,
 Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute:
 Love, to my lessons quite regardless grown,
 Sang lighter lays, and sonnets of his own;
 Th' amours of men below, and gods above,
 And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love.
 I,—sure the simplest of all shepherd-swains—
 Full soon forgot my old bucolic strains;
 The lighter lays of love my fancy caught,
 And I remember'd all that Cupid taught.

THE SEASONS.

CLEODAMAS.

Say, in their courses circling as they tend,
 What season is most grateful to my friend?

Summer, whose suns mature the teeming ground,
 Or golden Autumn, with full harvests crown'd?
 Or Winter hoar, when soft reclin'd at ease,
 The fire bright blazing, and sweet leisure please?
 Or genial Spring in blooming beauty gay?
 Speak Myrson, while around the lambkins play.

MYRSON.

It ill becomes frail mortals to define
 What's best and fittest of the works divine;
 The works of nature all are grateful found,
 And all the Seasons, in their various round;
 But, since my friend demands my private voice,
 Then learn the season that is Myrson's choice.
 Me the hot Summer's sultry heats displease;
 Fell Autumn teems with pestilent disease;
 Tempestuous Winter's chilling frosts I fear,
 But wish for purple Spring throughout the year.
 Then neither cold nor heat molests the morn,
 But rosy Plenty fills her copious horn;
 Then bursting buds their odorous blooms display,
 And Spring makes equal night, and equal day.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

If any virtue my rude songs can claim,
 Enough the Muse has given to build my fame;
 But if condemned ingloriously to die,
 Why longer raise my mortal minstrelsy?
 Had Jove a Fate to life two seasons lent,
 In toil and ease alternate to be spent,
 Then well one portion labor might employ
 In expectation of the following joy;
 But if one only age of life is due
 To man, and that so short and transient too,
 How long (ah, miserable race!) in care
 And fruitless labor waste the vital air?
 How long with idle toil to wealth aspire,
 And feed a never-satisfied desire?
 How long forget that, mortal from our birth,
 Short is our troubled sojourn on the earth.

FRIENDSHIP.

Thrice happy they! whose friendly hearts can burn
 With purest flame, and meet a kind return.
 With dear Perithous, as poets tell,
 Theseus was happy in the shades of hell:
 Orestes' soul no peace, no woes, deprest;
 Midst Scythians he with Pylades was blest.

Blest was Achilles, while his friend surviv'd,
Blest was Patroclus every hour he lived;
Blest, when in battle he resign'd his breath,
For his unconquer'd friend aveng'd his death.

Moschus, the friend and pupil of Bion, was born at Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, about 184 A.C. He early repaired to the court of Alexandria, and soon after his arrival at that common resort of the learned of that period, an intimacy commenced between him and Bion not unlike that which had previously existed between Theocritus and Aratus. Of his personal history nothing is farther known, than that he passed many years at the court of Egypt, and professedly made Bion's poems the models for his own compositions.

Of the works of Moschus still extant, the *Elegy on Bion*, and *Europa*, are the most important. Besides these larger pieces, there are a few fragments of other poems remaining, and one epigram. He was, like Theocritus, a bucolic poet; and so great is the similarity between the style and manner of many of their compositions, that their pieces have frequently been mistaken for each others. Indeed, some critics have regarded him as one of the contemporaries of Theocritus, whilst others have even conceived the two names to belong to the same person; but as Moschus alludes expressly to Theocritus, as one of his great predecessors, there can, of course, be no foundation for this opinion. His apoloques are so similar to those of Bion, as to be with difficulty distinguished from them.

Moschus' elegy on Bion, like the *Lycidas* of Milton, breathes forth, in the tenderest strains, his melancholy recollections of his friend, and his ardent attachment to him. The poem may, at first view, appear forced and affected, from its exuberance of conceit; and thus Dr. Johnson regarded both it and *Lycidas*; for, says the learned critic, 'Where there is real sorrow, there is nothing of mere poetry.' This criticism is, however, hypercritical, and contrary to popular feeling; and hence we find that Shakspeare, who had from nature the deepest intuition into the complicated science of mental philosophy, saw that the human mind perpetually foils the calculations of previous reasoning. We are often struck with the language and deportment of his characters, as contrary to what might have been expected under such circumstances; and yet we shall invariably find that the great dramatist, in disappointing the vulgar notions of probability or consistency, has uniformly followed the impulses of practical human life.

We are, therefore, constrained to regard both the elegy of Moschus and the *Lycidas* of Milton as no impeachment of the poet's accurate taste or genuine simplicity of feeling. It is, in either instance, the

luxury of sorrow which pleases itself with grotesque and romantic creations of an excited fancy. It is the revery of the poet, accompanied with that natural irregularity of the mind, that unseating of the judgment by an over-balance of the imagination, which marks the delirious excess of melancholy in the man—the melancholy of the natural man, conscious of a decaying principle within him, which breaks out pathetically in that beautiful complaint of the utter extinction of human life, as compared with the reviviscence of plants and flowers. In that magnificent poem of the Old Testament, the *Book of Job*, there is a passage very similar to this elegy of Moschus, though far exceeding it in sublimity. It is found in the fourteenth chapter, and is thus forcibly rendered in our standard version:—

7. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease:

8. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof lie in the ground:

9. *Yet* through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant:

10. But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

11. As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up:

12. So man lieth down, and riseth not, till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake; nor be raised out of their sleep.

LAMENT FOR BION.

Oh forest dells and streams! oh Dorian tide!
Groan with my grief, since lovely Bion died:
Ye plants and copses now his loss bewail:
Flowers from your tufts, a sad perfume exhale:
Anemones and roses, mournful show
Your crimson leaves, and wear a blush of woe:
And hyacinth, now more than ever spread
The woeful ah! that marks thy petal'd head
With letter'd grief: the beauteous minstrel's dead.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
Ye nightingales, whose plaintive warblings flow
From the thick leaves of some embowering wood,
Tell the sad loss to Arethusa's flood:
The shepherd Bion dies: with him is dead
The life of song: the Doric Muse is fled.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
Where Strymon's gliding waters smoothly flow,
Ye swans, chant soft with saddest murmuring
Such notes as Bion's self was wont to sing:
Let Thracia's maids, the nymphs of Hæmus, learn,
The Doric Orpheus slumbers in his urn.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
The herds no more that chant melodious know:

No more beneath the lonely oaks he sings,
But breathes his strains to Lethe's sullen springs:
The mountains now are mute; the heifers pass
Slow-wandering by, nor browse the tender grass.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
For thee, oh Bion! in the grave laid low,
Apollo weeps: dark palls the Sylvan's shroud;
Fauns ask thy wonted song, and wail aloud:
Each fountain-nymph disconsolate appears,
And all her waters turn to trickling tears;
Mute Echo pines the silent rocks around,
And mourns those lips, that waked their sweetest sound:
Trees dropp'd their fruitage at thy fainting breath,
And flowers were wither'd at the blast of death:
The flocks no more their luscious milk bestow'd,
Nor from the hive the golden honey flow'd:
Grief in its cells the flowery nectar dried,
And honey lost its sweets when Bion died.

The dirge of woe, Sicilian Muses! pour:
Ne'er mourn'd the dolphin on the ocean shore,
Ne'er on the rocks so sang the nightingale,
Nor the sad swallow in the mountain dale;
Ne'er did the halcyon's notes so plaintive flow;
Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:

Nor ere the sea-mew shrill'd its mournful strain
Midst the blue waters of the glassy main,
Nor the Memnonian bird was wont to sing
In Eastern vales, light-hovering on the wing,
Where slept Aurora's sun within the tomb,
As when they wail'd the lifeless Bion's doom.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
The swallows, nightingales, that wont to know
His pipe with joy; whose throats he taught to sing,
Perch'd on the branches made their dirges ring:
All other birds replied from all the grove;
And ye too mourn, oh every woodland dove!

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe;
Who, dear-beloved! thy silent flute shall blow?
What hardy lip shall thus adventurous be?
Thy lip has touch'd the pipe; it breathes of thee.
Mute Echo, too, has caught the warbled sound
In whispering reeds, that vocal tremble round:
I bear the pipe to Pan: yet, haply he
May fear the trial lest eclips'd by thee.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
The tears of pensive Galatæa flow
Missing thy songs, which on our ear would glide,
When on the sea-shore sitting by thy side:
Unlike the Cyclop's music was thy lay,
For she, from him, disdainful fled away:
She from the ocean look'd on thee serene.
And now, forgetful of the watery scene,

Still on the desert sands, beside the brine,
She feeds the wandering herds, that late were thine.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
Whatever gift the Muses could bestow
Are dead with thee; whate'er the damsels gave
Of sweet-lipp'd kisses, buried in thy grave.
Around thy sepulchre the Loves deplore
Their loss; and Venus, shepherd! loves thee more
Than the soft kiss, which late she bent to sip
From dying fragrance of Adonis' lip.
Oh, Meles! most melodious stream; behold
Another grief, like Homer's loss of old:
Calliope's sweet mouth: thy streams did run
In wailing tides to mourn that mighty son:
Thou with thy voice didst fill the greater sea:
Behold another son is lost to thee:
Shrunk are thy streams; both bathed in holiest dews;
Both dear alike to fountains of the Muse:
This drank where Pegasus had delved the hill;
That dipp'd the cup in Arethusa's rill:
This sang Tyndarian Helen's matchless charms,
Thetis' great son, and Menelaus' arms:
But that no wars, no tears, in numbers roll'd;
Pan, swains, he sang, and singing fed his fold;
The sweet-breath'd heifer milk'd; the pipes combined,
And taught how damsels kiss most melting kind:
The infant Love he fondled on his breast,
And Venus' self her soothest swain caress'd.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
Tears for thy loss through famous cities flow:
Ascrea less pensive bends o'er Hesiod's urn,
And less Bœotia's woods, for Pindar mourn:
Not so tower'd Lesbos weeps, Alcæus' strains,
Or Cos for lost Simonides complains:
Paros regrets Archilochus no more,
And Mitylene scorns for thine her Sappho's lore.
What though the Syracusan vales among
Theocritus may tune a defter song;
I sing Italian ditties sad; nor they
Too far are strange from that Bucolic lay
Which from thy lips thy list'ning scholars caught;
Heirs of the Doric Muse, which Bion taught.
Thy wealth to others left unmoved I see,
For thou hast left thy minstrelsy to me.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
Ah, me! ah, me! the fading mallows strow
The garden beds: the parsley's verdant wreath,
And crisped anise shed their bloomy breath:
Yet the new year shall fresh existence give,
Warm their green veins, and bid them blow and live.
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
When once in death we close our pallid eyes:

In earth's dark caverns, senseless, slumber o'er
 The long and endless sleep, the sleep that wakes no more.
 Thou, too, in silence of the ground art laid:
 The nymphs are pleased that croaking frogs invade
 Their list'ning ears; and let them sing for me:
 The song that's discord cannot envied be.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
 Poison has touch'd thy lips; its venom slow
 Has curdled in thy veins; and could'st thou sip,
 Nor poison turn to honey on thy lip?
*What man so hard could mix the draught for thee,
 Or bid be mix'd, nor feel thy melody?*

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe;
 But retribution sure will deal the blow:
 I, in this trance of grief, still drop the tear,
 And mourn forever o'er thy livid bier;
 Oh that as Orpheus, in the days of yore,
 Ulysses, or Alcides, pass'd before,
 I could descend to Pluto's house of night,
 And mark if thou would'st Pluto's ear delight,
 And listen to the song: oh then rehearse
 Some sweet Sicilian strain, Bucolic verse;
 To soothe the maid of Enna's vale, who sang
 These Doric songs, while Ætna's upland rang.
 Not unrewarded shall thy ditties prove:
 As the sweet harper Orpheus, erst could move
 Her breast to yield his dear departed wife,
 Treading the backward road from death to life;
 So shall he melt to Bion's Dorian strain,
 And send him joyous to his hills again.
 Oh could my touch command the stops like thee,
 I too would seek the dead, and sing thee free.

To this exquisite elegy on Bion, we add the following brief pieces:

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.

From where his silver waters glide
 Majestic, to the ocean-tide

Through fair Olympia's plain,
 Still his dark course Alpheus keeps
 Beneath the mantle of the deeps,

Nor mixes with the main.

To grace his distant bride, he pours
 The sand of Pisa's sacred shores,

And flowers that deck'd her grove:
 And, rising from the unconscious brine,
 On Arethusa's breast divine

Receives the meed of love.

'Tis thus with soft bewitching skill
 The childish god deludes our will,
 And triumphs o'er our pride;

The mighty river owns his force,
Bends to the sway his winding course,
And dives beneath the tide.

THE CONTRAST.

O'er the smooth main, when scarce a zephyr blows
To break the dark-blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.
But when, white-foaming, heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea with sky.
Trembling, I fly the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.
Sweet are the sounds that murmur through the wood,
While roaring storms upheave the dang'rous flood;
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
Hard is the life the weary fisher finds
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labor, and uncertain gains.
Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade,
Of some broad leafy plane, inglorious laid,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn laborer's ear.

A MOTHER LAMENTING HER CHILDREN.

But as a bird bewails her callous brood,
While in the brake a serpent drains their blood,
And, all too weak the wished relief to bring,
Twittering her shrill complaints on feeble wing
At distance hovers, nor will venture near
The fell destroyer, chill'd with conscious fear;
So I, all frantic, the wide mansion o'er,
Unhappy mother, my lost sons deplore.

Nicander, a contemporary of the two poets last noticed, but whose genius strikingly contrasted with theirs, was born at the small town of Claros, near Colophon, in Ionia, about 195 A.C. He was the son of Damnæus, one of the hereditary priests of Apollo Clarius, to which dignity Nicander himself succeeded. He was a physician and grammarian, as well as poet, and flourished under Attalus, king of Pergamus, by whom he was highly esteemed, and particularly patronized; but of the history of his life nothing is farther known.

Nicander was a very voluminous writer, but confined the efforts of his muse chiefly to medical subjects. He, however, composed historical poems on Colophon, Ætna, Sicily, and various other places. But of his numerous literary performances nothing now remains excepting two medical poems.

The longest of these poems is entitled *Theriaca*, and contains nearly a thousand hexameter lines. It treats of venomous animals, and the wounds inflicted by them, and contains some curious and interesting zoological passages, together with numerous absurd fables. His other remaining poem, on poisons and their cures, is also written in hexameter verse, and contains more than six hundred lines. These works are now read only by the curious; but both they and their author must have been very popular with the ancients, as there is a Greek epigram still extant, complimenting Colophon on being the birth-place of Homer and Nicander.

Didactic poetry, the strain in which Nicander uniformly wrote, whatever may be its subject, naturally pleases, inasmuch as it forms so many poetical species or varieties, and amuses by the novel lights in which it exhibits the plastic genius of poetry. Thus, poems on hunting and fishing were always favorite exercises of fancy with the ancients; and even herbs and simples appear early to have attracted the attention of poets. A work of this kind is numbered among the lost poems of Hesiod; but it must be remembered that in his day, there was no other vehicle than verse for every subject of memory and instruction. But the poems of Nicander are too limited in their scope, and of too physically unpleasant a nature, to afford a

‘Wreath to bind the Muses’ brow.’

There is, however, in his descriptions of the various reptiles, a vivacity that attracted Virgil’s notice, and probably suggested to Lucan his serpents of the desert, that infested the way of Cato; but his account of vulnery herbs resembles a botanical nomenclature; and his catalogue of symptoms and of remedies a ‘Domestic Medicine’ in verse. As curiosities we subjoin the following passages:

OF THE SERPENT CERASTES.

FROM THE ANTIDOTES.

Now may’st thou learn the subtle horned snake,
That steals upon thee, viperous in his make.
But while the viper’s forehead maim’d appears,
Horns, two or four, the bold Cerastes rears.
Lean, dun of hue, the snake in sands is laid,
Or haunts within the trench that wheels have made.
Against thee strait on onward spires he rides,
And with long path, on trailing belly glides:
But sidelong, tottering, rolls his middle track.
And winds his crooked way, and twines his scaly back:
As with long stern, some galley cleaves the tide,
Wavering with gusts, and dips its diving side;
While, as the vessel cuts its channel’d way,
Dash’d on the wind recoils the scatter’d spray.

When bites the serpent, strait the puncture round
 A callous tumor, like a nail, is found:
 And livid pustules, large as drops of rain,
 Spread round the bite; of dull, and faintish stain,
 Feeble the smart; but, when nine suns have shone,
 The agonizing symptoms hasten on.
 In whom the horny snake, with deed malign,
 Has flesh'd his tooth, that foams with rage canine,
 The loins and knees a restless pain invades,
 And the whole skin is streaked with purplish shades.
 Scarce lingers in his frame the laboring breath,
 And scarce he struggles from the toils of death.

FROM THE COUNTER-POISONS.

Be quick with aid, when yew-tree juice with pains
 Of anguish-thrilling potion whelms the veins;
 The tongue is under-swoll'n; the lips protrude
 In heavy tumors, with dry froth bedew'd:
 The gums are cleft; the heart quick tremor shakes:
 Smit with the bane, the laboring reason quakes.
 He utters bleating sounds; and furies vain
 With thousand turns, delirious, cross his brain.
 He shrieks like one who sees, with anguish'd dread,
 Life-threatening swords near-brandish'd at his head.
 As Rhea's chalice-bearing priestess flies
 Beneath the new moon, and with long, loud cries,
 Whirls o'er the smoking plain, on Ida's hill
 The shepherds tremble at her howlings-shrill:
 So yells his frenzied rage; his eyeballs roam,
 Bull-like, askance; his teeth are gnash'd in foam.
 Him fast with many-twisted bonds confine;
 And drench him deep with draughts of luscious wine,
 And gently stimulate his throat, to throw
 The poison off, with forced, ejected flow.
 An unfledged gosling may the symptoms tame,
 In water sodden o'er the brightening flame.
 The rinds of apples will relief bestow;
 Clean pears, that wild upon the mountains grow;
 Or those that, planted in an orchard's shades,
 Bloom in spring hours, and charm the roving maids.

During the half century that elapsed between the period of Nicander and that of Meleager, a number of epigrammatic poets flourished, the principal of whom were Tymnes, Polystratus, Antipater of Sidon, and Archias of Antioch; but for these we have only a passing remark.

Tymnes, or as his name is sometimes erroneously written, Tymnæus, is supposed, by Reiske, to have been a native of Crete; but the exact period of his birth is uncertain. There are seven of his epigrams in the

Greek Anthology, all of which are remarkable for their beautiful simplicity. We give the following as samples :

ON ONE WHO DIED IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

Grieve not, Philænis, though condemned to die
Far from thy parent soil, and native sky;
Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
And lay thine ashes in a foreign isle:
To all on death's last dreary journey bound,
The road is equal, and alike the ground.

SPARTAN VIRTUE.

Demetrius, when he basely fled the field,
A Spartan born, his Spartan mother kill'd;
Then, stretching forth his bloody sword, she cried,
(Her teeth fierce gnashing with disdainful pride,)
'Fly, cursed offspring, to the shades below,
Where proud Eurotas shall no longer flow
For timid hinds like thee!—Fly, trembling slave,
Abandoned wretch, to Pluto's darkest cave!
Myself so vile a monster never bore,
Disown'd by Sparta, thou'rt my son no more.'

Polystratus, according to Stephanus Byzantinus, was a native of Letopolis, in Egypt; but of his history nothing farther is known. The Greek Anthology contains two of his epigrams, one of which, the following, is on the destruction of Corinth, which took place 146 A.C. He therefore probably lived about 150 A. C.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF CORINTH.

Achæan Acrocorinth, the bright star
Of Hellas, with its narrow Isthmian bound,
Lucius o'ercame; in one enormous mound
Piling the dead, conspicuous from afar.
Thus to the Greeks denying funeral fires,
Have great Æneas' latest progeny
Perform'd high Jove's retributive decree,
And well avenged the city of their sires.

Antipater was descended from a noble and wealthy family of Sidon, and, according to a passage in Cicero's *de Oratoribus*, third book, he was contemporary with Quintus Catullus, who flourished 108 A.C. Cicero notices the extraordinary facility with which Antipater would pour forth extempore verses; and from the many minute references made to him by Meleager, who also wrote his epitaph, we infer that he must have been a

very considerable personage. He lived to a very great age, and was the author of numerous epigrams, contained in the Greek Anthology, of which we give the following :

ON ORPHEUS.

No more, sweet Orpheus ! shalt thou lead along
Oaks, rocks, and savage monsters with thy song,
Fetter the winds, the struggling hail-storm chain,
The snowy desert soothe, and sounding main ;
For thou art dead ;—the Muses o'er thy bier,
Sad as thy parent, pour the tuneful tear.
Weep we a child ?—Not e'en the gods can save
Their glorious offspring from the hated grave.

ON HOMER'S BIRTH-PLACE.

From Colophon some deem thee sprung,
From Smyrna some, and some from Chios ;
These, noble Salamis have sung,
While those proclaim thee born in Ios ;
And others cry up Thessaly
The mother of the Lapithæ,

Thus each to Homer has assign'd
The birth-place just, which suits his mind.

But, if I read the volume right,
By Phœbus to his followers given,
I'd say they're all mistaken quite,
And that his real country's heaven ;
While for his mother, she can be
No other than Calliope.

ON SAPPHO.

Does Sappho then beneath thy bosom rest,
Æolian earth !—that mortal Muse confest
Inferior only to the choir above,
That foster-child of Venus and of Love,
Warm from whose lips divine Persuasion came
To ravish Greece and raise the Lesbian name ?
O ye ! who ever twine the three-fold thread,
Ye Fates, why number with the silent dead
That mighty songstress, whose unrivall'd powers
Weave for the Muse a crown of deathless flowers.

ON ERINNA.

Few were thy notes, Erinna,—short thy lay,—
 But thy short lay the Muse herself hath given;
 Thus never shall thy memory decay,
 Nor night obscure the fame, which lives in heaven;
 While we, the unnumbered bards of after-times,
 Sink in the melancholy grave unseen,
 Unhonored reach Avernus' fabled climes,
 And leave no record that we once have been.

ON ANACREON.

Grow, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies;
 There may soft buds from purple meadows rise;
 Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
 And fragrant wine flow joyous from his grave!
 Thus charm'd, his bones shall press the narrow bed
 If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead.
 In these delights he soothed his age above,
 His life devoting to the lyre and love.

ON PINDAR.

As the loud trumpet to the goatherd's pipe,
 So sounds thy lyre, all other sounds surpassing;
 Since round thy lips, in infant fullness ripe,
 Swarm honied bees, their golden stores amassing.
 Thine Pindar! be the palm,—by him decreed
 Who holds on Mænalus his royal sitting;
 Who, for thy love, forsook his simple reed,
 And hymns thy lays in strains a god befitting.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

To Pallas, Lysistrata offered her thimble
 And distaff, of matronly prudence the symbol:
 'Take this, too,' she said; 'then farewell, mighty queen!
 I'm a widow, and just forty winters have seen;
 So thy yoke I renounce, and henceforward decree
 To live with Love's goddess, and prove that I'm free.

THE HONEST SHEPHERD.

When hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
 And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told,
 'Call in Alcides,' said a crafty priest,
 'Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest.'

‘No,’ said the shepherd, ‘if the Fates decree,
 By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
 To their commands I willingly resign;
 Power is their character, and patience mine:
 Though, ’troth, to me there seems but little odds
 Who prove the greatest robbers,—wolves or gods.’

Archias was born at Antioch in Syria, about 120 A.C., but early removed to Rome, and became a citizen of that republic. At Rome he lived for many years on intimate terms with some of the first families of the city, particularly with the Lucinii, whose name he adopted. His reception during a journey through Asia Minor and Greece, and afterwards in Grecian Italy, where Tarentum, Rhegium, Naples and Locri enrolled him upon their registers, shows that his reputation was, at least at that time, very considerable.

Archias’ principal poems appear to have been heroic odes in honor of Marius, Sylla, Metellus, Lucullus, and other distinguished Roman generals of that period; in which he especially celebrated their many great and important victories. Of these poems the ode on the Cimbric war, in celebration of the important victory which Marius gained over the vast hords of the rude Cimbri, is said to have been the best. He also wrote many such epigrams as those which follow. Both Cicero and Quintilian inform us that Archias had the gift of making good extempore verses in great numbers, and was remarkable for the richness of his language and his varied range of thought:

LIFE AND DEATH.

Thracians! who howl around an infant’s birth,
 And give the funeral hour to songs of mirth.
 Well in your grief and gladness are exprest,
 That Life is labor, and that Death is rest.

ON A SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

I, Theris, wreck’d and cast a corse on shore,
 Still shudder at old Ocean’s ceaseless roar.
 For here, beneath the cliff’s o’ershadowing gloom,
 Close by its waves have strangers dug my tomb.
 Hence still its roaring, reft of life, I hear;
 Its hateful surge still thunders in my ear,
 For me alone, by Fate unrespited,
 Remains no rest to soothe me—even though dead.

ON AN OLD RACE HORSE.

Me, at Alphæus wreath’d, and twice the theme
 Of heralds, by Castalia’s sacred stream,—

Me, Isthmus' and Nemæa's trumpet-tongue
Hailed fleet as winged storms!—I then was young.
Alas! wreaths loathe me now; and Eld hath found
An outcast trundling mill-stones round and round.

Meleager, the son of Eucrates, was a native of Gadara, in Palestine, and was born about 96 A.C. He flourished under Seleucus, the last king of Syria, and his general place of residence was the city of Tyre, where he passed, almost exclusively, the early part of his life. But he was at length driven from that city by the wars which the Romans were then carrying on in the East, and retired to the island of Cos, where he passed, in comparative seclusion and devotion to study, the remainder of his life.

Meleager was an extensive and celebrated writer, and the Greek Anthology contains one hundred and thirty-one of his epigrams written in a good Greek style, though somewhat affected. He professed to have formed his style upon that of the satirical prosaic poet Menalippus; but in the soft and tender effusions of his muse which have been handed down to us, there is no resemblance to the severe satirist: on the contrary, all is singularly delicate and fanciful.

Meleager, though a writer of much elegance, is still more remarkable for being the father of the Greek Anthologies, than for his original poetry. These Anthologies are collections of small poems, chiefly epigrams, of various authors. Many of the pieces are remarkable for their beauty and simplicity in thought, and their peculiar turns of expression. The earliest of these collections was made just at the time when Greek literature began sensibly to decline. Several of them were made before the fall of Carthage, but seem to have been formed with more reference to the historical value of the inscriptions, than to their poetical merit. Of this class was the collection of Polemo Periegetes, which is now entirely lost.

The earliest collection of such poems, brought together and preserved, for their intrinsic merit, was that of *Meleager* to which we have just alluded. It was made about 60 A.C., was entitled the *Crown*, or *Garland*, and contained the better pieces of forty-six poets, arranged in alphabetical order. The second of these collections, with the same arrangement, was made by *Philippus* of Thessalonica, in the time of Trajan. Soon after, under Adrian, about 120 A.D., a collection of choice pieces was formed by *Diogenianus* of Heraclea; and about one hundred years afterwards, Diogenes Laertius gathered, in various metres, a body of epigrams composed in honor of illustrious men.

A third Anthology was published in the sixth century by *Agathias* of Myrina, and consisted of seven books, into which the pieces were distributed according to their subjects. In the tenth century a fourth collection was made by Constantine *Cephalas*, of whom nothing more is

known; and in the fourteenth century Maximus *Planudes*, a monk of Constantinople, the same who collected the fables of *Æsop*, formed a fifth Anthology. Planudes arranged the pieces included in his collection in seven distinct books.

The two last-mentioned collections are the only Anthologies now extant; but they, doubtless, embrace the principal contents of all the rest. To Meleager, however, as the originator of this method of preserving the fugitive poetry of Greece from oblivion, we are chiefly indebted for most of it that remains; and the following pieces show that he was himself a very sweet poet:

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Hush'd is the howl of wintry breezes wild;
The purple hour of youthful spring has smiled:
A livelier verdure clothes the teeming earth;
Buds press to life, rejoicing in their birth;
The laughing meadows drink the dews of night,
And, fresh with opening roses, glad the sight:
In song the joyous swains responsive vie;
Wild music floats, and mountain melody.

Adventurous seamen spread the embosomed sail
O'er waves light heaving to the western gale;
While village youths their brows with ivy twine,
And hail with song the promise of the vine.

In curious cells the bees digest their spoil,
When vernal sunshine animates their toil,
And little birds, in warblings sweet and clear,
Salute thee, Maia, loveliest of the year:
Thee, on their deeps the tuneful halcyons hail,
In streams the swan, in woods the nightingale.

If earth rejoices, with new verdure gay,
And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play,
And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng,
And bees to toil, and birds awake to song,
Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful spring,
And, warm with love and joy, forget to sing.

SONG.

Still, like dew in silence falling,
Drops for thee the nightly tear;
Still that voice, the past recalling,
Dwells, like echo, on mine ear,
Still, still!

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me;
Here, forever fixed thou art;

As thy form first shone before me,
 So 'tis graven on this heart,
 Deep, deep!

Love, oh love, whose bitter sweetness
 Dooms me to this lasting pain;
 Thou, who can'st with so much fleetness,
 Why so slow to go again?
 Why? why?

THE DIN OF LOVE.

'Tis love, that murmurs in my breast,
 And makes me shed the secret tear;
 Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
 For night and day his voice I hear.

A wound within my heart I find,
 And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been,
 For still he leaves a wound behind,
 Such as within my heart is seen.

O bird of love! with song so drear,
 Make not my soul the nest of pain!
 Oh, let the wing that brought thee here,
 In pity waft thee hence again.

TO HIS MISTRESS SLEEPING.

Thou sleep'st, soft silken flower! Would I were sleep,
 Forever on those lids my watch to keep!
 So would I have thee all mine own,—or he,
 Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be.

THE VOW.

In holy night we made the vow;
 And the same lamp, which long before
 Had seen our early passion grow;
 Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever;
 And have I ever dared to rove?
 Did she not own a rival never
 Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

Yet now she says those words were air,
 Those yows were written all in water;
 And by the lamp that heard her swear,
 Had yielded to the first that sought her.

THE COMPARISON.

The snowdrop peeps from every glade,
 The gay narcissus proudly glows,
 The lily decks the mountain shade,
 Where blooms my fair—a blushing rose.

Ye meads! why vainly thus display
 The buds that grace your vernal hour?
 For see ye not my Zoe stray,
 Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower.

THE GIFTS OF THE GRACES.

The Graces, smiling, saw her opening charms,
 And clasped Arista in their lovely arms.
 Hence her resistless beauty; matchless sense;
 The music of her voice; the eloquence,
 That, e'en in silence, flashes from her face;
 All strikes the ravished heart—for all is grace:
 List to my vows, sweet maid! or from my view
 Far, far away, remove! In vain I sue;
 For, as no space can check the bolts of Jove,
 No distance shields me from the shafts of Love.

MUSIC AND BEAUTY.

By the God of Arcadia, so sweet are the notes
 Which tremulous fall from my Rhodope's lyre;
 Such melody swells in her voice, as it floats
 On the soft midnight air, that my soul is on fire.

Oh where can I fly? The young Cupids around me
 Gaily spread their light wings, all my footsteps pursuing;
 Her eyes dart a thousand fierce lustres to wound me,
 And music and beauty conspire my undoing.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Help, help, my friends!—Just landed from the main—
 New to its toils, and glad to feel again
 The firm rebounding soil beneath my feet
 Love marks his prey, and with enforcement sweet
 Waving his torch before my dazzled eyes,
 Drags me to where my queen of beauty lies.
 Now on her steps I tread—and if in air
 My fancy roves, I view her picture there,

Stretch my fond arms to fold her, and delight
 With unsubstantial joys my ravish'd sprite.
 Ah! vainly 'scaped the fearful ocean's roar,
 To prove a fiercer hurricane on shore.

NIOBE.

Daughters of Tantalus, lorn Niobe,
 Sad are the tidings which I bear to thee,—
 Words fraught with woe:—aye, now unbind thy hair,
 The streaming signal of thy wild despair:
 For Phœbus' darts, grief-pointed, reek with gore,
 Alas! alas! thy sons are now no more.
 But what is this? What means this oozing flood?
 Her daughters, too, are weltering in their blood.
 One clasps a mother's knees; one clings around
 Her neck; and one lies prostrate on the ground;
 One seeks her breast; one eyes the coming woe
 And shudders; one in tremor, crouches low;
 The seventh is breathing out her latest sigh,
 And life-in-death seems flickering from that eye.
 She—the woe-stricken mother, reft, alone;
 Erst full of words—is now mute, stiffened stone.

THE MORNING STAR.

Farewell bright Phosphor, herald of the morn!
 Yet soon in Hesper's name again be born—
 By stealth restoring, with thy later ray,
 The charms thine early radiance drove away.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG BRIDE.

Not Hymen,—it was Ades' self alone
 That loosened Clearista's virgin zone:
 And now the evening flutes are breathing round
 Her gate; the closing nuptial doors resound.
 The morning spousal song was raised—but oh!
 At once 'twas silenced into threnes of woe;
 And the same torches, which the bridal bed
 Had lit, now showed the pathway to the dead.

EPITAPH ON HELIODORA.

Tears, Heliodora! on thy tomb I shed,
 Love's last libation to the shades below;
 Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed;
 Are all that Fate now leaves me to bestow.

Vain sorrows ! vain regrets ! yet, loveliest thee,
 Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
 Retracing hours of social converse free,
 And soft endearments never to return.

How thou art torn, sweet flower, that smiled so fair !
 Torn, and thy honor'd bloom with dust defil'd ;
 Yet, holy Earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
 And in a mother's arms enfold thy child.

EPITAPH ON AESIGENES.

Hail, universal mother ! lightly rest
 On that dead form,
 Which when with life invested, ne'er oppress
 Its fellow worm.

EPITAPH ON MELEAGER OF GADARA.

Tyre was my island-nurse—an Attic race
 I boast, though Gadara my native place,—
 Herself an Athens. Eucrates I claim
 For sire, and Meleager is my name.
 From childhood, in the Muse was all my pride :
 I sang ; and with Menippus, side by side,
 Urged my poetic chariot to the goal.
 And why not Syrian ?—to the free-born soul
 Our country is the world ; and all on earth
 One universal chaos brought to birth.
 Now old, and heedful of th' approaching doom ;
 These lines in memory of my parted bloom,
 I on my picture trace, as on my tomb.

With Meleager all that is interesting in the poetry of ancient Greece ends ; though for nearly six centuries after his death, Greek poets at intervals appeared, whose names some fragment, epitaph, or epigram, has preserved from oblivion. To such poets, therefore, we shall only very briefly allude. Philodemus, Crinagoras, Zonas of Sardis, Antiphalus, Leonidas of Alexandria, and Philip, the second collector of epigrams, and Antipater, both of Thessalonica, all had their birth before the commencement of the Christian era.

Philodemus was a native of Gadara, but removed in early life to Athens, and afterwards to Rome, where he soon became intimate with Piso, and as an expression of his admiration for that nobleman, he wrote the following

INVITATION TO THE ANNIVERSARY OF EPICURUS.

To-morrow, Piso, at the evening hour,
Thy friend will lead thee to his simple bower,
To keep with feast our annual twentieth night:
If there you miss the flask of Chian wine,
Yet hearty friends you'll meet, and, while you dine,
Hear strains like those in which the gods delight.
And, if you kindly look on us the while,
We'll reap a richer banquet from thy smile.

Crinagoras was a native of Mitylene, and flourished at the courts of Augustus and Tiberius; but no fragment of his poetry is important, to our purpose.

Zonas also flourished at the court of Tiberius; but of his history we have no farther particulars. He has left us, among other fragments of his poetry, the following beautiful lines:

ON A SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

Accept a grave in these deserted sands,
That on thy head I strew with pious hands;
For to these wintry crags no mother bears
The decent rites, or mourns thee with her tears.

Yet on the frowning promontory laid,
Some pious dues, Alexis, please thy shade;
A little sand beside the sounding wave,
Moisten'd with flowing tears, shall be thy grave.

Antiphilus was a native of Byzantium, and flourished during the reign of Nero, as appears from one of his epigrams, in which he mentions the favor conferred by that emperor upon the island of Rhodes. His epigrams, more than forty of which are still extant, are of a high order of merit, both in conception and style. The following is extremely beautiful:

ON AN ANCIENT OAK.

Hail, venerable boughs, that in mid sky,
Spread broad and deep your leafy canopy!
Hail, cool, refreshing shade, abode most dear
To the sun-wearied traveller, wand'ring near!
Hail, close inwoven bow'rs, fit dwelling place
For insect tribes, and man's imperial race!
Me too, reclining in your green retreat,
Shield from the blazing day's meridian heat.

Leonidas was born, as he himself informs us, on the banks of the Nile, whence he went to Rome, and there taught grammar for many years, without attracting any notice; but at length he became very popular, and obtained the patronage of the imperial family. His epigrams, which are generally very inferior in point of merit, show that he flourished under the reign of Nero, and probably down to that of Vespasian. Several of them possess this remarkable peculiarity—each distich contains the same number of letters.

Philip and Antipater were both epigrammatic poets of very considerable pretensions. The former, though the author of numerous epigrams, is, however, more celebrated as a collector of epigrams than as a writer. The *Anthology* of Philip is in imitation of that of Meleager, and may be considered as a sort of supplement to it. The collection contains chiefly the epigrams of those poets who lived in, or shortly before, the time of Philip himself—commencing with Philodemus, who, as we have already observed, was contemporary with Cicero, and ending with Automedon, who is supposed to have flourished under Nero.

Antipater flourished during the latter part of the reign of Augustus, through that of Tiberius, and for some time after the accession of Caligula. His epigrams are usually more important than beautiful, as many of them, such as the following, have preserved names and circumstances of great interest:

GREEK POETESSES.

These the maids of heavenly tongue,
Rear'd Pierian cliffs among:
Anyte, as Homer strong,
Sappho, star of Lesbian song;
Erinna, famous Telesilla,
Myro fair, and fair Praxilla;
Corinna, she that sung of yore,
The dreadful shield Minerva bore.
Myrtis sweet, and Nossis, known
For tender thought and melting tone;
Framers all of deathless pages,
Joys that live for endless ages:
Nine the Muses famed in heaven,
And nine to mortals earth has given.

After the commencement of the Christian era, the annals of literature present about twenty-five Grecian poets, some of whom attained to very considerable eminence; but as the design of the present lectures confines our investigations to the history of Grecian literature previous to that era, we must necessarily omit any farther notice of such poets than the simple record of their names.

The first Christian century produced Parmenion, Onestus, Tullius Geminus, Æmilianus Nicaeus, Marcus Argentarius, and Xenocrates of Rhodes.

Parmenion was a native of Macedonia, and of his epigrams fourteen remain. These are characterized by brevity, which he himself declares that he aimed at; but unfortunately they want the body, of which brevity is said to be the soul—wit.

Onestus, a Corinthian, was also an epigrammatic poet, ten of whose epigrams have been preserved. Wine, love, and music, are the subjects of which they treat; but none of them are distinguished for any particular beauty.

Tullius Geminus whose native place is unknown, has ten epigrams in the Anthology, most of which are descriptions of works of art, and all are written in a very affected manner.

Æmilianus Nicaeus was a native of the town of Nicaea, but nothing farther is known of him. Three of his epigrams have been preserved.

Marcus Argentarius was the author of about thirty of the epigrams in the Greek Anthology, most of which are erotic, and some are plays on words. Nothing farther is known of him than the age in which he lived.

Xenocrates of Rhodes was the author of the following exquisite epigram in the Greek Anthology; but nothing farther is known of him.

ON A DAUGHTER DROWNED AT SEA.

Cold on the wild wave floats thy virgin form,
Drench'd are thine auburn tresses by the storm,
Poor lost Eliza! in the raging sea,
Gone was my every joy and hope with thee!
These sad recording stones thy fate deplore,
Thy bones are wafted to some distant shore;
What bitter sorrows did thy father prove,
Who brought thee, destined for a bridegroom's love!
Sorrowing he came—nor to the youth forlorn
Consign'd a maid to love, or corpse to mourn.

In the second century we have Lucian, Dionysius, Strato, Philostratus, Carphyllides, and Rufinus.

Lucian, a witty and voluminous Greek writer, but of Syrian parentage, having been born, as he himself informs us, at Samosata, the capital of

Commagene. His works embraced, almost every variety of composition, including Rhetoric, Criticisms, Biography, Romances, Dialogues, Miscellanies, and Poems, including all varieties, from a tragedy to an epigram. He was of poor parents, and commenced life as a sculptor; but leaving his original employment he turned his attention to study, and attained to a degree of eminence not inferior to many of the early Greek writers.

Dionysius was the author of a number of minor poems, some of which are of very considerable merit, particularly a hymn to Apollo.

Philostratus flourished at the court of the emperor Severus, and is chiefly memorable for being the author of the original poem from which Ben Jonson borrowed his celebrated ballad 'To Celia'—

Drink to me only with thine eyes, &c.

Strato was a native of Sardis; and besides forming an Anthology out of the works of earlier poets, he was an extensive writer of epigrams himself. Some of his own epigrams are very elegant; but nothing can redeem the disgrace that attaches to the moral character of his compilation.

Rufinus was the author of thirty-eight of the epigrams in the Greek Anthology, all of which are of a character strikingly similar to those of Strato.

Carphyllides was the writer of two very elegant epigrams still preserved in the Greek Anthology, the former of which follows; but of the author we have no farther knowledge:

ON A HAPPY OLD MAN.

Think not, whoe'er thou art, my fate severe;
 Nor o'er my marble stop to shed a tear!
 One tender partner shared my happy state,
 And all that life imposes, but its weight.
 Three lovely girls in nuptial ties I bound,
 And children's children smiled my board around.
 And often pillow'd on their grandsire's breast,
 Their darling offspring sunk to sweetest rest.
 Disease and death were strangers to my door,
 Nor from my arms one blooming infant tore.
 All, all survived, my dying eyes to close,
 And hymn my spirit to a blest repose.

The third and fourth centuries afford us only Lucillius, Gregory of Nazianzus, Julian, Prefect of Egypt, and Palladas.

Lucillius, was the author of numerous epigrams, no less than one hundred and twenty of those preserved in the Greek Anthology being attributed to him. They are nearly all sportive in their character, and many of them are aimed at the grammarians, who at that time abounded in Rome.

Gregory of Nazianzus was a native of Cappadocia, and became first, bishop of Sasima, and afterwards of Nazianzus. His writings were very numerous, and embraced Treatises on doctrinal theology, Treatises on practical Christianity, Sermons, Letters, Biographies, and Poems. 'The title of Saint,' says Gibbon, 'has been added to his name; but the tenderness of his heart, and the elegance of his genius, reflect a more pleasing lustre on his memory.'

Julian, Prefect of Egypt, was the author of seventy-one epigrams, written in imitation of earlier Greek poems of the same kind. They are mostly of a descriptive character, and generally refer to works of art.

Palladas wrote a large number of epigrams preserved in the Greek Anthology, the real characteristic of which is a sort of elegant mediocrity. The following may serve as a specimen of the whole :

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

This life a theatre yve well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

In the fifth century we have Musæus, Agathias, Macedonius, Paul the Silentiary, Marianus Scholasticus, and Democharis.

Musæus was the author of a very celebrated Greek poem on the loves of Hero and Leander; but of his personal history nothing is known farther than that his profession was that of grammarian, or, as we should now, with more propriety, style it, a professor of Belles Lettres. The poem itself is of such rare merit, and has so much of the air of antiquity, that the elder Scaliger supposed it to be the work of the ancient Athenian bard.

Agathias was the son of Mamnonius, a rhetorician, and was born at Myrina, a town at the mouth of the river Pythicus, in Aeolia, 537 A.D. He studied literature at Alexandria, but afterwards removed to Constantinople, where he devoted the rest of his life to the practice of the law. Besides numerous poems of partial merit, Agathias wrote the his-

tory of six years of the reign of Justinian—a work of very great intrinsic merit. He was also, as we have already observed, the collector of one of the most valuable of the Greek Anthologies.

Macedonius was a native of Thessalonica, and is mentioned by Suidas as a contemporary of Agathias. The Anthology contains forty-three of his epigrams, most of which are of an erotic character, and in an elegant style. Macedonius was surnamed the Consul.

Paul the Silentiary, held an office in the Court of Justinian corresponding to that of gentleman usher. He was a courtier and voluptuary; and though a man of genius, his poetry all partakes of his character and habits.

Marianus Scholasticus was the writer of five of the epigrams in the Greek Anthology, four of which are descriptions of the groves and baths of Eros, in the suburbs of Amasea in Pontus, and are remarkable for the delicacy of their descriptions. Marianus also wrote paraphrases of the poems of Theocritus, Aratus, and other poets of the Alexandrian school.

Democharis, an epigrammatic poet, was professionally a grammarian, and was a disciple of Agathias; but of his history nothing more is known. He was the author of the following beautiful epigram—a fit theme with which to close our remarks on this department of Grecian literature:

ON THE PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

Nature herself this magic portrait drew,
And painter! gave thy Lesbian muse to view.
Light sparkles in her eyes; and Fancy seems
The radiant fountain of those living beams:
Through the smooth fulness of the unclouded skin
Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within;
Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,
And Love and Music breathe a mingled grace.

Lecture the Tenth.

DRAMATIC POETRY.

EPIC AND DRAMATIC POETRY COMPARED.—ORIGIN OF THE DRAMA.
—THESPIS.—PHRYNICHUS.—CHÆRILUS.—PRATINUS.—ÆSCHYLUS.

THE spirit of an age is, generally, completely and faithfully represented by its poetry: hence the epic poetry of the Greeks belongs to a period when, during the continuance of monarchical institutions, the minds of the people were impregnated with, and swayed by, legends handed down from antiquity. Elegiac, Iambic, and Lyric poetry arose in the more stirring and agitated times which accompanied the development of republican governments—times in which each individual gave vent to his personal desires and wishes, and all the depths of the human heart were unlocked by poetic inspirations. Hence, at the summit of Greek civilization, at the very prime of Athenian power and freedom, we see dramatic poetry spring up as the organ of the prevailing thoughts and feelings of the nation, and throw all other varieties of poetry entirely into the shade.

The essence of the drama is activity and energy. It is not enough, as is the case with the other departments of poetry, to describe it as a poem, in which characters speak, not the poet; for this is the case in mere dialogue, in which no effect is to be produced, nor catastrophe to be brought about. In epic poetry we never forget that the characters belong to another age—one, perhaps, long gone by. We feel an interest in what they do and what they suffer, but only such an interest as we should feel in historical characters. The train of incidents follow one another in calm, quiet, and regular order; the action stops at intervals, that the scene and the locality may be described. The attention is divided, as it were, between animate and inanimate nature. But in dramatic poetry the spectator throws himself into the midst of the events which are represented before his eyes. He makes one of the characters; he seems to have a share in their fortunes, just as he would have in real life; he cannot believe that it is not a reality. The scene, the dresses,

the human voice, the gestures, all combine to realize it to him; and hence he actively sympathizes, instead of being only passively moved.

Dramatic poetry, as the name plainly declares, represents actions which are not, as in the epic, merely narrated. They seem to take place before the eyes of the spectator; and yet this external appearance is not sufficient to constitute the essential difference between dramatic and epic poetry; for, since these events do not really happen at the moment of their representation—since the speech and actions of the persons in the drama are only a fiction of the poet, and, when successful, an illusion to the spectator, it would follow that the whole difference turned upon a mere deception.

The essence of this style of poetry has, however, a much deeper source. It is found in the state of the poet's mind, engrossed in the contemplation of his subject. The epic poet seems to regard the events which he relates, from afar, as objects of calm contemplation and admiration. He is always conscious of the great interval between him and them; while the dramatic poet plunges with his entire soul into the fountain of human life, and seems himself to experience the events which he exhibits to our view. The reason of this is, that, in the drama, actions, as they rise out of the depths of the human heart, are represented as completely and as naturally as if they originated in his own breast; and the effect of the actions and fortunes of the personages upon the sympathies of other persons in the drama itself, is exhibited with such force, that the listener feels himself constrained to similar sympathy, and to be powerfully attracted by the events of the drama.

From these considerations it appears that the drama bears a similar relation to epic poetry that sculpture bears to historical painting. It is, perhaps, upon the whole, a severer art. It rejects many adventitious aids of which the epic may avail itself. It has more unity and simplicity; its figures stand out more boldly and in stronger relief; but then it has no aerial background; it has no perspective of enchantment; it cannot draw so largely on the imagination of the spectator: it must present to the eye, and make palpable to the touch, what the epic poet may steep in the rainbow-hues of fancy, and veil, but with a veil of light, woven in the looms of his imagination. The epic comprises narration and description, and yet must be, in many respects, essentially dramatic. The epic poet is the dramatic author and actor combined. The fine characteristic speech which Milton puts into the mouth of Moloch, in the Second Book of *Paradise Lost*, proves him to have been possessed of high powers of dramatic writing; and when, after the speech is concluded, the poet adds:

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods,—

he personates the character with a power and energy worthy of the noblest actor.

We have already remarked that the epic poet is the dramatist and the actor combined; but he is still more. He must not only write the dialogue and create the actors who are to utter it, but he must also erect the stage on which they are to tread, and paint the scenes in which they are to appear. Still the drama, by the very circumstances which attend it, and circumscribe its powers, becomes capable of exciting a more intense and tremendous interest. Hence, there are pieces of dramatic writing which, even in the perusal only, have an overwhelming power to which epic poetry cannot attain. Of this, the third act of *Othello*, and the dagger-scene in *Macbeth*, may be adduced as instances.

Perhaps, to sum up the whole question, what the epic poet gains in expansion and variety, the dramatic poet gains in condensation and intensity. When *Desdemona* says to *Othello*—

— and yet I fear
When your eyes roll so,—

we have as vivid a portraiture of the Moor's countenance as the most elaborate description could give us. Such a description would be meagre and unsatisfactory in epic poetry: more diffuse ones would mar the interest and impede the action of the drama. In the drama the grand pivot upon which the whole moves is action; in epic poetry it is narration. Narration is the fitter medium for representing a grand series of events; and action, for exhibiting the power and progress of a passion, or the consequences of an incident. Hence, the siege of *Troy*, and the loss of *Paradise*, are epic subjects; and the chaining of *Prometheus*, and the jealousy of *Othello*, are dramatic ones. The epic poet takes the loftier flight; the dramatic treads with the firmer step. The one dazzles, the other touches us. The epic is wondered at; the dramatic is felt. We lift the successful author of the former like a conqueror above our heads, but clasp the latter, as a brother to our hearts.

From these general remarks upon the relation that epic and dramatic poetry bear to each other, we pass to notice the origin of the drama.

The Greek drama evidently originated in the satyric worship of the gods, and particularly in that of *Bacchus*. Indeed, in that worship are found many dramatic elements. The gods were supposed to dwell in their temples, and participate in their festivals; and it was not consid-

ered presumptuous or unbecoming to represent them as acting like human beings. The Eleusinian mysteries were, as Clemens of Alexandria expresses it, nothing else than a 'mystical drama,' in which the history of Demeter and Core was acted, like a play, by priests and priestesses, though probably only in mimic action, illustrated by a few significant sentences of a symbolic nature, and by the singing of hymns. These representations did not, however, assume a distinct dramatic feature until 535 A.C., when Thespiis, a native of Icaria, a small village near Athens, by banishing the rude satyrs of Bœotia, and introducing a single speaker in connection with the lyric chorus, laid the foundation of that tragic drama whose triumphs run parallel with the glory and splendor of Athens—commencing just before the beginning of the contest between the Greeks and the Persians, and ending with the downfall of Athens at the close of the Peloponnesian war.

Before the commencement of the Persian war, however, the Athenians had been rendered familiar with the poems of Homer by Pisistratus; and this event, combined with other causes, such as the foundation of a public library, the erection of public buildings, and the institution of public gardens, combined to create, with apparent suddenness, among a susceptible and lively population, a general cultivation of taste. The citizens were brought together in their hours of relaxation by their urbane and social manners of life, under porticos and in gardens, which it was the policy of a graceful and benignant tyrant to inculcate; and the native genius, hitherto dormant, of the quick Ionian race, once awakened to literary and intellectual objects, created an audience even before it found expression in a poet. The elegant effeminacy of Hipparchus contributed to foster the taste of the people; for the example of the great is nowhere more potent over the multitude than in the cultivation of the arts. Anacreon and Simonides introduced among the Athenians by Hipparchus, and enjoying his friendship, doubtless added largely to the influence which poetry now began to assume. The peculiar sweetness of these poets imbued with harmonious contagion the genius of the first of the Athenian dramatists, whose works, unfortunately, are now lost, though abundant evidence of their character is preserved.

About the same time the Athenians must necessarily have been made more intimately acquainted with the various wealth of the lyric poets of Ionia and the Grecian islands. Hence, their models in poetry were of two kinds—the epic and the lyric; and in the natural connections of art, it was but the next step to accomplish a species of poetry which should attempt to unite the two. Happily at this period, Athens possessed a man of true genius in the person of Phrynichus the poet, whose attention early circumstances had directed to the rude and primitive order of histrionic recitations. Phrynichus was a disciple of Thespiis, and to him belongs the honor of conceiving, out of the elements of the broadest farce, the first grand

combinations of the tragic drama. We are not from this, however, to conclude that poetry and music were now, for the first time, dedicated to religious services; for, from time immemorial, as far back, perhaps, as the grove possessed an altar, and the waters supplied a reed for the pastoral pipe, they had been devoted to the worship of the gods of Greece. At the appointed season of festival to each several deity, his praises were sung, and his traditionary achievements were recited.

One of the divinities last introduced into Greece, the mystic and enigmatical Bacchus, received the popular and enthusiastic adoration naturally due to the god of the vineyard, and the 'unbinder of galling cares.' His festival, celebrated at the vintage, the most joyous of agricultural seasons, was always connected with the most exhilarating associations, Dithyrambs, or wild and exulting songs, at first extemporaneous, celebrated the triumphs of the god. By degrees the rude hymn swelled into prepared and artful measures, performed by a chorus and dance circling round the altar; and the wild song assumed a lofty and solemn strain, adapted to the sanctity of sacrifice and the emblematic majesty of the god. At the same time another band, connected with a Phallic procession, which, however outwardly obscene, betokened only, at its origin, the symbol of fertility, and betrayed the philosophy of some alien or eastern creed, implored, in more lively and homely strains, the blessing of the prodigal and jovial deity. These ceremonial songs received a wanton and wild addition; as in order, perhaps, more closely to represent and personify the motley march of the *Liber Pater*, the chorus-singers borrowed from the vine-browsing goat which they sacrificed, the hides and horns, that furnished forth the merry mimicry of the satyr and the forum.

Under licence of this disguise the songs became more obscure and grotesque, and the mummers vied with each other in obtaining the applause of the rural audience, by wild buffoonery and unrestrained jest. Whether as the prize of the winner, or as the object of sacrifice, the *goat* or *tragos* was a sufficiently important personage to bestow upon the exhibition the homely name of tragedy or goat-song, destined afterwards to be exalted by association with the proudest efforts of human genius. And while the dithyramb, yet amid the Dorian tribes, retained the fire and dignity of its hereditary character—while in Sicily it rose in stately and mournful measures to the memory of Adrastus, the Argive hero—while in Corinth, under the polished rule of Periander, Arion imparted to the antique hymn a new character and more scientific music—gradually, in Attica, it gave way before the familiar and fantastic humors of the satyrs, sometimes abridged to afford greater scope to their exhibitions, and sometimes attracting the contagion of their burlesques. Still, however, we must observe that the *tragedy*, or *goat-song*, consisted of two parts—the exhibition of the mummers, and the dithyrambic chorus, moving in a circle round the altar of Bacchus.

It appears on the whole most probable, that not only this festive ceremonial, but also its ancient name of tragedy, had long been familiar in Attica, when Thespis surpassed all competitors in the exhibition of these rude entertainments. He relieved the monotonous pleasantries of the satyric chorus by introducing, usually in his own person, a histrionic tale-teller, who, from an elevated platform, and with lively gesticulations, entertained the audience with some mythological legend. It was so clear that during this recital the chorus remained unnecessarily idle and superfluous—that the next improvement was as natural in itself as it was important in its consequences. This was to make the chorus assist the narrator, by occasional questions or remarks.

Thespis improved the choruses themselves in their professional art. He invented dances, which for centuries retained their popularity on the stage, and is supposed to have given histrionic disguise to his reciter—at first, by the application of pigments to the face—and afterwards, by the construction of a rude linen mask. These improvements, chiefly mechanical, form the limit to the achievements of Thespis. He did much to create a stage, but little to create *tragedy*, in the proper sense of the term. His performances were still of a rude, ludicrous, and homely character, and much more akin to the comic than to the tragic. Of that which makes the essence of the solemn drama of Athens—its stately plot, its gigantic images, its prodigal and sumptuous poetry—of these Thespis was not in any way the inventor.

But Phrynichus, the disciple of Thespis, was a *poet*. He saw, though perhaps dimly and imperfectly, the new career opened to the art; and he may be said to have breathed the immortal spirit into the more mechanical forms, when he introduced *poetry* into the breasts of the chorus and the monologue of the actors. Whatever else Phrynichus effected is uncertain. The developed plot—the introduction of regular dialogue through the medium of a second actor—the pomp and circumstance—the symmetry and climax of the drama, do not appear to have appertained to his earlier efforts; and the great artistical improvements, which raised the simple incident to an elaborate structure, of depicted narrative and awful catastrophe, are ascribed not to Phrynichus, but to Æschylus. If the later works of Phrynichus exhibited these excellences, it is because Æschylus had then become his rival, and he caught the heavenly light from the new star which was now destined to eclipse him.

But everything essential was done for the Athenian stage when Phrynichus took it from the satyrs and placed it under the protection of the Muse—when, forsaking the humors of the rustic farce, he selected a solemn subject from the serious legends of the most vivid of all mythologies—when he breathed into the familiar measures of the chorus the grandeur and sweetness of the lyric ode—when, in a word, taking nothing from Thespis but the stage and the performers, he borrowed his tale from Ho-

mer, and his melody from Anacreon. We must not, then, suppose that the contest for the goat, and the buffooneries of Thespis, were the real origin of tragedy. Born of the epic and lyric song, Homer gave it character, and the lyrists language. Thespis and his predecessors only suggested the form to which the new-born poetry should be applied.

Thus, under Phrynichus, the drama rose into *poetry* worthy to exercise its influence upon poetic emulation, when a young man of noble family and sublime genius, rendered, perhaps, more thoughtful and profound by the cultivation of a mystical philosophy which had recently emerged from the primitive schools of Ionian wisdom, brought to the rising art the united dignity of rank, philosophy, and genius. The youth to whom we here allude was Æschylus; but before we proceed to a farther notice of his history and character, we shall here briefly describe his audiences, and the form and construction of the magnificent theatre in which his august dramas were exhibited.

The Athenian stage, at first an itinerant platform, was succeeded by a regular theatre of wood, and this wooden structure, by a splendid stone edifice, which is said to have been sufficiently capacious to accommodate an audience of thirty thousand persons. The theatrical representations therein conducted, became a matter of national and universal interest, and occurred thrice a year, at three several festivals of Bacchus. But it was at the great Dionysia, held at the end of March and the beginning of April, that the principal tragic contests took place. At that period, as the Athenian drama increased in celebrity, and Athens herself in renown, the city was filled with visitors, not only from all parts of Greece, but also from every land in which the Greek civilization was known.

The State took the theatre under its own protection as a solemn and sacred institution, and so anxious were the people to consecrate wholly to the Athenian name the glory of the spectacle, that at the great Dionysia no foreigner was permitted to dance in the chorus. The chief Archon presided over the performances, and to him was awarded the selection of the candidates for the prize. Those chosen were allowed three actors by lot, and a chorus, the expense of which was undertaken by the State, and imposed upon one of the principal persons of each tribe, called choragus. The immense theatre, crowded by thousands, tier above tier, bench upon bench, was open to the heavens, and commanded, from the sloping hill on which it was built, the land and the sea. The actor apostrophised no mimic pasteboard, but the wide expanse of Nature herself—the living sun, the mountain air, and the wide and visible Ægean. All was proportioned to the gigantic scale of the theatre, and the mighty range of the audience. The form was artificially enlarged and heightened, masks of exquisite art and beauty brought before the audience the idea of their sculptured gods and heroes, while mechanical inventions carried the tones of the voice throughout the various tiers of the theatre.

The exhibition of dramas among the Greeks took place in the open day, and the limited length of the plays permitted the performance of no less than ten or twelve before the setting of the sun. The sanctity of their origin, and the mythological nature of their stories, added something of religious solemnity to these spectacles, which were opened by ceremonial sacrifices. Dramatic exhibitions, at least for a considerable period, were not, as at present, made hackneyed by constant repetition. They were as rare in their occurrence as they were imposing in their effects; nor, unless as a special favor, was a drama, whether tragic or comic, that had gained a prize, permitted a second time to be exhibited.

With regard to the disposition of the audience in this vast theatre, it may be remarked, that, on the lower benches of the semicircle sat the archons and magistrates, the senators and priests; while apart, but on seats equally honorable, the gaze of the audience was, from time to time, attracted to the illustrious strangers whom the fame of their poets and their city had brought to the Dionysia of the Athenians. The youths and women had their separate divisions; the rest of the audience were ranged according to their tribes, while the upper galleries were filled by the miscellaneous and impatient populace.

In the orchestra, a space left by the semicircular benches, with wings stretching to the right and left before the scene, a small square platform served as the altar, to which moved the choral dancers, still retaining the attributes of their ancient sanctity. The leader of the chorus took part in the dialogue as the representative of the rest, and, occasionally, even several of the number were excited into exclamation by the passion of the piece. But the principal duty of the chorus was to diversify the dialogue by hymns and dirges to the music of flutes, while in dances far more artful than those now in use, they represented by their movements the emotions that they sang—thus bringing, as it were, into the harmony of action the poetry of language.

Architectural embellishments of stone, representing a palace with three entrances, the central one appropriated to royalty, and the others to subordinate rank, usually served for the scene. But at times, when the plot demanded a different locality, scenes painted with the utmost art and without regard to cost, were easily substituted; nor were wanting the modern contrivances of artificial lightning and thunder—the clouds for the gods, and the variety of inventions for the sudden apparition of demon agents, whether from above or below, and all the adventitious aid which mechanism lends to genius.

From this digression on the theatre and the audience of Athens, we return to *Æschylus*, perhaps the most brilliant ornament of the Grecian drama. It is probable that his high birth, no less than his genius, enabled him, with the greater facility, to make the imposing and costly additions to the exhibition, which the nature of the poetry demanded; since,

while these improvements were rapidly proceeding, the poetical fame of Æschylus was still uncrowned. Nor was it till the fifteenth year after his first exhibition that the sublimest of the Greek poets obtained the ivy chaplet, which had meantime succeeded to the goat and the ox, as the prize of the tragic contests. To the monologue of Phrynichus he added a second actor; he curtailed the chorusses, connected them with the main story, and, more important than all else, reduced to simple but systematic rules, the progress and development of a poem which no longer had for its object to please the ear or divert the fancy only, but swept in its mighty and irresistible march to besiege passion after passion, and spread its empire over the whole soul.

When he presented to the public his first tragedy, Æschylus was twenty-five years of age; and he had for his competitors Pratinas and Chœrilus. They did not, however, long continue the contest; but on one occasion, while the theatre was still a wooden fabric, the press of the audience was so great as to break down the platform upon which they were seated, in reference to which the following lines—all that now remains of his poetry—were composed by Pratinas:

What means this tumult? Why this rage?
 What thunder shakes the Athenian stage?
 'Tis frantic Bromius bids me sing;
 He tunes the pipe, he smites the string;
 The Dryads with their chief accord,
 Submit and hail the Drama's Lord.
 Be still! and let distraction cease,
 Nor thus profane the Muse's peace.
 By sacred fiat I preside
 The minstrel's master and his guide:
 He, while the choral strains proceed,
 Shall follow, with responsive reed;
 To measur'd notes, whilst they advance,
 He, in wild maze, shall lead the dance.
 So generals in the front appear,
 Whilst music echoes from the rear.
 Now silence each discordant sound!
 For, see, with ivy-chaplet crown'd,
 Bacchus appears! he speaks in me—
 Hear, and obey the god's decree.

Æschylus, emphatically the father of Greek tragedy, was the son of Euphorion, and was born at Eleusis, near Athens, 525 A.C. He was contemporary with Simonides and Pindar, and his family was one of the most ancient and distinguished of Attica. His father was probably connected with the worship of Demeter, from which circumstance Æschylus may very naturally be supposed to have thence received his first religious impressions. He was educated in accordance with his high birth and

claims to distinction ; and from childhood he was distinguished for the ardor of his genius, and the boldness of his spirit. Homer was his first model in poetry ; and so great was his admiration for that master of the poetic art, that he early committed his entire poems to memory ; and his bold and aspiring spirit prompted him, with a temerity rarely equalled, to attempt, even before he had reached the age of maturity, to rival, in his own peculiar strain, the great father of epic poetry himself. Intent upon this thought, and while occupied in watching the vineyard, and protecting the grapes, Bacchus, the god of the vine, in the midst of the youthful poet's slumbers, appeared to him, and invited him to consecrate himself to the tragic muse. To this invitation Æschylus willingly listened ; and soon produced a tragedy so far transcending in merit any other drama that Greece had then witnessed, that its production became the comparative era of the dramatic art. Æschylus was at that time, as we have already observed, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

Soon after this great event in the literary history of Greece transpired, that country was invaded by the Persians, and the whole thoughts of the nation, until the terrors of the invasion had passed, was turned towards the defence of their homes, and to their personal safety. Æschylus, therefore, and his two brothers, Ameinias and Cynægirus, entered the army, and threw all of their personal energy and power into the contest. In the capacity of a soldier, he so remarkably distinguished himself, that, in the picture which the Athenians caused to be painted representing the battle of Marathon, his figure held so prominent a place as to be at once recognized, even by a casual observer.

In the battle of Salamis, which occurred ten years after the battle of Marathon, Ameinias, the brother of Æschylus, lost one of his arms, but was saved from threatened death by the personal courage of Æschylus, who attacked the galley of the satrap with whom Ameinias was struggling, and immediately sank it. In consequence of the valor thus displayed, the assembled army of Greece, immediately after the battle, voted to Æschylus the first honor for bravery. Having equally distinguished himself in the battle of Plataea, with which, and the battle of Mycale that immediately followed, the war closed ; and Æschylus then resumed his original design of devoting all his energies to the ennobling of the drama.

In his literary career Æschylus continued until, according to Suidas and Athenæus, he composed seventy-six tragedies, of which, fortunately, seven have escaped the ravages of time. With one of these, *The Furies*, the Athenians were deeply offended, because they supposed it contained sentiments of impiety. They cited him, therefore, before the chief tribunal of his country, the Areopagus, by which, after a deliberate trial, he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to perpetual banishment. But as the sentence was about to be executed, his brother Ameinias pre-

sented himself before the judges, and exhibited, in their presence, what remained of the arm that had been lost at the battle of Salamis. This action revived, with so much vividness, the recollection of the valor of the family, that Æschylus was immediately pardoned and restored, not only to his former position, but he became, if possible, a greater favorite with the public than he had previously been. The remembrance, however, of the indignity heaped upon him by a public trial for impiety, induced him, soon after, to leave Athens, and to retire to the court of Hiero the First, king of Syracuse, who being himself a man of genius as well as a distinguished patron of literature, received him with the greatest delight, and honored him with the most distinguished marks of royal munificence.

During his residence at the court of Syracuse, Æschylus is supposed to have written three at least of the most finished and admirable of his tragedies; but after the death of Hiero, an event which occurred 467 A.C., Æschylus returned again to Athens, and resumed his position as the leader of the drama, and the chief of its writers. Vast political changes had, however, in the meantime, taken place at Athens, the democracy having obtained the ascendancy; the consequence of which was, that the high-toned religious and aristocratic strains of Æschylus were there no longer popular.

To these circumstances may be added the rising popularity of Sophocles, and the peculiar adaptation of his genius to the prevailing sentiments of the times; in consequence of which, a tragedy of his having been preferred by the judges to one produced by Æschylus, Æschylus again returned to Syracuse; and as his patron Hiero was gone, he retired to the city of Gela, where, in the midst of that accomplished and refined community he passed the remainder of his life. His death occurred 456 A.C., when in the sixty-ninth year of his age; and the inhabitants of Gela showed the estimation in which they held his character by public solemnities in his honor, and by erecting a noble monument to his memory—inscribing upon it an epitaph written by himself. With regard to this epitaph it is curious to observe that in it the great poet makes no allusion whatever to himself as an author, but mentions, as the highest honor to which he had ever attained, and that which he desired to be permanently connected with his memory, his exploits as a warrior in the battles of Marathon, Artemisium, Salamis, and Plataea.

The story of the death of Æschylus, as related by all antiquity, is as singular as it is interesting and characteristic. He had long been impressed with the idea that his death would be produced by a stroke from heaven; and, as was his frequent custom, while sitting in deep contemplation in one of the public parks of Gela, an eagle, with a tortoise in his talons, mistaking the old poet's bald head for the surface of a stone, precipitated the tortoise upon it—

And crushed that brain where tragedy had birth.

The style of Æschylus is bold, energetic, and sublime, full of gorgeous imagery and magnificent expressions, such as became the elevated characters of his drama, and the ideas he wished to express. In the turn of his expressions, he is more careful to be poetical than grammatical. He was peculiarly fond of metaphorical phrases, strange compounds, and obsolete language; so that his diction was much more epic than that of either of his great successors in the tragic art; and he excelled in displaying strong feeling and impulses, and describing the awful and the terrible, rather than in exhibiting the working of the human mind under the influence of complicated and various motives. But notwithstanding the general elevation of his style, the subordinate characters in his plays, as the watchman in the *Agamemnon*, and the nurse of Orestes in the *Choephoroi*, are made to use language fitting their station, and less removed from that of common life.

The characters of Æschylus, like his diction, are sublime and majestic in the extreme,—they were gods and heroes of colossal magnitude, whose imposing aspect could be endured by the heroes of Marathon and Salamis, but was too awful for the contemplation of the next generation, who complained that Æschylus' language was not human. Hence, the general impression produced by the poetry of Æschylus was rather of a religious than of a moral nature; his personages being both in action and suffering, superhuman, and therefore not always fitted to teach practical lessons. He produces, indeed, a sort of religious awe, and dread of the irresistible power of the gods, to which man is represented as being entirely subject; but on the other hand humanity often appears as the sport of an irresistible destiny, or the victim of a struggle between superior beings. Still Æschylus sometimes discloses a providential order of compensation and retribution, while he always teaches the duty of resignation and submission to the will of the gods, and the futility and fatal consequences of all opposition to it.

Of the seven dramas of Æschylus still extant, *Prometheus* is perhaps, the most remarkable. In pure and sustained sublimity it is unsurpassed in the literature of the world. Two vast demons, according to the fable, Strength and Force, accompanied by Vulcan, appear in a remote plain of the earth—an unpeopled desert. There, on a sterile and lofty rock, near the sea, Prometheus is chained by Vulcan—‘a reward for his disposition to be tender to mankind.’ The date of this doom is cast far back in the earliest dawn of time, and Jupiter has but just commenced his reign. While Vulcan binds him, Prometheus utters no sound—it is Vulcan, the agent of his punishment, that alone complains. Nor is it till the dread

task is done, and the ministers of Jupiter have retired, that 'the god, un-
awed by the wrath of gods,' bursts forth with his grand apostrophe :

Oh Air divine! Oh ye swift-winged Winds,—
Ye sources of the Rivers, and ye Waves,
That dimple o'er old Ocean like his smiles,—
Mother of all—oh Earth! and thou the orb,
All-seeing, of the Sun, behold and witness
What I, a god, from the stern gods endure.

* * * * *

When shall my doom be o'er?—Be o'er!—to me
The Future hides no riddle—nor can woe
Come unprepared! It fits me then to brave
That which must be: for what can turn aside
The dark course of the grim Necessity?

While thus soliloquizing, the air becomes fragrant with odors, and faintly stirs with the rustling of approaching wings. The Daughters of Ocean, aroused from their grotts below, are come to console the Titan. They utter many complaints against the dynasty of Jove. Prometheus comforts himself by the prediction that the Olympian shall hereafter require his services, and that, until himself released from his bondage, he will never reveal to his tyrant the danger that menaces his realm; for the vanquished is here described as of a mightier race than the victor, and to him are bared the mysteries of the future, which to Jupiter are denied. The triumph of Jupiter is the conquest of brute force over knowledge.

Prometheus then narrates how, by means of his councils, Jupiter had gained his sceptre, and the ancient Saturn and his partisans had been whelmed beneath the abyss of Tartarus—how he alone had interfered with Jupiter to prevent the extermination of the human race (whom *alone the celestial king disregarded and condemned*)—how he had imparted to them fire, the seed of all the arts, and exchanged in their breasts the terrible knowledge of the future for the beguiling flatteries of hope; and hence his punishment.

At this time Ocean himself appears: he endeavors unavailingly to persuade the Titan to submission to Jupiter. The great spirit of Prometheus, and his consideration for others, are beautifully individualized in his answers to his consoler, whom he warns not to incur the wrath of the tyrant by sympathy with the afflicted. Alone again with the Oceanides, the latter burst forth in fresh strains of pity:

The wide earth echoes wailingly,
Stately and antique were thy fallen race,—
The wide earth walleth thee!
Lo! from the holy Asian dwelling-place,
Fall for a godhead's wrongs, the mortal's murmuring tears,
They mourn within the Colchian land,
The virgin and the warrior daughters,
And far remote, the Scythian band,

Around the broad Mæotian waters,
 And they who hold in Caucasus their tower,
 Arabia's martial flower
 Hoarse-clamoring 'midst sharp rows of barbed spears.

One have I seen with equal tortures riven—
 An equal god; in adamantine chains
 Ever and evermore,
 The Titan Atlas, crush'd, sustains
 The mighty mass of mighty heaven,
 And the whirling cataracts roar,
 With a chime to the Titan's groans,
 And the depth that receives them moans:
 And from vaults that the earth are under,
 Black Hades is heard in thunder;
 While from the founts of white-waved rivers flow
 Melodious sorrows, uniting with his woe.

Prometheus, in his answer, still farther details the benefits he had conferred on man,—he arrogates to himself their elevation to intellect and reason. He proceeds darkly to dwell on the power of Necessity, guided by 'the triform fates and unforgotten Furies,' whom he asserts to be sovereign over Jupiter himself. He declares that Jupiter cannot escape his doom: 'His doom,' ask the daughters of Ocean; 'is he not evermore to reign?' 'That thou mayst not learn,' replies the prophet; 'and in the preservation of this secret depends my future freedom!'

The rejoinder of the chorus is singularly beautiful, and it is with a pathos not common to Æschylus, that they contrast their present mournful strains with that which they poured

What time the silence erst was broken,
 Around the baths, and o'er the bed
 To which, won well by many a soft love-token,
 And hymn'd with all the music of delight,
 Our Ocean-sister, bright
 Hesione, was led!

At the end of this choral song appears Io, performing her mystic pilgrimage. The utter woe and despair of Io are finely contrasted with the stern spirit of Prometheus. Her introduction gives rise to those ancestral and traditionary allusions, to which the Greeks were so much attached. In prophesying her fate, Prometheus enters into much beautiful descriptive poetry, and commemorates the lineage of the Argive kings. After Io's departure, Prometheus renews his defiance to Jupiter, and his stern prophecies, that the son of Saturn shall be 'hurled from his realm, a forgotten king.' In the midst of these weird denunciations, Mercury arrives, charged by Jupiter to learn the nature of that danger which Prometheus predicts to him. The Titan bitterly and haughtily defies

the threats and warnings of the herald, and exults that, whatever be his tortures, he is at least *immortal*,—to be afflicted, but not to die. Mercury at length departs—the menace of Jupiter is fulfilled—the punishment is consummated—and, amid storm and earthquake, both rock and prisoner are struck by the lightnings of the god into the deep abyss :

The earth is made to reel, and rumbling by,
 Bellowing it rolls, the thunder's gathering wrath !
 And the fierce fires glare livid ; and along
 The rocks, the eddies of the sands whirl high,
 Borne by the hurricane, and all the blasts
 Of all the winds leap forth, each hurtling each—
 Met in the wildness of a ghastly war,
 The dark floods blended with the swooping heaven.
 It comes—it comes ! on me it speeds—the storm,
 The rushing onslaught of the thunder-god ;
 Oh, majesty of earth, my solemn mother !
 And thou that through the universal void,
 Circlest sweet light, all blessing ;—Earth and Ether,
 Ye I invoke, to know the wrongs I suffer.

Such is the conclusion of this unequalled drama—perhaps the greatest moral poem ever written—sternly and loftily intellectual—and, amid the darker and less palpable allegories, presenting to us the superiority of an immortal being to all mortal sufferings. Regarded merely as poetry, the conception of the Titan of Æschylus has no parallel, except in the Fiend of Milton.

Besides the *Prometheus*, we have of the tragedies of Æschylus, the *Seven against Thebes*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoroi*, the *Eumenides*, the *Suppliants*, and the *Persians*. Our space will not, however, allow us to analyze each of these ; and we shall, therefore, only briefly notice the 'Agamemnon,' and then close with an extract from the 'Persians.'

The opening of the 'Agamemnon,' with the solitary watchman on the tower, who, for ten long years, has watched nightly for the beacon-fires that were to announce the fall of Ilion, and who now beholds the blaze at last, is grand and impressive in the extreme. The description which Clytemnestra gives of the progress of these beacon-fires from Troy to Argos is, for its picturesque animation, one of the most celebrated in Æschylus. Clytemnestra having announced to the chorus the capture of Troy, the chorus, half-incredulous, demand what messenger conveyed the intelligence. Clytemnestra replies :

A gleam—a gleam—from Ida's height,
 By the fire-god sent, it came ;

From watch to watch it leap'd that light,
 As a rider rode the flame!
 It shot through the startled sky,
 And the torch of that blazing glory
 Old Lemnos caught on high,
 On its holy promontory,
 And sent it on, the jocund sign,
 To Athos, mount of Jove divine.
 Wildly the while it rose from the isle,
 So that the might of the journeying light
 Skimmed over the back of the gleaming brine!
 Farther and faster speeds it on,
 Till the watch that keep Macistus steep—
 See it burst like a blazing sun!
 Doth Macistus sleep
 On his tower-clad steep?
 No! rapid and red doth the wild-fire sweep
 It flashes afar, on the wayward stream
 Of the wild Euripus, the rushing beam!
 It rouses the light on Messapion's height,
 And they feed its breath with the withered heath
 But it may not stay!
 And away—away—
 It bounds in its freshning might.
 Silent and soon,
 Like a broadening moon,
 It passes in sheen, Asopus green,
 And bursts on Cithæron gray.
 The warder wakes to the signal rays,
 And it swoops from the hill with a broader blaze,
 On—on the fiery glory rode—
 Thy lonely lake, Gorgopis, glowed—
 To Megara's Mount it came;
 They feed it again,
 And it streams amain—
 A giant beard of flame!
 The headland cliffs that darkly down
 O'er the Saronic waters frown,
 Are pass'd with the swift one's lurid stride,
 And the huge rock glares on the glaring tide,
 With mightier march and fiercer power
 It gain'd Arachne's neighboring tower—
 Thence on our Argive roof its rest it won,
 Of Ida's fire the long-descended son!
 Bright harbinger of glory and of joy!
 So first and last with equal honor crown'd,
 In solemn feasts the race-torch circles round.
 And these my heralds! this my Sign of Peace!
 Lo! while we breathe, the victor lords of Greece
 Stalk, in stern tumult, through the halls of Troy!

In one of the earlier choruses, in which is introduced an episodical

allusion to the abduction of Helen, occurs one of those soft passages so rare in Æschylus, nor less exquisite than rare. The chorus suppose the minstrels of Menelaus thus to lament the loss of Helen :

And woe the halls, and woe the chiefs,
 And woe the bridal bed!
 And woe her steps—for once she loved
 The lord whose love she fled!
 Lo! where, dishonor yet unknown,
 He sits—nor deems his Helen flown,
 Tearless and voiceless on the spot:
 All desert, but he feels it not!
 Ah! soon alive, to miss and mourn
 The form beyond the ocean borne,
 Shall start the lonely king!
 And thought shall fill the lost one's room,
 And darkly through the palace gloom
 Shall stalk a ghostly thing.
 Her statues meet, as round they rise,
 The leaden stare of lifeless eyes.
 Where is their ancient beauty gone?—
 Why loathe his looks the breathing stone?
 Alas! the foulness of disgrace
 Hath swept the Venus from her face!
 And visions in the mournful night
 Shall dupe the heart to false delight,
 A false and melancholy;
 For naught with sadder joy is fraught,
 Than things at night by dreaming brought,
 The wish'd for and the holy.
 Swift from the solitary side,
 The vision and the blessing glide,
 Scarce welcomed ere they sweep,
 Pale, bloodless, dreams, aloft
 On wings unseen and soft,
 Lost wanderers gliding through the paths of sleep.

The most terrible and impressive scene in this tragedy is, however, in the introduction of Cassandra, who accompanies Agamemnon, and who, in the very hour of his return, amid the pomp and joy that welcome 'the king of men,' is seized with the prophetic inspiration, and shrieks out those ominous warnings, fated ever to be heard in vain. It is she who recalls to the chorus, and to the shuddering audience, that it is the house of the long-fated Atridæ, to which their descendant has returned—'that human shamble house—that bloody floor—that dwelling, abhorred by heaven, privy to so many horrors against the most sacred ties;' the doom yet hangs over the inexpiable threshold; the curse passes from generation to generation; Agamemnon is the victim of his sires.

Recalling the inhuman banquet served by Atreus to Thyestes of his

own murdered children, she starts from the mangled spectres on the threshold:

See ye those infants crouching by the floor,
Like phantom dreams, pale nurslings, that have perish'd
By kindred hands.

Gradually her ravings become clearer and clearer, until at last she scents the 'blood dripping slaughter within;' a vapor rises to her nostrils, as from a charnel-house—her own fate, which she foresees at hand, begins to overpower her—her mood softens, and she enters the palace, about to become her tomb, with thoughts in which frantic terror has yielded to solemn resignation:

Alas for mortals! what their power and pride?
A little shadow sweeps it from the earth!
And if they suffer—why, the fatal hour
Comes o'er the record like a moisten'd sponge,
And blots it out; methinks this latter lot
Affects me deepest. Well! 'tis pitiful!

Scarcely has the prophetess withdrawn, than we hear behind the scenes the groans of the murdered king, the palace behind is opened, and Clytemnestra is standing, stern and lofty, by the dead body of her lord.

The 'Persians' is rather picturesque than dramatic, and may be considered as a proud triumphal song in favor of Liberty. It portrays the defeat of Xerxes, and contains one of the most valuable of historical descriptions, in the lines which follow, devoted to the battle of Salamis. The speech of Atossa, mother of Xerxes, in which she enumerates the offerings to the shade of Darius, is exquisitely beautiful. Nor is there less poetry in the invocation of the chorus to the shade of Darius, which slowly rises as they conclude. This play was exhibited eight years after the battle of Salamis, and whilst the memory of each circumstance detailed was still present to the minds of the audience; so that the narrative may be considered in some degree as a history of that great event. The scene is laid at Susa, and in the vicinity of the tomb of Darius:

ATOSSA.—CHORUS.

Atoss.—Indulge me, friends, who wish to be informed
Where, in what clime the towers of Athens rise?

Chor.—Far in the west, where sits the imperial sun.

Atoss.—Yet my son willed the conquest of this town.

Chor.—May, Greece, through all her States, bend to his power.

Atoss.—Do they send numerous armies to the field?

Chor.—Armies, that to the Medes have wrought much woe.

Atoss.—Have they sufficient treasures in their houses?

Chor.—Their rich earth is a copious fount of silver.

Atoss.—From the strong bow, wing they the barbed shaft?

Chor.—No; but they have stout spears, and massy bucklers.

Atoss.—What monarch reigns, and who commands their army?

Chor.—Slaves to no lord, they own no kingly power.

Atoss.—How can they then resist the invading foes?

Chor.—So as to destroy the armies of Darius.

Atoss.—Serious your words to parents, who have sons there.

Chor.—But if I judge aright, thou soon shalt hear
Each circumstance; for here's a Persian messenger.
Tidings, no doubt, he brings of good or ill.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess.—Woe to the towns of Asia's peopled realms!
Woe to the land of Persia, once the port
Of boundless wealth! All, at a blow, has perished!
Ah me! How sad his task, who brings ill tidings.
But to my tale of woe—I needs must tell it.
Persians, the whole barbaric host has fallen.

Chor.—O horror, horror, what a train of ills.

Mess.—I speak not from report; but these mine eyes
Beheld the ruin which my tongue would utter.

Chor.—Alas! Is Ellas then unscathed? And has
Our arrowy tempest spent its force in vain?

Mess.—In heaps the unhappy dead lie on the strand,
Of Salamis, and all the neighboring shores.

Chor.—Raise the funereal cry, with dismal notes
Wailing the wretched Persians. O how ill
They plann'd their measures! All their army perished!

Mess.—O Salamis, how hateful is thy name!
Oh, how my heart groans but to think of Athens!

Chor.—How dreadful to her foes? Call to remembrance
How many Persian dames, wedded in vain,
Hath Athens of their noble husbands widow'd?

Atoss.—Astonish'd with these ills, my voice thus long
Hath wanted utterance: griefs like these exceed
The power of speech or question: yet e'en such,
Inflicted by the gods, must mortal man
Constrain'd by hard necessity, endure.

But tell me all, without distraction tell me
All this calamity, though many a groan
Burst from thy laboring heart. Who is not fallen?
What leader must we wail? What sceptred chief
Dying, hath left his troops without a lord?

Mess.—Xerxes himself lives, and beholds the light.

Atoss.—That word beams comfort on my house, a ray
That brightens through the melancholy gloom.

Mess.—Artembares, the potent chief that led
Ten thousand horse, lies slaughtered on the rocks
Of rough Silenæ. The great Dadaces,
Beneath whose standard march'd a thousand horse,
Pierced by a spear, fell headlong from the ship.
Tenagon, bravest of the Bactrians, lies

Roll'd on the wave-worn beach of Ajax's isle,
 Lilaus, Arsames, Argestes, dash
 With violence in death against the rocks
 Where nest the silver doves. Arcteus, that dwelt
 Near to the fountains of the Egyptian Nile,
 Adeues, and Pheresba, and Pharnuchus
 Fell from one ship. Matallus, Chrysa's chief,
 That led his dark'ning squadrons, thrice ten thousand,
 On jet-black steeds, with purple gore distain'd
 The yellow of his thick and shaggy beard.
 The Magian Arabus, and Artames
 From Bactra, mould'ring on the dreary shore
 Lie low. Amistris and Amphistreu there
 Grasps his war-wearied spear; there prostrate lies
 The illustrious Ariomardus; long his loss
 Shall Sardis weep; thy Mysian Sisames,
 And Tharybis, that o'er the burden'd deep
 Led five times fifty vessels; Lerna gave
 The hero birth, and manly grace adorn'd
 His pleasing form, but low in death he lies,
 Unhappy in his fate. Syennesis,
 Cilicia's warlike chief, who dared to front
 The foremost dangers, singly to the foes
 A terror, there, too, found a glorious death.
 These chieftains to my sad remembrance rise,
 Relating but a few of many ills.

Atoss.—This is the height of ill, ah me! and shame
 To Persia, grief, and lamentation loud.
 But tell me this, afresh renew thy tale:
 What was the number of the Grecian fleet,
 That in fierce conflict their bold barks should dare
 Rush to encounter with the Persian hosts.

Mess.—Know then, in numbers the barbaric fleet
 Was far superior: in ten squadrons, each
 Of thirty ships, Greece plough'd the deep; of these
 One held a distant station. Xerxes led
 A thousand ships; their number well I know;
 Two hundred more, and seven, that swept the seas
 With speediest sail: this was their full amount.
 And in the engagement seem'd we not secure
 Of victory? But unequal fortune sunk
 Our scale in fight, discomfitting our host.

Atoss.—The gods preserve the city of Minerva.

Mess.—The walls of Athens are impregnable,
 Their firmest bulwarks her heroic sons.

Atoss.—Which navy first advanced to the attack?
 Who led to the onset, tell me; the bold Greeks,
 Or, glorying in his numerous fleet, my son?

Mess.—Our evil genius, lady, or some god
 Hostile to Persia, led to ev'ry ill.
 Forth from the troops of Athens came a Greek,
 And thus addressed thy son, the imperial Xerxes:
 'Soon as the shades of night descend, the Grecians

Shall quit their station; rushing to their oars
They mean to separate, and in secret flight
Seek safety! At these words the royal chief,
Little conceiving of the wiles of Greece
And gods averse, to all the naval leaders
Gave his high charge:—'Soon as yon sun shall cease
To dart his radiant beams, and dark'ning night
Ascends the temple of the sky, arrange
In three divisions your well-ordered ships,
And guard each pass, each outlet of the seas:
Others enring around this rocky isle
Of Salamis. Should Greece escape her fate,
And work her way by secret flight, your heads
Shall answer the neglect.' This harsh command
He gave, exulting in his mind, nor knew
What Fate design'd. With martial discipline
And prompt obedience, snatching a repast,
Each mariner fixed well his ready oar.
Soon as the golden sun was set, and night
Advanced, each train'd to ply the dashing oar,
Assumed his seat; in arms each warrior stood,
Troop cheering troop through all the ships of war.
Each to the appointed station steers his course;
And through the night his naval force each chief
Fix'd to secure the passes. Night advanced,
But not by secret flight did Greece attempt
To escape. The morn, all beauteous to behold,
Drawn by white steeds bounds o'er the enlightened earth;
At once from every Greek with glad acclaim
Burst forth the song of war, whose lofty notes
The echo of the island rocks return'd,
Spreading dismay through Persia's hosts, thus fallen
From their high hopes; no flight this solemn strain
Portended, but deliberate valor bent
On daring battle; while the trumpet's sound
Kindled the flames of war. But when their oars,
The pæan ended, with impetuous force
Dash'd the resounding surges, instant all
Rush'd on in view: in orderly array
The squadron on the right first led, behind
Rode their whole fleet; and now distinct we heard
From every part this voice of exhortation:
'Advance ye sons of Greece, from thralldom save,
Your country,—save your wives, your children save,
The temples of your gods, the sacred tomb
Where rest your honor'd ancestors; this day
The common cause of all demands your valor!
Meantime from Persia's hosts the deep'ning shout
Answered their shout; no time for cold delay;
But ship 'gainst ship its brazen beak impell'd.
First to the charge a Grecian galley rush'd;
Ill the Phœnician bore the rough attack,

Its sculptured prow all shatter'd. Each advanc'd
 Daring an opposite. The deep array
 Of Persia at the first sustained the encounter;
 But their throng'd numbers, in the narrow seas
 Confined, want room for action; and, deprived
 Of mutual aid, beaks clash with beaks, and each
 Breaks all the other's oars: with skill disposed
 The Grecian navy circled them around
 In fierce assault; and rushing from its height
 The inverted vessel sinks: the sea no more
 Wears its accustom'd aspect, with foul wrecks
 And blood disfigured; floating carcasses
 Roll on the rocky shores: the poor remains
 Of the barbaric armament to flight
 Ply every oar inglorious: onward rush
 The Greeks amidst the ruins of the fleet,
 As through a shoal of fish caught in the net,
 Spreading destruction: the wide ocean o'er
 Wailings are heard, and loud laments, till night
 With darkness on her brow brought grateful truce.
 Should I recount each circumstance of woe,
 Ten times on my unfinished tale the sun
 Would set; for be assured that not one day
 Could close the ruin of so vast a host.

Atoss. Ah, what a boundless sea of woe hath burst
 On Persia, and the whole barbaric race!

Mess. These are not half, not half our ills; on these
 Came an assemblage of calamities,
 That sunk us with a double weight of woe.

Atoss. What fortune can be more unfriendly to us
 Than this? Say on, what dread calamity
 Sank Persia's host with greater weight of woe.

Mess. Whoe'er of Persia's warriors glow'd in prime
 Of vig'rous youth, or felt their generous souls
 Expand with courage, or for noble birth
 Shone with distinguish'd lustre, or excell'd
 In firm and duteous loyalty, all these
 Are fall'n, ignobly, miserably fall'n.

Atoss. Alas, their ruthless fate, unhappy friends!
 But in what manner tell me did they perish?

Mess. Full against Salamis an isle arises,
 Of small circumference, to the anchor'd bark
 Unfaithful; on the promontory's brow,
 That overlooks the sea, Pan loves to lead
 The dance: to this the monarch sends these chiefs
 That when the Grecians from their shatter'd ships
 Should here seek shelter, these might hew them down
 An easy conquest, and secure the strand
 To their sea-wearied friends; ill-judging what
 The event: but when the favoring god to Greece
 Gave the proud glory of this naval fight,
 Instant in all their glitt'ring arms they leap'd

From their light ships, and all the island round
Encompass'd that our bravest stood dismay'd;
While broken rocks, whirl'd with tempestuous force,
And storms of arrows crush'd them; then the Greeks
Rush to the attack at once, and furious spread
The carnage till each mangled Persian fell.
Deep were the groans of Xerxes when he saw
This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound
Commanding the wide sea, o'erlooked his host.
With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,
And through his troops embattled on the shore
Gave signal of retreat; then started wild,
And fled disorder'd. To the former ills
These are fresh miseries to awake thy sighs.

Atoss. Invidious Fortune, how thy baleful power
Hath sunk the hopes of Persia! Bitter fruit
My son hath tasted from his purposed vengeance
On Athens, famed for arms; the fatal field
Of Marathon, red with barbaric blood,
Sufficed not; that defeat he thought to avenge,
And pull'd this hideous ruin on his head.
But tell me, if thou canst, where didst thou leave
The ships that happily escaped the wreck?

Mess. The poor remains of Persia's scatter'd fleet
Spread ev'ry sail for flight, as the wind drives,
In wild disorder; and on land no less
The ruin'd army; in Bœotia some,
With thirst oppress'd, at Crene's cheerful rills
Were lost; forespent with breathless speed some pass
The fields of Phocis, some the Doric plain,
And near the gulf of Melia, the rich vale
Through which Sperchius rolls his friendly stream.
Achaia thence and the Thessalian state
Received our famished train; the greater part
Through thirst and hunger perished there, oppress'd
At once by both: but we our painful steps
Held onwards to Magnesia, and the land
Of Macedonia, o'er the ford of Axius,
And Bolbe's sedgy marshes, and the heights
Of steep Pangæos, to the realms of Thrace.
That night, ere yet the season, breathing frore,
Rush'd winter, and with ice encrusted o'er
The flood of sacred Strymon: such as own'd
No god till now, awe-struck, with many a prayer
Adored the earth and sky. When now the troops
Had ceased their invocations to the gods,
O'er the stream's solid crystal they began
Their march; and we, who took our early way,
Ere the sun darted his warm beams, pass'd safe:
But when his burning orb with fiery rays
Unbound the middle current, down they sunk
Each over other; happiest he who found

The speediest death: the poor remains, that 'scaped,
 With pain through Thrace dragg'd on their toilsome mar-¹
 A feeble few, and reach'd their native soil;
 So Persia sighs through all her States, and mourns
 Her dearest youth. This is no feigned tale:
 But many of the ills, that burst upon us
 In dreadful vengeance, I refrain to utter.

Chor. O Fortune, heavy with affliction's load,
 How hath thy foot crush'd all the Persian race!

Atoss. Ah me, what sorrows for our ruin'd host
 Oppress my soul! Ye visions of the night,
 Haunting my dreams, how plainly did you show
 These ills!—You set them in too fair a light.
 Yet since your bidding hath in this prevail'd,
 First to the gods wish I to pour my prayers
 Then to the mighty dead present my off'rings,
 Bringing libations from my house: too late,
 I know, to change the past; yet for the future,
 If haply better fortune may await it,
 Behooves you, on this sad event, to guide
 Your friends with faithful counsel, Should my son
 Return ere I have finish'd, let your voice
 Speak comfort to him; friendly to his house
 Attend him, nor let sorrow rise on sorrows.

CHORUS.

STROPHE.

Awful sovereign of the skies,
 When now o'er Persia's numerous host
 Thou badest the storm with ruin rise,
 All her proud vaunts of glory lost,
 Ecbatana's imperial head
 By thee was wrapt in sorrow's dark'ning shade;
 Through Susa's palaces with loud lament,
 By their soft hands their veils all rent,
 The copious tear the virgins pour,
 That trickles their bare bosoms o'er.
 From her sweet couch up starts the widow'd bride,
 Her lord's loved image rushing on her soul,
 Throws the rich ornaments of youth aside,
 And gives her griefs to flow without control:
 Her griefs not causeless; for the mighty slain
 Our melting tears demand, and sorrow-soften'd strain.

ANTISTROPHE.

Now her wailings wide despair
 Pours these exhausted regions o'er:
 Xerxes, ill-fated, led the war;
 Xerxes, ill-fated, leads no more;

Xerxes sent forth the unwise command,
 The crowded ships unpeopled all the land;
 That land, o'er which Darius held his reign,
 Courting the arts of peace, in vain,
 O'er all his grateful realm adored,
 The stately Susa's gentle lord.
 Black o'er the waves his burden'd vessels sweep,
 For Greece elate the warlike squadrons fly;
 Now crush'd and whelm'd beneath the indignant deep
 The shatter'd wrecks and lifeless heroes lie:
 While, from the arms of Greece escaped, with toil
 The unshelter'd monarch roams o'er Thracia's dreary soil.

EPODE.

The first in battle slain
 By Cychrea's craggy shore
 Through sad constraint, ah me! forsaken lie,
 All pale and smear'd with gore:—
 Raise high the mournful strain,
 And let the voice of anguish pierce the sky:—
 Or roll beneath the roaring tide,
 By monsters rent of touch abhorr'd;
 While through the widow'd mansion echoing wide
 Sounds the deep groan, and wails its slaughter'd lord:
 Pale with his fears the helpless orphan there
 Gives the full stream of plaintive grief to flow;
 While age its hoary head in deep despair
 Bends, list'ning to the shrieks of woe.
 With sacred awe
 The Persian law
 No more shall Asia's realms revere;
 To their lord's hand
 At his command
 No more the exacted tribute bear.
 Who now falls prostrate at the monarch's throne?
 His regal greatness is no more.
 Now no restraint the wanton tongue shall own,
 Free from the golden curb of power;
 For on the rocks, wash'd by the beating flood,
 His awe-commanding nobles lie in blood.

ATOSSA.—CHORUS.

Atossa.—Who'er, my friends, in the rough stream of life
 Hath struggled with affliction, thence is taught
 That, when the flood begins to swell, the heart
 Fondly fears all things; when the fav'ring gale
 Of fortune smooths the current, it expands
 With unsuspecting confidence, and deems
 That gale shall always breathe. So to my eyes

All things now wear a formidable shape,
And threaten from the gods: my ears are pierc'd
With sounds far other than of song. Such ills
Dismay my sick'ning soul: hence from my house
Nor glitt'ring car attends me, nor the train
Of wonted state, while I return, and bear
Libations soothing,—charms that soothe the dead:
White milk, and lucid honey, pure-distill'd
By the wild bee—that craftsman of the flowers:
The limpid droppings of the virgin fount,
And this bright liquid from its mountain-mother
Borne fresh—the joy of the time-honored vine:—
The pale-green olive's odorous fruit, whose leaves
Live everlastingly—and those wreathed flowers,
The smiling infants of the prodigal earth.

Lecture the Eleventh.

SOPHOCLES.

IT was in the very nature of the Athenian drama, as matured and perfected by Æschylus, to concentrate and absorb almost every variety of poetical genius. The old lyrical poetry ceased, in a great measure, when tragedy arose; or rather, tragedy was the complete development of the new and perfected consummation of the Dithyrambic ode. Poetry now passed into the choral song, as the epic merged into the dialogue and plot of the drama. Hence, at Athens, where audiences were numerous and readers few, every man who felt within himself the inspiration of the poet, would necessarily desire to see his poetry put into action—assisted with all the pomp of spectacle and music, hallowed by the solemnity of a religious festival, and breathed by artists elaborately trained to heighten the eloquence of words into the reverent ear of assembled Greece.

The career of Sophocles, the most majestic of the Greek poets, was eminently felicitous. His birth was noble, his fortune affluent; his natural gifts—genius and beauty—were the rarest that nature bestows on man. All the care which the age permitted was lavished on his education. For his feet even, the ordinary obstacles in the path of distinction were smoothed away. He entered life under auspices the most propitious and poetical. At the age of fifteen he headed the youths who performed the triumphal pæan round the trophy of Salamis. At twenty-five, when the bones of Theseus were borne back to Athens in the galley of the victorious Cimon, he exhibited his first play, and won the prize from Æschylus. That haughty genius, indignant at the success of a younger rival, soon after retired, as we have already observed, from Athens to Syracuse; and though he thence sent some of his dramas to the Athenian stage, the absent veteran could but excite less enthusiasm than the young aspirant, whose artful and polished genius was more in harmony with the reigning taste than the vast but rugged grandeur of Æschylus. Indeed,

it was impossible for Æschylus, tangibly and visibly, to body forth the shadowy Titans, and the obscure sublimity of his designs; and hence he never obtained a popularity on the stage equal to his celebrity as a poet.

For sixty-three years Sophocles continued to exhibit dramas; twenty times he obtained the first prize, and was never degraded to the third. The ordinary persecutions of envy itself seem to have spared this fortunate poet. To him were known neither the mortifications of Æschylus, nor the relentless mockery heaped upon Euripides. On his fair name the terrible Aristophanes himself affixed no brand. The sweetness of his genius extended indeed to his temper, and personal popularity assisted his public triumphs. Nor did he appear to have keenly shared the party animosities of the day. His serenity, however, has in it something of enviable rather than honorable indifference. He owed his first distinction to Cimon, and he served afterwards under Pericles: on his entrance into life, he led the youths that circled the trophy of Grecian freedom; and on the verge of death, he calmly assented to the surrender of Athenian liberties. Hence Aristophanes, perhaps, mingled more truth than usual with his wit, when even in the shades below he says of Sophocles, 'He was contented here—he is contented there.' A disposition thus facile, united with an admirable genius, will, not unfrequently, effect a miracle, and reconcile prosperity with fame.

Critics have greatly erred in representing Æschylus and Sophocles as belonging to the same era, and referring both to the age of Pericles. These two great poets were formed under the influence of very different generations; and if Æschylus lived through the early part of the career of Sophocles, the accident of longevity by no means warrants us in considering them the children of the same age—the creatures of the same influences. Æschylus belonged to the race and the period from which emerged Miltiades, Themistocles and Aristides—Sophocles to those which produced Phidias, Pericles, and Socrates;—while Æschylus, from the grandeur and sublimity of his genius might be called the Miltiades, Sophocles, from the calmness of his disposition, and the symmetry and stateliness of his genius, might be entitled the Pericles of poetry.

Sophocles was a native of the Attic village of Colonus, which was situated within a mile of the city of Athens, and the scenery and religious associations of which have been described by the poet, in his last, and perhaps his greatest work, in a manner which shows how powerful an influence his birth-place exercised on the whole current of his genius. The date of his birth, according to the most reliable authorities, was 495 A.C. His father's name was Sophilus, but with regard to his condition in life, we have many very contradictory accounts. According to Aristoxenus, he was a carpenter or smith; and, according to Ister, he was a sword-maker.

The probability is, however, that Sophilus followed neither of these trades himself, but that, as was very common at that time in Athens, he possessed a number of slaves, some of whom may have been employed in either of those branches of handicraft. This idea is countenanced by the sequel of Sophocles' own life; for it is not probable that the son of a common artificer should have been associated in military command with the first men of the State, such as Pericles and Thucydides, and also because, if he had been low-born, the comic poets would not have failed to expose the fact, and attack him on that ground. To our own mind these arguments are entirely conclusive; for the proud Athenians were too tenacious to preserve the distinctions of birth, to permit them to be, under any circumstances, disregarded.

But whatever may have been the condition of Sophocles' parents, it is evident that he received an education not inferior to that of the sons of the most distinguished citizens of Athens. To both of the two leading branches of Greek education, music and gymnastics, he was carefully trained, in company with the boys of his own age, and in each he gained the prize of a garland. Of the skill which he had attained in music and dancing in his sixteenth year, and of the perfection of his bodily form, we have conclusive evidence in the fact that, when the Athenians were assembled in solemn festival around the trophy which they had set up in Salamis to celebrate their victory over the fleet of Xerxes, Sophocles was chosen to lead, naked and with lyre in hand, the chorus which danced about the trophy and sung the song of triumph. In music Sophocles was instructed by the celebrated Lamprus, and he is said, by one of his biographers, to have learned the art of tragedy from no less an instructor than Æschylus; but this latter statement means nothing more than that Sophocles, having received the art in the form to which it had been advanced by Æschylus, made in it other improvements of his own.

Having attained the twenty-seventh year of his age, and completed his preparatory studies, Sophocles now prepared to make his first appearance as a dramatist. The circumstances were peculiarly interesting; not only from the fact that Sophocles, a comparative youth, came forward as the rival of the veteran Æschylus, whose supremacy had been maintained during an entire generation, but also from the character of the judges. It was, in reality, a contest between the new and the old styles of tragic poetry, in which the competitors were the greatest dramatists, with the single exception of Shakspeare, that ever wrote, and the umpires were the first men, in position and education, of a State in which almost every citizen had a nice perception of the beauties of poetry and art. The solemnities of the Great Dionysia were rendered more imposing by the return of Cimon from his expedition to Scyros, bringing with him the bones of Theseus, the founder of the Attican confederacy. Public expectation was so excited respecting the approaching dramatic contest,

and party-feeling ran so high, that Apsephion, the Archon Eponymus, whose duty it was to appoint the judges, had not yet ventured to proceed to the final act of drawing the lots for their election, when Cimon, with his nine colleagues in the command, having entered the theatre, and made the customary libations to Dionysus, the Archon detained them at the altar, and administered to them the oath appointed for the judges in the dramatic contests. After much deliberation, the decision was in favor of Sophocles, and the first prize was accordingly bestowed upon him. Æschylus, though the second prize was awarded to him, was so much mortified at his defeat, that, as has already been observed, he soon after left Athens and retired to Sicily. The drama which Sophocles exhibited on this occasion is supposed to have been the *Triptolemus*, and to have had for its principal subject the institution of the Eleusinian mysteries, and the establishment of the worship of Demeter at Athens.

The date of this contest between Sophocles and Æschylus was 468 A.C.; and from that period the former, for nearly thirty years, held, uninterruptedly, the supremacy of the Athenian stage. The year 440 A.C. may be regarded as the most important in the poet's life. In the spring of that year he brought out the earliest and one of the best of his extant dramas—the *Antigone*—a play which afforded the Athenians such satisfaction, especially on account of the political wisdom it displayed, that they appointed him one of the ten *Strategi*, of whom Pericles was the chief, in the war against the aristocratical faction of Samos. The event occurred when Sophocles was fifty-five years of age, and seven years before the commencement of the Peloponnesian war.

Sophocles' genius was not, however, adapted to military pursuits, and he, therefore, neither obtained nor sought for any military reputation: he would often good-humoredly repeat the judgment of Pericles concerning him, that he understood the making of poetry, but not the commanding of an army. From an anecdote preserved by Athenæus from the Travels of the poet Ion, it appears that Sophocles was engaged in bringing up the reinforcements from Chios, and that, amidst the occupations of his military command, he preserved his wonted tranquillity of mind, and found leisure to gratify his voluptuous tastes, and to delight his comrades with his calm and pleasant conversation at their banquets. Indeed Sophocles, according to Plutarch, was not ashamed to confess that he had no claim to military distinction; for, when he was serving with Nicias, probably in the Sicilian expedition, upon being asked by that general his opinion first, in a council of war, as being the oldest of the *Strategi*, he replied, 'I indeed am the oldest in years, but you in counsel.'

One of the most interesting incidents connected with this period of the life of Sophocles, is the opportunity it afforded him of forming an intimacy with Herodotus, the father of history. Herodotus was still resid-

ing at Samos when Sophocles sailed thither with the Athenian troops; and, according to Plutarch, so familiar an intercourse subsisted between the great poet and the historian during the stay of the former in the island, that, before he left, he composed a complimentary poem for Herodotus, and in it inserted his own age. To sustain this intimacy, Herodotus afterwards made his visits to Athens very frequent; and the influence of the familiar intercourse between the poet and the historian may be still traced in those striking parallelisms in their works which naturally arose out of their mutual admiration of each other's genius.

The latter part of the life of Sophocles, extending from the fifty-sixth year of his age till his death, and embracing a period of thirty-four years, was that of his greatest poetical activity, and to it belong all his extant dramas. Respecting his personal history, however, during this period, we have scarcely any details. The excitement of the Peloponnesian war seems to have had no other influence upon him than to stimulate his literary efforts by the new impulse which it gave to the intellectual activity of the age; until that disastrous period after the Sicilian expedition, when the reaction of unsuccessful war abroad led to anarchy at home. Then we find him, like others of the chief literary men of Athens, joining in the desperate attempt to stay the ruin of their country by means of an aristocratic revolution; although Sophocles took no other part in this movement, than to assent to it as a measure of public safety. When the Athenians, on receiving the news of the utter destruction of their Sicilian army, appointed ten of the elders of the city, as a sort of committee of public salvation, Sophocles was one of the number. As he was then in his eighty-third year, it is not probable, however, that he took any active part in their proceedings, or that he was chosen for any other reason than for the authority of his name.

But whatever may have been Sophocles' connection with the establishment of the oligarchical Council of Four Hundred, in 411 A.C., one thing at least, as to his political principles, is evident, and that is, that he was an ardent lover of his country. The patriotic sentiments which we still admire in his poems, were fully illustrated by his own conduct; for, unlike Simonides and Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, and Plato, and others of the greatest poets and philosophers of Greece, Sophocles would never condescend to accept the patronage of monarchs, or to leave his country in compliance with their repeated invitations. His affections were fixed upon the land that had produced the heroes of Marathon and Salamis, whose triumphs were associated with his earliest recollections; and his eminently religious spirit loved to dwell upon the sacred city of Athens, and the hallowed groves of his sacred Colonus. In his latter days he filled the office of priest to Halon, a native hero, and the gods are said to have rewarded his devotion by granting him supernatural revelations.

Towards the close of his life Sophocles was subjected to one of the severest and most unnatural trials that his sensitive nature could have been summoned to bear. His family consisted of two sons, Iophon, the offspring of Nicostrate, a free woman of Athens, and Ariston, by Theoris, a native of Sicyon: he had also a grandson named Sophocles, the son of Ariston, for whom he showed the greatest affection. Iophon who was, by the laws of Athens, his father's rightful heir, jealous of Sophocles' love for the son of Ariston, and apprehensive that he intended to bestow upon him a large proportion of his property, had him cited before a certain court that had jurisdiction in family affairs, to answer to the charge of insanity. As his only reply, Sophocles exclaimed, 'If I am Sophocles, I am not beside myself; and if I am beside myself, I am not Sophocles;' and then proceeded to read from his *Œdipus at Colonus*, which he had recently written, but had not yet brought out, one of its most magnificent passages, upon which the judges not only at once dismissed the case, but also severely rebuked Iophon for his undutiful and unnatural conduct. To this incident, and to the forgiveness of his son, Sophocles is supposed to allude, in the lines in the '*Œdipus at Colonus*,' where Antigone pleads with her father, Polynices, as other fathers had been induced to forgive their bad children.

The various accounts of the circumstances attending the death and burial of Sophocles are very conflicting, and bear a fictitious and poetical aspect. According to Ister and Neanthes, he was choked by a grape; while Satyrus relates that in a public recitation of the *Antigone* he sustained his voice so long without a pause that, through the weakness of extreme old age, he lost his breath and his life together; and others ascribe his death to the excessive joy which the obtaining of his last poetic prize produced. But whatever may have been the immediate cause of his death, it is certain that he lived to pass the ninetieth year of his age, and that so great was the respect in which the Athenians held his memory, that for many years after they honored it with an annual sacrifice.

By the universal consent of the best critics, of both ancient and modern times, the tragedies of Sophocles are not only the perfection of the Greek drama; but they approach, as nearly as is conceivable, to the perfect ideal model of that species of poetry. Such a point of perfection, in any art, is always the result of a combination of causes, of which the internal impulse of the author's own creative genius is but one. The external influences which determine the direction of that genius, and give the opportunity for its manifestations, must be most carefully considered. Among these influences, none is more powerful than the political and intellectual character of the age.

That point,—in the language of Philip Smith—in the history of states,—in which the minds of men, newly set free from traditional dogmatic systems, have not yet been given up to the vagaries of unbridled speculations—in which religious objects and ideas are still looked upon with reverence, but no longer worshipped at a distance, as too solemn and mysterious for a free and rational contemplation—in which a newly-recovered freedom is valued in proportion to the order which forms its rule and sanction, and license has not yet overpowered law—in which man firmly, but modestly, puts forward his claim to be his own ruler and his own priest, to think and work for himself and for his country, controlled only by those laws which are needful to hold society together, and to subject individual energy to the public welfare—in which successful war has roused the spirit, quickened the energies, and increased the resources of a people, but prosperity and faction have not yet corrupted the heart and dissolved the bonds of society—when the taste, the leisure, and the wealth, which demand and encourage the means of refined pleasure, have not yet been indulged to that degree of exhaustion which requires more exciting and unwholesome stimulants—such is the period which brings forth the most perfect productions in literature and art; such was the period which gave birth to Sophocles and Phidias.

To these external influences, which affected the spirit of the drama as it appears in Sophocles, must be added the changes in its form and mechanism, which enlarged its sphere and modified its character. Of these changes, the most important was the addition of the third actor, by which three persons were allowed to appear on the stage at once, instead of only two. This change vastly enlarged the scope of the dramatic action, and, indeed, as Müller justly observes, ‘it appeared to accomplish all that was necessary to the variety and mobility of action in tragedy, without sacrificing that simplicity and clearness which, in the good ages of antiquity, were always held to be the most essential qualities.’ By the addition of this third actor, the chief person of the drama was brought under two conflicting influences, by the force of which both sides of his character are at once displayed; as in the scene where Antigone has to contend at the same time with the weakness of Ismene and the tyranny of Creon. Even those scenes in which only two actors appear are more significant by their relation to the parts of the drama in which the action combines all three.

Sophocles also introduced some very important modifications into the choral parts of the drama—raising, according to Suidas, the number of the chorus from twelve, to fifteen: he also curtailed the choral odes, which, in the tragedies of Æschylus, occupied a large space, and formed a sort of lyric exhibition of the subject, interwoven with the dramatic representation. His choruses also are less closely connected with the general subject and progress of the drama than those of Æschylus. In

Æschylus the chorus is a deeply interested party, often taking a decided and even vehement share in the action, and generally involved in the catastrophe; but the chorus of Sophocles has more of the character of a spectator, moderator, and judge, comparatively impartial, but sympathising generally with the chief character of the play, while it explains and harmonizes, as far as possible, the feelings of all the actors.

By such changes as these Sophocles made the tragedy a *drama*, in the proper sense of the word. The interest and progress of the piece centered almost entirely in the actions and speeches of the persons on the stage. A necessary consequence of this alteration, combined with the addition of the third actor, was a much more careful elaboration of the dialogue; and the care bestowed upon this part of the composition, is one of the most striking features of the art of Sophocles, whether we regard the energy and point of the conversations which take place upon the stage, or the vivid pictures of actions occurring elsewhere, which are drawn in the speeches of the messengers. It must not, however, be imagined that, in bestowing so much care upon the dialogue, and confining their choral parts within their proper limits, Sophocles was careless as to the mode in which he executed the latter. On the contrary, he appears as if determined to use his utmost efforts to compensate, in the beauty of his odes, for what he had taken away from them in their length. His early attainments in music—the period in which his lot was cast, when the great cycle of lyric poetry had been completed, and he could take Simonides and Pindar as the starting point of his efforts—the majestic choral poetry of his great predecessor Æschylus, which he regarded rather as a standard to be surpassed, than as a pattern to be imitated—combined with his own genius and exquisite taste, to give birth to those brief but perfect effusions of lyric poetry, the undisturbed enjoyment of which was reckoned by Aristophanes as among the choicest fruits of peace.

The last improvement that we shall notice, made by Sophocles upon the representation of the drama, though merely mechanical in its nature, was of the utmost importance—the introduction of *painted scenes* adapted to the localities of the play exhibited. The *invention* of scene-painting is expressly attributed to Sophocles, by Aristotle; and the advantages which its introduction gave him over his great predecessor, must be too obvious to need any illustration.

All these external and formal arrangements had necessarily the most important influence on the whole spirit and character of the tragedies of Sophocles; as in the works of the first-rate artist, the form is an essential part of the substance. But not to dwell any longer on the various characteristics of the great dramatist, we shall proceed to illustrate our remarks by analysing some of his extant plays, and selecting extracts from others.

Sophocles, according to Suidas, was the author of one hundred and thirteen dramas, comprising both tragedies and satirical plays. Of these dramas seven tragedies have been preserved; and from the estimation in which these were held by the ancients, we may naturally infer that they were amongst the most valuable of his productions. Müller places them in the following chronological order:—*Antigone*, *Electra*, *Trachinian Women*, *King Œdipus*, *Ajax*, *Philoctetes*, and *Œdipus at Colonus*.

The ‘*Antigone*’ turns entirely on the contest between the interests and requirements of the *State*, and the rights and duties of the *family*. Thebes has successfully repulsed the attack of the Argive army; but Polynices, one of her citizens, and a member of the Theban royal family, lies dead before the walls among the enemies who had threatened Thebes with fire and sword. Creon, the king of Thebes, only follows a custom of the Greeks, the object of which was to preserve a State from the attacks of its own citizens, when he leaves the enemy of his native land unburied, as a prey to dogs and vultures; yet the manner in which he keeps up this political principle, the excessive severity of the punishment denounced against those who wished to bury the corpse, the terrible threats addressed to those who watched it, and, still more, the boastful and violent strains in which he sets forth and extols his own principles—all this gives us a proof of that infatuation of a narrow mind, unenlightened by gentleness of a higher nature, which appeared to the Greeks to contain in itself a foreboding of approaching misfortune. But what was to be done by the relations of the dead man, the females in his family, on whom the care of the corpse was imposed as a religious duty, by the universal law of the Greeks? That they shall feel their duty to the family in all its force, and not comprehend what they owed to the State, is in accordance with the natural character of women; but while the one sister, Ismene, only sees the impossibility of performing the former duty, the great soul of Antigone fires with the occasion, and forms resolves of the greatest boldness. Defiance begets defiance: Creon’s harsh decree calls forth in her breast the most obstinate, inflexible self-will, which disregards all consequences, and despises all gentler means. In this consists her guilt, which Sophocles does not conceal; on the contrary, he brings it prominently before us, and especially in the choruses; but the very reason why Antigone is so highly tragical a character is this, that notwithstanding the crime she has committed, she appears to us so great and so amiable. The sentinel’s description of her, how she came to the corpse in the burning heat of the sun, while a scorching whirlwind was throwing all nature into confusion, and how she raised a shrill cry of woe when she saw that the earth she had scattered over it had been taken away, is a picture of a being, who, possessed by an ethereal idea as by an irresistible law of nature, blindly follows her own noble impulses.

It must, however, be remembered that it is not the tragical end of this

great and noble creature, but the disclosure of Creon's infatuation, which forms the general object of the tragedy; and that, although Sophocles considered Antigone as going beyond what women should dare, he lays much more stress on the truth—*there is something holy without and above the State, to which the State should pay respect and reverence*—a doctrine which Antigone herself declares with irresistible truth and sublimity. Every movement in the course of this piece, which could shake Creon in the midst of his madness, and open his eyes to his own situation, turns upon this, and is especially directed to him:—the noble security with which Antigone, relies on the holiness of her deed; the sisterly affection of Ismene, who would willingly share the consequences of the act; the loving zeal of Hæmon, who is at first prudent and then desperate; the warnings of Tiresias:—all are in vain, till the latter breaks out into those prophetic threatenings of misfortune which at last, when it is too late, penetrate Creon's hardened heart. Hæmon slays himself on the body of Antigone, the death of the mother follows that of her son, and Creon is compelled to acknowledge that there are blessings in one's family, for which no political wisdom is an adequate substitute.

A few detached passages is all that our space will allow us to present of this important and interesting production. Antigone having been discovered in her second attempt to bury the remains of her brother, is brought before the tyrant, and the following scene is presented:

CREON.—ANTIGONE.—CHORUS.

Cr. Answer then,—
Bending thy head to earth, dost thou confess,
Or canst deny the charge?
Ant. I do confess it
Freely; I scorn to disavow the act.
Cr. Reply with answer brief to one plain question,
Without evasion. Didst thou know the law,
That none should do this deed?
Ant. I knew it well:
How could I fail to know; it was most plain.
Cr. Didst thou then dare transgress our royal mandate?
Ant. Ne'er did eternal Jove such laws ordain,
Or Justice, throned amid th' infernal powers,
Who on mankind these holier rites imposed,—
Nor can I deem thine edict armed with power,
To contravene the firm unwritten laws
Of the just gods, thyself a weak frail mortal!
These are no laws of yesterday,—they live
For evermore, and none can trace their birth.
I would not dare, by mortal threat appalled,
To violate their sanction, and incur
The vengeance of the gods. I knew before

That I must die, though thou hadst ne'er proclaim'd it,
 And if I perish ere th' allotted term,
 I deem that death a blessing. Who that lives,
 Like me, encompassed by unnumbered ills,
 But would account it blessedness to die?
 If then I meet the doom thy laws assign,
 It nothing grieves me. Had I left my brother,
 From my own mother sprung, on the bare earth
 To lie unburied, that indeed might grieve me;
 But for this deed I mourn not. If to thee
 Mine actions seem unwise, 'tis thine own soul
 That errs from wisdom, when it deems me senseless.

Ch. This maiden shows her father's stubborn soul,
 And scorns to bend beneath misfortune's power.

Cr. Yet thou might'st know, that loftiest spirits oft
 Are bowed to deepest shame; and thou might'st mark
 The hardest metal soft and ductile made
 By the resistless energy of flame;
 Oft, too, the fiery courser have I seen
 By a small bit constrained. High arrogant thoughts
 Beseem not one, whose duty is submission.
 In this presumption she was lessoned first
 When our imperial laws she dared to spurn,
 And to that insolent wrong fresh insult adds,
 In that she glories, vaunting of the deed.
 Henceforth no more deem mine a manly soul;—
 Concede that name to hers, if from this crime
 She shall escape unpunished. Though she spring
 From our own sister, she shall not evade
 A shameful death.

Ant. And welcome! Whence could I
 Obtain a holier praise than by committing
 My brother to the tomb? These, too, I know
 Would all approve the action, but that fear
 Curbs their free thoughts to base and servile silence;
 But 'tis the noble privilege of tyrants
 To say and do whate'er their lordly will,
 Their only law, may prompt.

Cr. Of all the Thebans
 Dost thou alone see this?

Ant. They, too, behold it,
 But fear constrains them to an abject silence.

Cr. Doth it not shame thee to dissent from these?

Ant. I cannot think it shame to love my brother.

Cr. Was not he too, who died for Thebes, thy brother?

Ant. He was; and of the self-same parents born.

Cr. Why then dishonor him to grace the guilty?

Ant. The dead entombed will not attest thy words.

Cr. Yes; if thou honor with an equal doom
 That impious wretch.

Ant. He did not fall a slave,
 He was my brother.

Cr. Yet he wronged his country;
 The other fought undaunted in her cause.
Ant. Still death at least demands an equal law.
Cr. Ne'er should the base be honored like the noble.
Ant. Who knows, if this be holy in the shades?
Cr. Death cannot change a foe into a friend.
Ant. My nature tends to mutual love, not hatred.
Cr. Then to the grave, and love them, if thou must.
 But while I live no woman shall bear sway.

CHORUS.

STROPHE I.

What blessedness is theirs, whose earthly date
 Glides unembittered by the taste of woe!
 But when a house is struck by angry Fate,
 Through all its line what ceaseless miseries flow!
 As when from Thrace rude whirlwinds sweep,
 And in thick darkness wrap the yawning deep,
 Conflicting surges on the strand
 Dash the black mass of boiling sand
 Rolled from the deep abyss,—the rocky shore,
 Struck by the swollen tide, reverberates the roar.

ANTISTROPHE I.

I see the ancient miseries of thy race,
 O Labdacus! arising from the dead
 With fresh despair; nor sires from sons efface
 The curse some angry power hath rivetted
 Forever on thy destined line!
 Once more a cheering radiance seemed to shine
 O'er the last relic of thy name;—
 This, too, the Powers of Darkness claim,
 Cut off by Hell's keen scythe combined
 With haughty words unwise, and frenzy of the mind.

STROPHE II.

Can mortal arrogance restrain
 Thy matchless might, imperial Jove!
 Which all-subduing sleep assaults in vain,
 And months celestial, as they move,
 In never-wearied train:—
 Spurning the power of age, enthroned in might,
 Thou dwell'st 'mid heaven's broad light.
 This was, in ages past, thy firm decree,
 Is now, and must forever be;
 That none of mortal race on earth shall know,
 A life of joy serene, a course unmarked by woe.

ANTISTROPHE. II.

Hope beams with ever-varying ray;
 Now fraught with blessings to mankind,

Now with vain dreams that lure but to betray;—

And man pursues, with ardor blind,
Her still deluding way,
Till on the latent flame he treads dismayed.
Wisely the sage hath said,
And time hath proved his truth, that when by heaven
To woe man's darkened soul is driven,
Evil seems good to his distorted mind,
Till soon he meets and mourns the doom by fate assigned.
But lo! the youngest of thy sons,
Hæmon advances—comes he wrung with grief
For the impending doom
Of his fair plighted bride, Antigone,
And mourning much his blasted nuptial joys!

Enter HÆMON.

Cr. We soon shall need no prophet to inform us.
Hearing our doom irrevocably past
On thy once destined bride, com'st thou my son,
Incensed against thy father? or, thus acting,
Still do we share thy reverence?

Hæ. I am thine,
And thou, my father, dost direct my youth
By prudent counsels, which shall ever guide me;
Nor any nuptials can with me outweigh
A father's just command.

Cr. 'Tis well, my son:
A mind like this befits thee, to esteem
All else subservient to a father's will.
Hence 'tis the prayer, the blessing of mankind,
To nourish in their homes a duteous race,
Who on their foes may well requite their wrongs,
And, as their father, honor friends sincere.
But he who to a mean and dastard race
Gives life, engenders to himself regret,
And much derision to his taunting foes.
Then do not thou, my son, by love betrayed,
Debase thy generous nature for a woman;
But think how joyless is the cold embrace
Of an unworthy consort. Is there wound
Which galls more keenly than a faithless friend?
Spurn, then, this maiden, as a foe abhorred,
To seek in Hell a more congenial bridegroom.
Since her have I convicted—her alone
Of all the city, daring to rebel:
My people shall not brand their king a liar!
She dies. And let her now invoke her Jove,
Who guards the rights of kindred. If I brook
Rebellion thus from those allied by blood,
How strong a plea may strangers justly urge!
He who upholds the honor of his house,
By a strict, impartial justice will be proved
True to the public weal. Nor can I doubt

The man who governs well, yet knows no less
 To render due obedience, will be found
 A just and firm confederate in the storm
 Of peril and of war. Who dares presume
 With insolent pride to trample on the laws,
 Shall never win from me the meed of praise.
 He whom the State elects should be obeyed
 In all his mandates, trivial though they seem,
 Or just or unjust. Of all human ills,
 None is more fraught with woes than anarchy;
 It lays proud States in ruin, it subverts
 Contending households; 'mid the battle-strife
 Scatters the serried ranks, while to the wise,
 Who promptly yield, obedience brings success.
 Still, then, by monarchs this shall be maintained,
 Nor e'er surrendered to a woman's will.
 'Tis better far, if we must fall, to fall
 By man, than thus be branded the weak prey,
 The abject prey, of female conquerors.

Ch. To us, unless our soul be dull with age,
 Thy words, O King, seem well and wisely urged.

Hæ. The gods, my father, have on man bestowed
 Their noblest treasure—Reason. To affirm,
 That in thy words from prudence thou hast swerved,
 Nor power have I, nor knowledge to maintain.
 Such task were meeter from a stranger's lips.
 'Tis mine to guard thine interests;—to explore
 How each may think, and act, and vent on thee
 His cutting censure. Thine indignant eye
 Appals the people, when their uttered thoughts
 Might haply wound thine ear. But to observe
 These darkly-whispered murmurs is my office.
 'How the whole State laments this helpless maid,
 Of all her sex least worthy of such doom
 As waits her now, for deeds most truly noble;
 Who could not brook to leave her brother slain
 In fight, without a tomb, nor cast his corpse
 A prey to ravening dogs and birds obscene.
 Doth she not merit glory's brightest meed?
 Such is the general sentence. O my father,
 No treasure can be dearer to thy son,
 Than thine own prosperous honors. What reflects
 Such pride on children as a generous sire,
 Such joy in parents as a noble offspring?
 O, then, indulge not thou this mood alone,
 To deem no reasoning cogent save thine own;
 For he who vaunts himself supremely skilled,
 In speech and judgment o'er his fellow-men,
 When weighed in wisdom's balance, is found wanting.
 It cannot shame a mortal, though most wise,
 To learn much from experience, and in much
 Submit. Thou seest the pliant trees, that bow

Beneath the rushing torrent, rise unstripped;
 But all, that stem erect its onward course,
 Uprooted fall and perish. Quell thy wrath—
 Unbend to softer feelings. If one ray
 Of wisdom's light my younger breast illumine,
 I deem the man, whose vast expansive mind
 Grasps the whole sphere of knowledge—noblest far;
 But since such boon is rare, the second praise
 Is this, to learn from those whose words are wise.

Ch. If he hath spoken wisely, my good lord,
 'Tis fit to weigh his reasoning. Thou, too, youth, [*To Hæmon*]
 Regard thy father's. Both have argued well.

Cr. And must we stoop, in this our cooler age,
 Thus to be lessoned by a beardless boy?

Hæ. Not stoop to learn injustice. I am young,
 But thou shouldst weigh my actions, not my years.

Cr. Thou deem'st it justice, then, to favor rebels?

Hæ. Ne'er would I ask thy favor for the guilty.

Cr. Is not this maiden stained with manifest guilt?

Hæ. The general voice of Thebes repels the charge.

Cr. Shall then the city dictate laws to me?

Hæ. Do not thy words betray a very youth?

Cr. Should I, or should another, sway the State?

Hæ. That is no State, which crouches to one despot!

Cr. Is not a monarch master of his State?

Hæ. How nobly would'st thou lord it o'er a desert!

Cr. Behold, I pray you, how this doughty warrior
 Strives in a woman's cause.

Hæ. Art thou a woman?

I strive for none, save thee.

Cr. Oh thou most vile!

Wouldst thou withstand thy father?

Hæ. When I see

My father swerve from justice.

Cr. Do I err,

Revering mine own laws?

Hæ. Dost thou revere them,

When thou wouldst trample on the laws of heaven?

Cr. O thou degenerate wretch! thou woman's slave!

Hæ. Ne'er shall thou find me the vile slave of baseness!

Cr. Thou ne'er shalt wed her living.

Hæ. If she die,

Her death shall crush another.

Cr. Daring villian,

Dost thou proceed to threats?

Hæ. And does he threat

Who but refutes vain counsels?

Cr. At thy cost,

Shalt thou reprove me, void thyself of sense.

Hæ. Now, but thou art my father, I would say
 That thou art most unwise.

Cr. Hence, woman's slave!

And prate no more to me.

Hæ. Wouldst thou then speak
Whate'er thou list, and not endure reply?

Cr. Aye, is it true? Then by Olympian Jove,
I swear thou shalt not beard me thus unpunished!
Ho! bring that hated thing, that she may die,
E'en in the presence of her doting bridegroom.

Hæ. Believe it not. Before mine eyes at least,
She shall not die, nor thou such dream indulge;
I quit thy sight forever. They who list
May stand the tame spectators of thy madness. [Exit Hamon.]

Ch. The youth has passed, my lord, in desperate wrath;
A soul like his may rush from rankling grief
To deeds of frenzy.

Cr. Let him do, and dare
Beyond the power of man, he shall not save her.

Ch. What death dost thou design her?

Cr. To a spot
By mortal foot untrodden, will I lead her;
And deep immure her in a rocky cave,
Leaving enough of sustenance to provide
A due atonement, that the State may shun
Pollution from her death. There let her call
On gloomy Hades, the sole power she owns,
To shield her from her doom; or learn, though late,
At least this lesson; 'tis a bootless task
To render homage to the powers of hell.

* * * * *

[*Antigone is brought in guarded.*]

STROPHE I.

Ant. Behold me, princes of my native land!
Treading the last sad path,
And gazing on the latest beam
Of yon resplendent sun—
To gaze no more forever! The stern hand
Of all-entombing Death
Impels me—living still—
To Acheron's bleak shore—ungraced
By nuptial rites;—no hymeneal strain
Hath hymned my hour of bliss,
And joyless Death will be my bridegroom now.

Ch. Therefore, with endless praise renowned,
To those drear regions wilt thou pass;
Unwasted aught by slow disease,
Unwounded by avenging sword,
Spontaneous, living, sole of mortal birth,
Shalt thou to death descend.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Ant. Yes! I have heard by how severe a doom
The Phrygian stranger died
On Sipylus' bleak brow sublime,
Whom, in its cold embrace;

The creeping rock, like wreathing ivy, strained.
 Her, in chill dews dissolved,
 As antique legends tell,
 Ne'er do th' exhaustless snows desert,
 Nor from her eyes do trickling torrents cease
 To gush. A doom like hers,
 Alas, how like! hath fate reserved for me.

Ch. A goddess she, and sprung from gods;—
 We, mortal as our fathers were.
 What matchless fame is thine! to fall like those
 Of ancestry divine!

STROPHE II.

Ant. Ah me! I am derided. Why, oh why,
 By my ancestral gods,
 Why do ye mock, ere yet the tomb
 Hath veiled me from your sight?
 O my loved Thebes! and ye,
 Her lordly habitants!
 O ye Dircean streams!
 Thou sacred grove of ear-compelling Thebes!
 I here invoke you to attest my wrongs,
 How, by my friends unwept, and by what laws,
 I sink into the cavern—gloom
 Of this untimely sepulchre!
 Me miserable!

Outcast from earth, and from the tomb,
 I am not of the living or the dead.

Ch. Hurried to daring's wild excess,
 Deeply, my daughter, hast thou sinned,
 Against the exalted throne of Right.
 The woes that crushed thy father, fall on thee.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ant. Ah! thou hast probed mine anguish to the quick,
 The source of all my pangs,
 My father's widely-blazoned fate;
 And the long train of ills,
 Which crushed, in one wide wreck
 The famed Labdacidæ!
 Woe for the withering curse
 Of those maternal nuptials, which impelled
 My sire, unconscious, to a parent's couch!
 From whom I sprung, by birth a very wretch:

Ch. Religion bids us grace the dead;
 But might, when regal might bears sway,
 Must never, never, be contemned.
 Thine own unbending pride hath sealed thy doom.

Ant. Unmourned, unfriended, 'reft of bridal joys,
 Despairingly I tread
 The path too well prepared.
 No more forever must I hail thy beams

Thou glad and holy sun!
 Yet to my doom no sorrowing friend accords
 The tribute of a tear.

Enter CREON.

Cr. What, know ye not, that none, ere death arrive,
 Would ever cease their plaints, could words avail them?
 Instant conduct her hence; and, as I bade,
 Immure her in the deep sepulchral cave;
 There leave her lone and desolate, or to die
 Or live imprisoned in that drear abode.
 We from her death shall thus be pure; and she
 Shall hold no more communion with the living.

Ant. O tomb! O bridal bed! O dark abode!
 My ever-during prison! whither now
 I sink to join my kindred, a sad train,
 Whom Proserpine among the silent dead
 Hath long received;—of whom the last in time,
 The first in sorrow, I to death descend,
 Ere mine allotted earthly turn be past.
 Yet e'en in death I cherish one warm hope,
 That dear to my loved father I shall come,
 Dear to thee, mother! and most dear to thee,
 My brother! for in death my hand received you,
 Your relics laved, your lifeless limbs composed,
 And o'er your tomb libations poured. And now,
 Dear Polynices, I have honored thee
 With funeral rites, and thus do they requite me.
 Yet will not justice blame my pious care;—
 Which of your laws, ye Powers, have I transgressed?
 Yet wherefore do I turn me to the gods?—
 Whom shall I call to aid me, since I meet
 For pious deeds the vengeance of the guilty?
 If acts like these are sanctioned by the gods,
 I will address me to my doom in silence;
 If not, and these offend, may heaven requite
 On them such evils as they wreak on me.

Ch. The same wild storms of frenzied rage
 Distract the unhappy maniac still.

Cr. For this the lingering slaves ere long
 Shall learn in tears to mourn their vain delay.

Ant. Alas! death cannot be dissevered far
 From that appalling threat.

Cr. Aye, I would warn thee not to hope
 The doom, once sealed, may be reversed.

Ant. O Thebes, proud city of my sires!
 O tutelary gods!
 They force me hence, and respite is denied.
 Behold, ye rulers of imperial Thebes,
 The last sad daughter of a royal line,
 What fearful wrongs I suffer, and from whom;—
 My only crime a pious deed.

At the close of this scene Antigone is led to a cavern in a rock, where she is destined to perish. Meantime Tiresias, the prophet, tells Creon that his relentless soul has become the terror and plague of the whole country; and this, with warnings from other messengers also, works so powerfully upon the mind of Creon, that he finally relents, and goes to the cavern to release Antigone. His relentings came, however, too late—Antigone's sufferings have already terminated in death, and by her side the tyrant beholds the lifeless remains of her devoted Hæmon. While Creon is contemplating this awful catastrophe, a messenger enters, announcing the death of the queen; and with the scene that follows the tragedy ends:

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Sorrows are deepening round thee, O my lord,—
One source of bitterest grief thy hands sustain;
One waits within which thou must soon behold.

Cr. What yet remains to dreg the cup of sorrow?

Mess. Thy queen, the mother of this lifeless youth,
Hath died, unhappy, by a recent wound.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Cr. Oh! thou inexpiable home of death,
Why dost thou crush me thus?
O herald of o'erwhelming woes
What horrors dost thou bring?—
Why, why press down a wretch already lost?
What hast thou said? What new despair,
Redoubling woes on woes?—
And to a murdered son
Dost thou then add my wife's destruction too?—

Mess. Thou mayst behold her, now no more, within.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Cr. Alas! I gaze upon a second woe.
What doom, ah! what awaits the victim still?
In these sad hands a lifeless son I bear,
There mark another recent corpse—woe! woe!
Sad mother! wretched son!

Mess. Before the hallowed altars, in wild wrath
She fell—and closed her eyes in Death's dull night,
Deploring first, indeed, th' illustrious bed
Of Megareus—long since to death consigned;
Then this her hapless son,—last on thy head
She imprecated curses, and proclaimed thee
The murderer of thy child!

STROPHE III.

Cr. Woe! woe is me!
I quake with horror. Will no friendly hand

In mercy plunge deep, deep the two-edged sword?

I am a very wretch,

Condemned to struggle with o'ermastering woes!

Mess. Ere yet she perished, with her parting breath,
She charged on thee the fatal doom of both.

Cr. And by what means did death relieve her sorrows?

Mess. Deep in her side she buried the keen sword,
Soon as her son's lamented doom she heard.

STROPHE IV.

Cr. Wretch that I am! the guilt is all mine own,
None shared the deadly deed!

I am alone the blood-stained homicide;

'Tis all too clear—O! lead me hence,

Attendants, bear me hence! away—away—

For I am nothing now!

Ch. Well dost thou judge, if in despair like thine

Aught can be well, for heaviest evils press

With lighter burden, when from sight removed.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Cr. Come, then, O come,
Shine forth, thou last and lightest of my woes,
Bringing the final and most welcome hour
Of suffering! Come, O come,
That I may view the light of heaven no more.

Ch. These cares respect the future—first befits
To weigh with prudent thought the present crisis.
Let those direct on whom such charge devolves.

Cr. What most my soul desires, I did but make
My first and warmest prayer.

Ch. Pray now for nothing—
There is no refuge for devoted man,
When fate consigns him to a doom of woe.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Cr. Lead hence this lifeless shade, far, far away.
Who, though unwilling all,
Slew thee, my son! thee, too, O wife beloved!
Ah! wretch! I know not where to look,
Or whither fly. All are against me now—
Fate is itself my foe.

Ch. There is no guide to happiness on earth,
Save wisdom; nor behoves it us to fail
In reverence to the gods! High-sounding vaunts
Inflict due vengeance on the haughty head,
And teach late wisdom to its dark old age.

It may be proper to remark, that the Chorus in this interesting tragedy was composed of some of the principal citizens of Thebes,

selected for their known attachment and fidelity to the house of Labdacus, and summoned by Creon, as they imagined, to a council; but they soon discovered that he had convened them only to give their sanction to his inhuman and impious edict. They seemed, indeed, disposed to vindicate the action of Antigone by ascribing it to the impulse of the gods; but the king rebukes them harshly, and they become submissive even to servility: they had a sense of religion, and of their duty, but 'fear had chained their tongues;' nor till the prophet Tiresias had alarmed the fears of the tyrant, and they saw his savage mind begin to relent, did they dare to take a decided part in favor of humanity and religion.

We have dwelt so long on the tragedy of 'Antigone,' that we can devote but a very brief space to Sophocles' remaining plays.

In the tragedy of 'Electra,' the character of the heroine stands out in the boldest contrast to the creation of the Antigone. Both are endowed with surpassing majesty and strength of nature. They are loftier than the daughters of men; their very loveliness is of an age when gods were no distant ancestors of kings—when, as in the early sculptures of Pallas, or even of Aphrodite, something of the severe and stern was deemed necessary to the realization of the divine; and the beautiful had not lost the colossal proportions of the grand. But the strength and heroism of Antigone is derived from love—love, sober, serene, august—but still impassioned love. Electra, on the contrary, is exalted and supported above her sex by the might of her hatred. Her father, 'the king of men,' foully murdered in his palace—herself compelled to consort with his murderers—to receive from their hands both charity and insult—the adulterous murderer on her father's throne, and lord of her father's marriage-bed—her brother a wanderer and an outcast. Such are the thoughts unceasingly before her!—her heart and soul have for years fed upon the bitterness of a resentment, at once impotent and intense, and nature itself has turned to gall. She sees not in Clytemnestra a mother, but the murderess of a father. The doubt and the compunction of a Hamlet are unknown to her more masculine spirit. She lives on, but in the hope of her brother's return and of revenge. At length Orestes, who had been saved in childhood by his sister Electra, from the designs of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, returns in manhood to his ancestral home. He is accompanied by Pylades, and an old attendant; and they present themselves at the habitation of the Pelopidæ, just at the dawn of day. Here the play opens; but we shall no farther pursue the subject.

The following passage from this tragedy—the only one that we shall select—contains an animated and faithful picture of an exhibition of the Pythian races, and is, on that account, the more interesting and important. Orestes had obtained five victories in the first day—in the

second he starts with nine competitors in the chariot-race—an Achæan, a Spartan, two Lybians—he himself with Thessalian studs—a sixth from Ætolia; a Magnesian, an Cœnian, an Athenian, and a Bœotian, complete the number :

They took their stand where the appointed judges
 Had cast their lots, and ranged their rival cars;
 Rang out the brazen trump! Away they bound,
 Cheer the hot steeds and shake the darkening reins,
 As with a body the large space is filled
 With the huge clangor of the rattling cars:
 High whirl aloft the dust-clouds; blent together
 Each presses each—and the lash rings—and loud
 Snort the wild steeds, and from their fiery breath,
 Along the manes and down the circling wheels,
 Scatter the flaking foam. Orestes still,
 Aye, as he swept around the perilous pillar
 Last in the course, wheel'd in the rushing axle,
 The left rein curbed—that on the outer hand
 Flung loose. So on erect the chariots rolled!
 Sudden the Cœnian's fierce and headlong steeds
 Broke from the bit, and, as the seventh time now
 The course was circled, on the Lybian car
 Dash'd their wild fronts: then order changed to ruin:
 Car dashed on car—the wide Crissæan plain
 Was, sea-like, strewn with wrecks; the Athenian saw,
 Slackened his speed, and, wheeling round the marge,
 Unscathed and skilful, in the midmost space,
 Left the wild tumult of that tossing storm.
 Behind, Orestes, hitherto the last,
 Had yet kept back his coursers for the close;
 Now one sole rival left—on, on he flew,
 And the sharp sound of the impelling scourge
 Rang in the keen ears of the flying steeds.
 He nears—he reaches—they are side by side;
 Now one—now th' other—by a length the victor.
 The courses all are past—the wheels erect—
 All safe—when as the hurrying coursers round
 The fatal pillar dash'd, the wretched boy
 Slackened the *left* rein; on the column's edge
 Crash'd the frail axle—headlong from the car,
 Caught and all meshed within the reins he fell;
 And, masterless, the mad steeds raged along!

Loud from that mighty multitude arose
 A shriek—a shout! But yesterday such deeds—
 To-day such doom! Now whirled upon the earth,
 Now his limbs dash'd aloft, they dragged him—those
 Wild horses—till all gory from the wheels
 Released—and no man, not his nearest friends,
 Could in that mangled corpse have traced Orestes.

They laid the body on the funeral pyre,
 And while we speak, the Phocian strangers bear,
 In a small, brazen, melancholy urn,
 That handful of cold ashes to which all
 The grandeur of the beautiful hath shrunk.
 Within they bore him—in his father's land
 To find that heritage—a tomb!

Of the seven extant tragedies of Sophocles, 'The Trachiniæ' is usually considered the least imbued with the genius of the author; and Schlegel has even gone so far as to conjecture, but without even plausible testimony, that Sophocles himself may not have written it.

The plot of the drama is very simple, and may be soon told. The play is opened by Deïanira, the wife of Hercules, who indulges in melancholy reflections on the misfortunes of her youth, and the continual absence of her husband, of whom no tidings have been heard for months. She soon learns from her son Hyllus, that Hercules is reported to be leading an expedition into Eubœa; and our interest is immediately excited by Deïanira's reply, which informs us that oracles had foretold that this was to be the crisis in the life of Hercules—that he was now to enjoy rest from his labors, either in a peaceful home, or in the grave; and she sends Hyllus to join his father, and share his enterprise and fate. The chorus touchingly paint the anxious love of Deïanira in the following lines:

Thou, whom the starry-spangled Night did lull
 Into the sleep from which—her journey done—
 Her parting steps awake thee—beautiful
 Fountain of flame, oh Sun!
 Say, on what sea-girt strand, or inland shore
 (For earth is bared before thy solemn gaze),
 In orient Asia, or where wilder rays
 Tremble on eastern waters, wandereth he
 Whom bright Alcmæna bore?
 Ah! as some bird within a lonely nest
 The desolate wife puts sleep away with tears;
 And ever ill to be
 Haunting the absence with dim hosts of fears,
 Fond fancy shapes from air dark prophets of the breast.

* * * * * * *

In her answer to the virgin chorus, Deïanira weaves a beautiful picture of maiden youth, as a contrast to the cares and anxieties of wedded life:

Youth pastures in a valley of its own:
 The scorching sun, the rain and winds of Heaven,
 Mar not the calm—yet virgin of all care;
 But ever with sweet joys it buildeth up
 The airy halls of life.

Deïanira afterwards receives fresh news of Hercules. She gives way to her joy. Lichas, the herald, enters, and confides to her charge some maidens whom the hero had captured. Deïanira is struck with compassion for their lot, and with admiration of the noble bearing of one of them, Iole. She is about to busy herself in preparation for their comfort, when she learns that Iole is her rival—the beloved mistress of Hercules. The jealousy evinced by Deïanira is beautifully soft and womanly. Even in uttering reproach on Hercules, she says she cannot feel angry with him, yet how can she dwell in the same house with a younger and fairer rival :

She in whose years the flower that fades in mine
Opens the leaves of beauty.

Her affection, her desire to retain the love of the hero, suggests to her remembrance a gift she had once received from a centaur who had fallen by the shaft of Hercules. The centaur had assured her the blood from his wound, if preserved, would exercise the charm of a filter over the heart of Hercules, and would ever recall and fix upon her his affections. She, accordingly, steeps, with the supposed charm a robe, which she sends to Hercules, as a gift; but in this fatal resolve she shows all the timidity and sweetness of her nature: she even questions if it be a crime to regain the heart of her husband: she consults the chorus who advise the experiment. She accordingly sends the garment by Lichas; but scarcely has the herald gone, ere Deïanira is terrified by a strange phenomena: a part of the wool with which the supposed filter had been applied to the garment, was thrown into the sun-light, upon which it withered away—‘crumbling like saw-dust’—while on the spot where it fell a sort of venomous foam froths up. While relating this phenomena to the chorus, her son, Hyllus, returns, and informs her of the agonies of his father under the poisoned garment. On hearing this news, and the reproaches of her son, Deïanira steals silently away, and destroys herself upon the bridal-bed.

The beauty of the ‘Trachiniæ’ is in detached passages, in some exquisite bursts of the chorus, and in the character of Deïanira, whose act to regain the love of her consort, unhappily as it terminates, is amply redeemed by the meekness of her nature, the delicacy of her sentiment, and the anxious, earnest, unapproachful devotion of her heart to conjugal love.

Of the three tragedies, ‘King Œdipus,’ ‘Ajax,’ and ‘Œdipus at Colonus,’ we shall only remark, that they are all works exhibiting the most transcendent dramatic talent, and displaying the author’s varied powers in the most favorable light. The following passage, the close of Ajax’ celebrated soliloquy, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of introducing :—

And thou that mak'st high heaven thy chariot-course,
 Oh sun—when gazing on my father-land,
 Draw back thy golden rein, and tell my woes
 To the old man, my father—and to her
 Who nursed me at her bosom—my poor mother!
 There will be wailing through the echoing walls
 When—but away with thoughts like these!—the hour
 Brings on the ripening deed. Death, death, look on me!
 Did I say death?—it was a waste of words;
 We shall be friends hereafter.

'Tis the day,
 Present and breathing round me, and the ear
 Of the sweet sun, that never shall again
 Receive my greeting!—henceforth time is sunless,
 And day a thing that is not! Beautiful light,
 My Salamis—my country—and the floor
 Of my dear household hearth—and thou, bright Athens,
 Thou—for thy sons and I were boys together—
 Fountains and rivers, and ye Trojan plains,
 I loved ye as my fosterers—fare ye well!
 Take in these words, the last earth hears from Ajax—
 All else unspoken, in a spectre land
 I'll whisper to the dead!

A brief notice of 'Philoctetes' will close our present remarks. This play has always been ranked by critics among the most celebrated and polished of the tragedies of Sophocles. The plot is as follows:

Philoctetes, the friend and armor-bearer of Hercules, and the heir of that hero's unerring shafts and bow, had, while the Grecian fleet anchored at Chryse, a small island in the Ægæan, been bitten in the foot by a serpent; the pain of the wound was insufferable—the shrieks and groans of Philoctetes disturbed the libations and sacrifices of the Greeks. And Ulysses and Diomed, when the fleet proceeded, left him, while asleep, on the wild and rocky solitudes of Lemnos. There, till the tenth year of the Trojan siege, he dragged out an agonizing life. The soothsayer Helenus then declared that Troy could not fall till Philoctetes appeared in the Grecian camp with the arrows and bow of Hercules. Ulysses undertakes to effect this object, and, with Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, departs for Lemnos. Here the play opens. A wild and desolate shore—a cavern with two mouths, to admit the sunshine in winter, and the breezes in summer—and a little fountain of pure water, designate the abode of Philoctetes.

In accordance with his general character, Ulysses is to gain his object by deceit and stratagem. Neoptolemus is to dupe him whom he has never seen by professions of friendship—and offers of services, and to snare away the consecrated weapons. Neoptolemus has all the generous ardor and honesty of youth; but he has also its timid irresolution—its

docile submission to the great—its fear of the censure of the world. He recoils from the base task proposed to him; he would prefer violence to fraud; yet he dreads lest, having undertaken the enterprise, his refusal to act should be considered treachery to his coadjutor. It is with a deep and melancholy wisdom that Ulysses, who seems to contemplate his struggles with compassionate and not displeased superiority, thus attempts to reconcile the young man:

Son of a noble sire! *I* too, in youth,
Had thy plain speech, and thine impatient arm:
But a stern test is time! I have lived to see
That among men the tools of power and empire
Are subtle words—not deeds.

Neoptolemus is overruled, Ulysses withdraws, and Philoctetes appears. The delight of the lonely wretch on hearing his own language—on seeing the son of Achilles—his description of his feelings when he first found himself abandoned in the desert—his relation of the hardships he has since undergone, are pathetic in the extreme. He implores Neoptolemus to bear him away, and when the youth consents, he bursts into an exclamation of joy, which, to the audience, in the secret of the perfidy to be practised on him, must have excited the most lively emotions.

The characteristic excellence of Sophocles is, that in his most majestic creations he always contrives to introduce the sweetest touches of humanity. Philoctetes will not even quit his miserable desert until he has returned to his cave to bid it farewell—to kiss the only shelter that did not deny a refuge to his woes. In the joy of his heart he thinks that he has found faith in man—in unsophisticated youth. He trusts the arrows and the bow to the hand of Neoptolemus. Then, as he attempts to crawl along, the sharp agony of his wound completely overpowers him. He endeavors in vain to stifle his groans: the body conquers the mind. The torture exhausts, till insensibility or sleep comes over him. He lies down to rest, and the young man watches at his side. The picture is remarkably striking. Neoptolemus, at war with himself, does not seize the occasion. Philoctetes awakes: he is ready to go on board; he urges, and even implores instant departure. Neoptolemus recoils—the suspicions of Philoctetes are awakened; he thinks that this stranger too will abandon him. At length the young man, by a violent effort, speaks abruptly out, ‘Thou must sail to Troy—to the Greeks—the Atridæ.’ ‘The Greeks—the Atridæ!’ the betrayers of Philoctetes—those beyond pardon—those whom for ten years he has pursued with the curses of a wronged, and deserted, and solitary spirit. ‘Give me back,’ he cried, ‘my bow and arrows.’ And when Neoptolemus refuses, he pours forth a torrent of the bitterest reproach. The son of the truth-telling Achilles can withstand no longer. He is about to restore the weapons, when Ulysses rushes on the stage and prevents him.

At length the sufferer is to be left—left once more alone in the desert. He cannot go with his betrayers—he cannot give glory and conquest to his inhuman foes. In the wrath of his indignant heart even the desert is sweeter than the Grecian camp. And how is he to sustain himself without his shafts? Famine adds a new horror to his dreary solitude, and the wild beasts may now pierce into his cavern: but *their* cruelty would be mercy! His contradictory and tempestuous emotions, as the sailors that compose the chorus are about to depart, are thus told. The chorus entreats him to accompany them:

Phil. Begone!

Ch. It is a friendly bidding—we obey—
Come, let us go. To ship, my comrades.

Ph. No,
No, do not go—by the great Jove who hears
Men's curses—do not go.

Ch. Be calm,

Ph. Sweet strangers!
In mercy leave me not.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Ch. But now you bade us.

Ph. Ay, meet cause for chiding,
That a poor desperate wretch, maddened with pain,
Should talk as madmen do!

Ch. Come then with us.

Ph. Never! Oh, never! Hear me—not if all
The lightnings of the thunder-god were made
Allies with you, to blast me? Perish Troy,
And all beleaguered round its walls—yea, all
Who had the heart to spurn the wounded wretch;
But, but—nay—yes—one prayer, one boon accord me?

Ch. What wouldst thou have?

Ph. A sword, an axe, a something;
So it can strike, no matter!

Ch. Nay, for what?

Ph. What! for this hand to hew me off this head—
These limbs! To death, to solemn death at last
My spirit calls me.

Ch. Why?

Ph. To seek my father.

Ch. On earth?

Ph. In Hades.

Having thus worked us up to the utmost point of sympathy with the abandoned Philoctetes, the poet now gradually sheds a gentler and holier light over the intense gloom to which we had been led. Neoptolemus, touched with generous remorse, steals back to give the betrayed warrior his weapons—he is watched by the vigilant Ulysses—an angry altercation takes place between them. Ulysses, finding he cannot intimidate, pru-

dently avoids personal encounter with the son of Achilles, and departs to apprize the host of the backsliding of his comrade. A most beautiful scene, in which Neoptolemus restores the weapons to Philoctetes—a scene which must have commanded the most exquisite tears and the most rapturous applauses of the audience, ensues; and finally, the god, so useful to the ancient poets, brings all things to a happy close. Hercules appears, and induces his former friend to accompany Neoptolemus to the Grecian camp, where his wound shall be healed. The farewell of Philoctetes to his cavern—to the nymph of the meadows—to the roar of the ocean, whose spray the south wind dashes through the rude abode—to the Lycian stream, and the plain of Lemnos—is left to linger on the ear like a solemn hymn, in which the little that is mournful only heightens the majestic sweetness of all that is musical.

The dramatic art in the several scenes of this play has never been excelled, and rarely, elsewhere, ever equalled, even by Sophocles himself. The contrast of character in Ulysses and Neoptolemus has in it a reality, a human strength and truth, that is much more common to the modern than to the ancient drama.

The 'Philoctetes' involuntarily courts a comparison with the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus; and this, it must be admitted, is a great drawback to our admiration of the former. Both are examples of fortitude under suffering—of the mind's conflict with its fate. In either play a dreary waste, a savage solitude constitutes the scene. But the towering sublimity of the Prometheus dwarfs into littleness every image of hero or demigod with which we contrast it. What are the chorus of mariners, and the astute Ulysses, and the boyish generosity of Neoptolemus—what is the lonely cave on the shores of Lemnos—what the high-hearted old warrior, with his torturing wound and his sacred bow—what are all these to the vast Titan, whom the fiends chain to the rock beneath which roll the rivers of hell, for whom the daughters of Ocean are ministers, to whose primeval birth the gods of Olympus are the upstarts of a day, whose soul is the treasure-house of a secret which threatens the realm of heaven, and for whose unimaginable doom earth reels to its centre, all the might of divinity is put forth, and Hades itself trembles as it receives its indomitable and awful guest? Yet, it is the very grandeur of Æschylus that must have made his poems less attractive on the stage than those of the humane and flexible Sophocles. No visible representation can body forth his thoughts—they overpower the imagination, but they do not come home to our household and familiar feelings.

In the contrast between the 'Philoctetes' and the 'Prometheus' is condensed the contrast between Æschylus and Sophocles. They are both poets of the highest conceivable order; but the one seems almost above appeal to our affections—his tempestuous gloom appals the imagination; the vivid glare of his thoughts pierces the innermost recesses of the in-

telleet, but it is only by accident that he strikes upon the heart. The other, in his grandest flights, remembers that men make his audience, and seems to feel as if art lost the breath of its life when it aspired beyond the atmosphere of human intellect and human passions. *Æschylus* is no less artful than *Sophocles*; but between them there is this wide distinction—*Æschylus* is artful as a dramatist to be read; *Sophocles*, as a dramatist to be acted. If we remove the actors, the stage, and the audience, *Æschylus* will thrill and move us no less than *Sophocles*, though, through a more intellectual, if less passionate, medium. A poem may be dramatic, yet not theatrical—may have all the effects of the drama in perusal, but by not sufficiently enlisting the skill of the actor—nay, by soaring beyond the highest reach of histrionic capacities, may lose those effects in representation.

Thus the very genius of *Æschylus*, that kindles us in the closet, must often have militated against him on the stage. But in *Sophocles* all—even the divinities themselves—are touched with humanity; they are not too subtle nor too lofty to be submitted to mortal gaze. We feel at once that on the stage he ought to have won the prize from *Æschylus*; for, if we look at the plays of the latter, we shall see that scarcely any of his great characters could have called into sufficient exercise the powers of an actor. Prometheus on his rock, never changing even his position, never absent from the scene, is denied all the relief, the play and mobility, that a representation requires. His earthly representative could be but a grand reciter.

To conclude, therefore, we may remark, that while *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* were both artists of the very highest order of merit—as geniuses always must be—yet the art of the latter adapts itself better to representation than that of the former. And this distinction in art is not attributable to the fact that *Sophocles* followed *Æschylus* in the order of time. Had *Æschylus* followed *Sophocles* it would equally have existed—it was the natural consequence of the distinctions in their genius—the one more sublime, the other more impassioned—the one exalting the imagination, the other touching the heart. *Æschylus* is the Michael Angelo of the drama, *Sophocles*, the Raphael.

Lecture the Twelfth.

EURIPIDES.—NEOPHRON.—ION.—ARISTARCHUS.—ACHÆUS—CARCINUS.—XENOCLES.—AGATHON.—CHÆREMON.—THEODECTES.

THE excellences of Euripides, the third of the three distinguished Grecian tragic poets, are so great, and his defects, when compared with Æschylus and Sophocles, so manifest, that it is difficult to determine whether his dramas show an advance or a decline in tragic poetry. One thing, however, is certain—that the characteristic features of his writings indicate a new era in the public taste; while an independent boldness of thought which pervades them, proves that he was not willing to be a mere imitator even of the beauties and perfections of others, or to belong to any particular school; but was quite able to strike out a new line for himself.

In the works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, may be traced the natural law of progress in literary taste. These three eminent poets seem, as the leading minds of their age, succeeding each other at such intervals as to occupy amongst them the period of three generations, to be the representatives and directors of popular taste in its gradual growth and development. The mysterious and supernatural wonders of Æschylus are succeeded by the dignified and heroic, but still natural, characters of Sophocles; and these, in their turn, give place to the romance of private every-day life, the unexaggerated picture of manners, in which the human heart and the affections, which influence it in its domestic relations, constitute the leading subject. A view of human nature is exhibited, which shocks us at first as embodying a low standard, but which is, in fact, not below reality. In it one of the great moving springs of action is the love of the sexes: it unites tenderness with weakness—the pathos of the tragic, with the wit of the comic poet, and is seasoned with a shrewd and subtle knowledge of human nature. It is not even averse to the brilliant sophisms of a selfish and worldly philosophy. Such are the principal features of the drama of Euripides, and which distinguish it from that of Æschylus and Sophocles.

Æschylus, in the language of Aristotle, elevated his characters above the attributes of human nature; Sophocles represented men as they should be; and Euripides, as they really are. The sublime and daring Æschylus resembles some strong and impregnable castle, situated on a rock, whose martial grandeur awes the beholder—its battlements defended by heroes in arms, and its gates proudly hung with trophies. Sophocles appears with splendid dignity, like some imperial palace of richest architecture, the symmetry of whose parts, and the chaste magnificence of the whole, delight the eye and command the approbation of the judgment. The pathetic and moral Euripides has the solemnity of a Gothic temple, whose stained windows admit a dim religious light, enough to show us its high embowered roof, and the monuments of the dead which rise in every part, impressing our minds with pity and terror at the uncertainty and short duration of human greatness, and with an awful sense of our own mortality.

The judgment that would prefer Euripides to Æschylus and Sophocles may be a degenerate one, but it must be evident to every reflecting mind, that such is the usual progress of national literary taste, through its three phases of unreal mysticism, historic truth, and romantic fiction. The individual mind exhibits the same phenomena in the growth and unfolding of the imaginative powers, which are, of course, those cultivated by poetry. The child delights, first, in the supernatural wonders of the fairy tale; next, he descends from the beings of another world, and takes an interest in the heroes, and kings, and princes, as recorded in biography and history; and it requires time before he can take an interest in the love-scenes and every-day occurrences of a novel, or the deeper and more intense trials and other realities of human life. One thing is, perhaps, certain—that of all poets, either ancient or modern, Euripides was, beyond comparison, the most pathetic:—

He steeped in tears the piteous lines he wrote—
The tenderest bard that e'er impassioned song.

The birth of Euripides occurred in troubled, but glorious times. When the Persians invaded Greece, and poured their myriads down upon Attica, threatening Athens itself with immediate destruction, Themistocles, the Athenian leader, advised his countrymen to abandon their native city, and to trust to their fleet for protection. Amongst the exiles the parents of Euripides, Mnesarchus and Clito, left their home, and took shelter in the island of Salamis. In Salamis, on the river Euripus, a small stream flowing from the interior of the island, into the strait, Euripides was born, on the twenty-third of September, 480 A.C.—the same day on which the Persian fleet was there defeated by the fleet of the Greeks. Thus the three great tragic poets of Athens were brought into connection with the

most glorious day in her annals; for, while Euripides then first saw the light, Æschylus, in the maturity of manhood, fought in the battle, and Sophocles, a beautiful youth in his sixteenth year, took part in the chorus at the festival which celebrated the victory.

With respect to the condition in life of the parents of Euripides, various and very contradictory statements have been made. Stobæus observes that his father was a Bœotian, and was banished from his native country for bankruptcy; and according to Aristophanes and other comic poets, his mother was an herb-seller of even questionable character. On the other hand, Suidas asserts that the family of Euripides was of rank far from mean; and this assertion is sustained by what Athenæus reports from Theophrastus, that the poet, when a boy, was cup-bearer to a chorus of noble Athenians at the Thargelian festival—an office for which nobility of blood was requisite. We know also that he was taught rhetoric by Prodicus, who was certainly far from moderate in his terms for instruction, and who was in the habit, as Philostratus informs us, of seeking his pupils among youths of high rank.

Mnesarchus, the father of the future poet, in accordance with a time-honored custom amongst the Greeks, consulted the Delphic Oracle immediately after his son's birth, in order to ascertain his destiny in life. To his inquiries the oracle made the following ambiguous reply:—

Happy Mnesarchus heaven hath given a son;
The listening world shall witness his renown
And with glad shouts bestow the sacred crown.

In consequence of this prediction, his father had him trained in gymnastic exercises; and such soon became his proficiency in these exercises, that, while yet a boy, he won the prize at the Eleusinian and Thesean contests, and offered himself, when only seventeen years old, as a candidate at the Olympic games, but was not admitted on account of some doubt about his age. Some trace of his early gymnastic pursuits has been noticed in the detailed description of the combat between Eteocles and Polynices in the *Phœnissæ*.

Early abandoning, however, the gymnasium, Euripides next turned his attention to the art of painting, in which he was equally successful; and it has been observed that the veiled figure of Agamemnon in the *Iphigenia* of Timanthes was probably suggested by a line in Euripides' description of the same scene. To philosophy and literature he also devoted himself with much energy, studying physics under Anaxagoras, and rhetoric, as we have already remarked, under Prodicus. We learn, also, from Athenæus that he was a collector of books, and it is recorded of him that he committed to memory certain treatises of Heraclitus, which he found in the temple of Artemis, and which he was the first to introduce

to the notice of Socrates. That he was intimate with the latter, there can be no doubt; but there can be no foundation for the statement of Gellius, that he received instruction from him in moral science, for Euripides was thirteen years old at the time of Socrates' birth.

Traces of the teaching of Anaxagoras have been noticed in many passages both of the extant plays, and of the fragments of Euripides, and were impressed especially on the lost tragedy of *Melanippas the Wise*. The philosopher is also supposed to be alluded to in certain lines of the *Alcestes*. Hence, says Müller, 'We do not know what induced a person with such tendencies to devote himself to tragic poetry.' He is referring apparently to the opposition between the philosophical convictions of Euripides and the mythical legends which formed the subjects of tragedy; otherwise it does not clearly appear why poetry should be thought incompatible with philosophical pursuits. If, however, we may credit the account in Gellius, it would seem—and this is not unimportant for an estimation of his poetical character—that the mind of Euripides was led, at a very early period, to that which afterwards became the business of his life, since he wrote a tragedy at the age of eighteen. That it was, therefore, exhibited, and that it was probably no other than the *Rhesus*, are points unwarrantably concluded by the German critic Hartung, who ascribes to the same date also the composition of the *Veiled Hippolytus*.

The representation of the *Peliades*, the first play of Euripides that was acted, at least in his own name, took place 455 A.C., when the author was in the twenty-fifth year of his age. In 441 A.C. he gained, for the first time, the first prize; and he continued to exhibit plays regularly, until 408 A.C., the date of the *Orestes*, receiving, during the period of thirty-three years, the first prize on fifteen occasions. This, when we remember that Sophocles was one of his constant competitors, must be acknowledged to have been a very large number of triumphs.

Notwithstanding Euripides' dramatic success, he was far from being happy in Athens. The constant and virulent attacks of Aristophanes and other comic poets upon his character and principles, finally raised a strong, violent, and unscrupulous party against him; and he, therefore, soon after the representation of 'Orestes,' left his native city, and retired to the court of Archelaus, King of Macedonia, where he was received with every mark of honor and distinction. Archelaus at once raised him to the most exalted position at his court—making him first, one of his counselors of State, and afterwards his prime minister. Euripides did not, however, long live to enjoy his new dignities; for two poets at the court of Archelaus, Arrhidæus and Cratenas, becoming envious of his position and influence, let the king's furious hounds loose upon him while he was leisurely strolling through one of the royal parks, and by them the old

poet was immediately torn to pieces. This sad event occurred 406 A.C., and when Euripides was in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

When the intelligence of Euripides' death reached Athens, the deepest gloom spread throughout the whole city. The magistrates ordered that every citizen, without distinction of rank, should wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty-eight days, and a deputation should be sent to the king of Macedonia, requesting the delivering up of his remains for public burial. This request Archelaus declined, but caused the burial to be performed at Pella, his capital, with the most magnificent solemnity. Even Sophocles, the strenuous and inveterate rival of Euripides, was so sensible of the extraordinary merits of the latter, and so deeply regretted his death, that at the representation of his next play he directed his actors to appear uncrowned.

Nor was the reputation of Euripides confined to the Athenians, who, immediately after his death, according to Pausanias, erected a magnificent statue to his memory; but even the distant Sicilians and Cumæans could appreciate and even feel, the power of his numbers. The former, after the disastrous termination of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse, released and permitted to return to their native country, all those persons who could repeat any of his verses; and the latter, on one occasion, having at first refused to admit into their harbor an Athenian ship pursued by pirates, allowed it to enter as soon as they found that some of the crew could repeat fragments of his poems. The following elegant epigram to his memory, by an anonymous author, is preserved in one of the Greek Anthologies :—

Divine Euripides, this tomb we see
So fair, is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it; since all will own,
Thy name and lasting praise adorn the stone.

Such was the life of Euripides; and although, during the greater part of his career the contemporary of Sophocles, he belongs to a new generation, and represents a new phase of the Athenian mind. The age in which he flourished was an age of philosophy rather than of poetry. The warmth of genius was now succeeded by the cold calculations and ingenious subtleties of speculative criticism; and Euripides, whether his was a master mind that led the public taste, or his plays merely an indication of what was the state of the Athenian mind, evidently delighted in the nice distinctions of a sophistical philosophy in brilliant and sharp antitheses, startling paradoxes, hair-splitting arguments, a dexterous use of language, like that of the Athenian lawcourts, and an affectation of pedantic ornament.

But the greatest innovation which Euripides made upon the established usages of the tragic art, was entirely of a philosophical nature; and though they may be objectionable, they certainly show him to have

been a man of independent thought and fearless courage. It is said that on one occasion, during the representation of one of his tragedies, the audience clamorously demanded that a sentiment which it contained should be expunged; but the poet came forward, and boldly told them that he came there to instruct, and not to be instructed. His philosophical mind saw the untruthful aspect under which sentiment as well as characters had been presented to theatrical audiences; and he therefore resolved to curb his genius, and confine himself to the results of his observation and experience. This is the reason for the common-place, unromantic view which Euripides takes of human nature. He does not transport himself into the world of ideal heroism, but brings down gods and heroes to a level with Athenian citizens, with the very auditory that fills the theatre, and witnesses the dramas which he represents.

In the tragedies of Euripides there is more truth and less poetry, than in those of either Æschylus or Sophocles. They probably present a fair and just picture of Athenian life and manners, and modes of thinking. Euripides did not transgress the custom of deriving his plots from the usual heroic and mythical sources, but his heroes were no longer the same, except in name, with those of Æschylus and Sophocles; they argued, disputed, and conversed like Athenian citizens, who had received their theoretical education in the schools of the philosophers, and the practical training in the law courts and the ecclesia. His dramas were unnatural, inasmuch as they did violence to the traditional belief, with which the Athenian mind was imbued, and represented characters, with which they had been familiar from time immemorial, in a different moral garb to that which they had hitherto worn. They were natural, inasmuch as they represented men and women, such as were to be met with in the intercourse of daily life, and the places of public resort at Athens.

The peculiar feature in the structure of the tragedies of Euripides, is the regular prologue with which he opens each play. This feature, although not unusual, was not an essential portion of the Athenian drama; in fact Æschylus has prefixed prologues to but few of his plays, and Sophocles to none. Euripides, on the other hand, has made use of prologues in all cases, and evidently piqued himself on his skill in their composition. The principal objection brought against the prologue is, that it not only made the audience acquainted with all that it was necessary for them to know previous to the time when the action is supposed to commence, but also anticipated the events, and, therefore, the interest of the play. This was, doubtless, in some instances, the case; as, for example, in the 'Hecuba,' the 'Ion,' and the 'Troades.' But it must be remembered, that, owing to the well-known sources from which tragic plots were derived, this was not so great an evil as we should at first imagine. Athenian audiences could witness with the greatest delight, the

representation of a play, the plot of which was almost the same as those of many former tragedies, and which was founded on incidents with which they had been familiar from childhood. This does not, however, appear to have been the objection which struck the mind of the principal Athenian critics. It is far more probable that the reasons which rendered them offensive to Athenian taste were—first, that it was an unartistic and clumsily-contrived method of bringing about the catastrophe, which ought, according to all the rules and precedents of classic art, to have been effected by the regular and natural action of the play itself; and secondly, that the constant and uniform indulgence in this habit struck the nice and discriminating taste of an Athenian audience as stupid and monotonous; their fickle and volatile nature looked for variety and novelty of construction, and they could not expect much novelty of plot.

Euripides' plays are, strictly speaking, plays of the passions, and from a dramatist whose great art lay in exciting the softer emotions we naturally look for great sweetness and beauty in his lyrical poetry. Nor are we disappointed; for his choral odes and lyric pieces are the most tender, and, at the same time, the sweetest of his compositions; and his monodies, or solo passages, are absolutely unrivalled. Illustrative of these remarks we need only introduce the specimens which follow. The first is from the *Cyclops*—a most interesting and important relic of antiquity, as, in it, we have the only example of the satirical drama that has been handed down to modern times. Inferior as Euripides is to Æschylus and Sophocles in art and taste, he has, in this case, been happy in the choice of a subject singularly suited to the purpose, and has adorned it with all the graces of elegant simplicity. The following passage, besides its beauty, is a pleasing specimen of the poetry which so frequently adorned the ancient satiric drama:

In yon trench, by yonder cave,
Slake your thirst, your fleeces lave;
Or if ye must wander still,
Seek at least the dewy hill:
Must a pebble bring you back,
Flung across your wilful track;
Hie thee horned one, back again
To the shepherd Cyclops' den;
See, the porter stands before
His rustic master's rocky door:
Mothers, hear your sucklings bleating,
For their evening meal entreating;
Penned, the live-long day they lie,
Now give them food and lullaby.
Will ye never, never learn
From the grassy mead to turn;
Never rest, when day grows dim,
In Ætna's grot, each weary limb.

To the passage from the 'Cyclops,' we add the following extracts from Euripides' choruses :

FROM A CHORUS IN THE HECUBA.

The fatal hour was midnight's calm,
 When the feast was done, and sleep like balm
 Was shed on every eye.
 Hush'd was the chorus symphony,
 The sacrifice was o'er.
 My lord to rest his limbs had flung,
 His idle spear in its place was hung,
 He dreamed of foes no more.
 And I, while I lost my lifeless gaze,
 In the depth of the golden mirror's blaze;
 That my last light task was aiding,
 Was wreathing with fillets my tresses' maize,
 And with playful fingers braiding.
 Then came a shout;
 Through the noiseless city the cry rang out,
 'Your homes are won, if ye scale the tower,
 Sons of the Greeks! is it not the hour?'

FROM THE CHORUS IN THE ALCESTIS.

We will not look on her burial sod,
 As the cell of sepulchral sleep:
 It shall be as the shrine of a radiant god,
 And the pilgrim shall visit that blest abode,
 To worship and not to weep.
 And as he turns his steps aside,
 Thus shall he breath his vow—
 Here slept a self-devoted bride;
 Of old, to save her lord she died,
 She is a spirit now.

The tragedies and other plays of Euripides still extant are more numerous, and embrace almost as much dramatic poetry, as the remains of all the other Grecian dramatic writers combined. This circumstance plainly indicates the extent of their popularity amongst his countrymen, and the care and anxiety with which they were preserved by his successors. The following is the order, as nearly as we can now ascertain, in which they were produced :

Alcestis, Medea, Hippolytus, Hecuba, Heraclidæ, Supplices, Ion, Hercules Furens, Andromache, Iphigenia at Tauris, Troades, Electra, Helena, Iphigenia at Aulis, Bacchæ, Phænissæ, Cyclops, Orestes.

The 'Alcestis' is one of the most inferior of Euripides' dramas. It is a sort of tragi-comedy, and appears to have been acted as the last of four poems, *instead of a satyric drama*, to afford relief to the audience, after witnessing a trilogy of tragedies. The incidents of the play sufficiently indicate its dramatic character. Admetus, the hero, allows his wife to die for him, and reproaches his father for not having been willing to make the same sacrifice; and when Hercules restores Alcestis to life, Admetus, the sorrowing widower, fears to receive her back from the embraces of death, lest he should be charged with incontinence. Defective as this play is, however, it doubtless perfectly fulfilled its destination, which was, to furnish a cheerful conclusion to a series of real tragedies, and thus relieve the mind from the stress of tragic feeling which they had occasioned. The song of the chorus, following the death of Alcestis, is in one of Euripides peculiarly happy strains:

Ch. Daughter of Pelias! now farewell!
 Since thou must forever dwell
 In the subterranean halls
 Where the sun's light never falls.
 Let the god, whose tresses flow
 With a glooming blackness, know,
 And the Rower, old and dread,
 Ferryman of all the dead,
 That this woman is the best,
 Of the rarest worth possesseth,
 It was e'er his lot to take
 O'er the Acherontian lake.

Thy praise shall minstrels often tell
 On the seven-toned mountain shell,
 And in solemn hymns and sweet
 Oft without the lyre repeat,
 Both in Sparta, when they keep
 The Carnean feast, nor sleep,
 While the vernal moon all night
 Shineth on them glad and bright—
 And in Athens, famed in story,
 Rich in splendor, wealth, and glory,
 Such a theme thy death supplies
 For the minstrel's melodies.

Would that it did on me depend
 That thou shouldst to the light ascend!
 From the realm of Dis supreme,
 Where Coeytus rolls his stream,
 From the land of shadows black
 Would that I could waft thee back,
 Bring thee up to earth again
 By the river subterane!
 Thou, of women, thou alone,
 For thy husband's life thine own

Didst to Hades freely give,
 Dying that thy spouse might live.
 Lightly lie the earth o'er thee!
 If with other ever he
 Link in love, his children's hate
 And our scorn upon him wait.

His mother was not willing found,
 To hide her body under ground,
 Was not willing though she bore him,
 To the grave to go before him;
 Nor did his old father dare,
 When they both had hoary hair,
 Neither of them dared to go,
 As his substitute below.
 But thou didst—and in the hour
 Of thy youth's fresh-breathing flower,
 Ere life's loveliest hues had fled,
 Dying in thy husband's stead.

The 'Medea' is a great and impressive picture of human passion, and may be regarded as a perfect model of the tragedies of Euripides. In this play the poet takes on himself the risk, and, in those days it was certainly no slight one, of representing, in all her fearfulness, a divorced and slighted wife: he has done this in the character of Medea, with such vigor, that all our feelings are enlisted on the side of the incensed wife, and we follow with the most eager sympathy, her crafty plan for obtaining, by dissimulation, time and opportunity for the destruction of all that is dear to the faithless Jason; and, though we cannot regard the catastrophe without horror, we even consider the murder of her children as a deed necessary under the circumstances. The exasperation of Medea against her husband, and those who have deprived her of his love, certainly contains nothing grand; but the irresistible strength of this feeling, and the resolution with which she casts aside all her own interests, and even rages against her own heart, produces a really great and tragic effect. The scene, which paints the struggle in Medea's breast between her plans of revenge and her love for her children, will always be regarded as one of the most touching and impressive scenes ever represented on the stage. It was such scenes as this that induced Aristotle to pronounce Euripides the most tragic of the poets. The story upon which this tragedy is founded is briefly as follows:

Medea, the daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis, becoming enamored of Jason, the leader in the Argonautic expedition, extricates him, through her magical art, out of all his dangers, and then facilitates his acquisition of the celebrated golden fleece. Jason, through pretended gratitude, marries her, and they flee to Corinth. Here, unmindful of his obligations, he resolves to divorce his wife, and marry Glauce, the daugh-

ter of King Creon. Creon, fearing the cruelty and power of Medea, banishes her and her two sons from the kingdom, in order to secure his daughter from her revenge. The unhappy Medea, driven by this insult, pretends to submit to the sentence; and having secured an asylum for herself at Athens, sends her sons with rich presents to the bride; and by the interposition of Jason, succeeds in obtaining her good offices with the king, to permit the youths to remain at Corinth, under the protection of their father. The youths are sent back to their mother, and Glauce hastens to array herself in the splendid robes presented by her rival; but she soon finds that the enchantress has infused a deadly poison, which proves fatal both to herself and to her father. Jason, apprehensive of the fate that may await his sons, hastens to their rescue; but he finds, on his arrival, that Medea has already sacrificed them as an expiation of the infidelity of her husband, whose agony she derides; and, defying his resentment, flies through the air with her slaughtered children, in a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

From this impressive and deeply-interesting tragedy, we select the following scene :

NURSE OF MEDEA.

O, that the gallant Argo had not wing'd
Her course to Colchis, through the clashing rocks
Of the black Euxine; that in Pelion's groves
The pine had ne'er been fell'd, nor at the oars
The heroes' hands had labor'd when they sought
The golden fleece for Pelias: then my queen,
Medea, had not plough'd the watery way
To tower'd Iolcos, maddening with the love
Of Jason; nor, the daughters won to slay
Their father Pelias, had she fixed her seat
At Corinth, with her husband and her sons;
A pleasing flight indeed to those, whose land
She made her residence: while every thought,
Studious to aid him, was on Jason fix'd.
This is the state of firmest happiness,
When from the husband no discordant will
The wife estranges; but their dearest ties
Of love are loosen'd; all is variance now
And hate: for Jason, to his children false,
False to my mistress, for a royal bride
Hath left her couch, and wedded Creon's daughter,
Lord of this land. Ill doth Medea brook
This base dishonor; on his oath she calls,
Recalls their plighted hands, the firmest pledge
Of mutual faith, and calls the gods to witness
What a requital she from Jason finds.
Of food regardless, and in sorrow sunk
She lies, and melts in tears each tedious hour
Since first she knew her lord had injured her;

Nor lifts her eye, nor lifts her face from the earth,
 Deaf to her friends' entreaties as a rock,
 Or billow of the sea; save when she turns
 Her snowy neck, and to herself bewails
 Her father, and her country, and her house,
 Which she betray'd to follow this base man,
 Who treats her now with such indignity.
 Affliction now hath taught her what it is
 Not to forsake a parent and his house.
 She hates her children, nor with pleasure sees them.
 I fear her lest she form some strange design;
 For violent her temper, and of wrongs
 Impatient: well I know her, and I fear her,
 Lest, in the dead of night, when all are laid
 In deep repose, she steal into the house,
 And plunge into their breast the piercing sword;
 Or murder ev'n the monarch of the land,
 Or the new-married Jason, on herself
 Drawing severer ills: for like a storm
 Her passions swell: and he that dares enrage her
 Will have small cause to boast his victory.
 But see her sons from the gymnastic ring
 Returning, heedless of their mother's ills;
 For youth holds no society with grief.

TUTOR, *with the sons of* MEDEA—NURSE.

Tut. Thou old domestic servant of my mistress,
 Why dost thou take thy station at the gates,
 And ruminate in silence on thy griefs?
 How hath Medea wish'd to be alone?

Nur. Thou good old man, attendant on the sons
 Of Jason, faithful servants with their lords
 Suffer in their afflictions, and their hearts
 Are touch'd with social sorrow; and my griefs
 Swell, for Medea's sufferings, to such height,
 That strong desire impell'd me to come forth,
 And tell them to the earth and to the skies.

Tut. Admits she yet no respite to her groans?

Nur. I wonder at thee: no, these ills but now
 Are rising, to their height not yet advanced.

Tut. Unwise, if of our lords we so may speak;
 Since she knows nothing of more recent ills.

Nur. What may this be? Refuse not to inform me.

Tut. Nothing; and I repent of what I said.

Nur. Nay, by thy beard, conceal it not from me,
 Thy fellow-servant: if occasion calls
 For secrecy, in silence will I keep it.

Tut. I heard one say, not seeming to attend,
 But passing on to where they play with dice,
 Among the grave old men, who then by chance
 Were sitting near Pirene's hallow'd stream,
 That Creon, lord of this fair land, will drive

These children and their mother from the state
Of Corinth: whether this report be true
I know not, but I wish it otherwise.

Nur. Will Jason bear to see his sons thus wrong'd,
Though he regards their mother now no more?

Tut. To new alliances the old gives place,
And to the house he is no more a friend.

Nur. Ruin would follow to the former ill
If this were added ere the first subsides.

Tut. Be cautious then; it were unseasonable
Our queen knew this; in silence close thy lips.

Nur. You hear, my children, how your father's mind
Is towards you: yet I wish not ruin on him;
He is my lord, though to his friends unkind.

Tut. What mortal knows not—thou mayst know it hence—
Each for himself conceives a dearer love
Than for his neighbor; some by glory, some
By gain induced: what wonder, then, if these,
Of his new nuptials fond, their father love not?

Nur. Go in, my children, go: all will be well;
And take thou heed, keep them aloof, nor let them
Come near their mother while her griefs are fresh:
Cruel her eye, and wild; I mark'd it late,
Expressive of some dark design on these:
Nor will she check her fury, well I know,
Till the storm bursts on some one: may its stroke
Fall on some hostile head, not on a friend.

Med. Wretch that I am, what anguish rends my heart!
Wretched Medea, how art thou undone! [Within.

Nur. Ay, thus it is. Your mother, my dear children,
Swells with resentment, swells with rage: go in,
Go quickly in; but come not in her eye,
Approach her not, but keep you from the wild
And dreadful fury of her violent temper.
Go now, go quickly in; this rising cloud
Of grief forebodes a storm, which soon will fall
With greater rage: inflamed with injuries,
What will not her tempestuous spirit dare?

Med. Ah me! ah me! what mighty wrongs I bear,
Wrongs that demand my tears and loud laments!
Ye sons accursed of a detested mother,
Perish, together with your father perish,
And in one general ruin sink your house!

Nur. Ah me unhappy! in their father's fault
Why make thy sons associates? Why on them
Rises thy hatred? O, I fear, I fear,
My children, lest some evil threatens you.
Kings have a fiery quality of soul,
Accustom'd to command; if once they feel
Control, though small, their anger blazes out,
Not easily extinguish'd; hence I deem
An equal mediocrity of life

More to be wish'd; if not in gorgeous state,
 Yet without danger glides it on to age.
 There's a protection in its very name,
 And happiness dwells with it: but the height
 Of towering greatness long to mortal man
 Remains not fix'd; and when misfortune comes
 Enraged, in deeper ruin sinks the house.

NURSE.—CHORUS.

Ch. I heard the voice, I heard the loud laments
 Of the unhappy Colchian: do her griefs
 (Say, reverend matron,) find no respite yet?
 From the door's opening valve I heard her voice.
 No pleasure in the sorrows of your house
 I take; for deeds are done not grateful to me.

Nur. This is no more a house; all here is vanish'd,
 Nor leaves a trace behind. The monarch's house
 He makes his own; while my unhappy mistress
 In her lone chamber melts her life away
 In tears, unmoved by all the arguments
 Urged by her friends to soothe her sorrowing soul.

Med. O that the ethereal lightning on this head
 Would fall! Why longer should I wish to live?
 Unhappy me! Death would be welcome now,
 And kindly free me from this hated life.

Ch. Dost thou hear this, O Jove, O Earth, O Light,
 The mournful voice of this unhappy dame?
 Why thus indulge this unabated force
 Of nuptial love, self-rigorous, hastening death?
 Let it not be thy wish: if a new bed
 Now charms thy husband, be not his offence
 Engraved too deep: Jove will avenge thy wrongs;
 Let not thy sorrows prey upon thy heart.

Med. O powerful Themis, O revered Diana,
 See what I suffer, though with sacred oaths
 This vile, accursed husband I had bound!
 O, might I one day see him and his bride
 Rent piecemeal in their house, who unprovoked
 Have dared to wrong me thus! Alas, my father!
 Alas, my country! whom my shameful flight
 Abandon'd, having first my brother slain!

Nur. You hear her invocations, how she calls
 On Themis, prompt to hear the suppliant's vows;
 And Jove, the avenger of neglected oaths
 To mortal man: nor is it possible
 Her fiery transports know a moment's pause.

Ch. What motives can be urged to draw her forth?
 Could we but see her, would she hear our voice,
 Haply our pleaded reason might avail
 To soothe her soul, and mitigate her rage.
 My zeal shall not be wanting to my friends.

Go then, persuade her forth; with soft address
Allure her hither. Haste, thou friendly dame,
Ere her resentment burst on those within.
For her full grief swells to a dreadful height.

Nur. I will attempt it, though I fear my voice
Will not prevail: yet does your friendly zeal
Claim from me this return: but to her slaves,
When they approach to speak to her, she bears
The aspect of a furious lioness,
That watches o'er her young: If thou shouldst say
That men of former times were unadvised,
Shallow, and nothing wise, thou wouldst not err;
For festivals, for banquets, and for suppers,
They form'd the sprightly song that charm'd the ear,
Making life cheerful; but with music's power,
And the sweet symphony of varied strains,
They knew not to assuage the piercing griefs
That rack the heart, whence deaths and ruthless deeds
Spread desolation: here to soothe the soul
With lenient song, were wisdom. Where the feast
Is spread why raise the tuneful voice in vain?
The table richly-piled hath in itself
A cheerfulness that wakes the heart to joy.

Ch. I heard her lamentations mixed with groans,
Which in the anguish of her heart she vents;
And on her faithless husband, who betray'd
Her bed, she calls aloud; upon the gods,
Thus basely wrong'd, she calls, attesting Themis,
Daughter of Jove, the arbitress of oaths,
Who led her to the shores of Greece, across
The rolling ocean, when the shades of night
Darken'd its waves, and steer'd her through the straits.

The 'Hippolytus,' though far inferior to the Medea in unity of plan and harmony of action, is, in several points, closely related to it. The unconquerable love of Phædra for her step-son, which, when scorned, is turned into a desire to make him share her own ruin, is a passion of much the same kind as that of Medea. The passion of Phædra, however, is not so completely the main subject of the whole play as that of Medea: the principal character, from the beginning to the end, is the young Hippolytus, the model of continence, the companion and friend of the chaste Artemis, whom Euripides, in consequence of his tendency to attribute to the past the customs of his own age, has made an adherent of the ascetic doctrines of the Orphic school. The destruction of this youth, through the anger of Aphrodite, whom he has despised, is the general subject of the play—the proper action of the piece; and the love of Phædra is, in reference to this action, only a lever set in motion by the goddess hostile to Hippolytus. As this plot turns entirely upon the selfish and cruel hatred of a deity, it can afford but little satisfaction; but still those

passages that represent Phædra's passion are extremely beautiful. From one of these we select the following:

PHÆDRA.—CHORUS.

STROPHE I.

O Love, O Love, that through the eyes
 Instillest softly warm desire,
 Pleased in the soul, with sweet surprise,
 Entrancing rapture to inspire;
 Never with wild ungovern'd sway
 Rush on my heart, and force it to obey:
 For not the lightning's fire,
 Nor stars swift darting through the sky,
 Equal the shafts sent by this son of Jove,
 When his hand gives them force to fly,
 Kindling the flames of love.

ANTISTROPHE I.

In vain at Alpheus' stream, in vain
 At bright Apollo's Pythian shrine.
 Doth Greece, the votive victim slain,
 With reverence offer rites divine:
 To him who holds the high employ
 To unlock the golden gates of love and joy,
 No honors we assign;
 The tyrant of the human breast,
 That ravages where'er he takes his way,
 And sinks mankind with woes oppress'd
 Beneath his ruthless sway.

STROPHE II.

Thee, Œchalia's blooming pride,
 Virgin yet in love untried:
 Ne'er before by Hymen led,
 Stranger to the nuptial bed.
 Inexperienced, hapless fair,
 From thy house with wild affright
 Hastening, like the frantic dame,
 That to the Bacchic orgies speeds her flight,
 With blood, with smoke, with flame,
 And all the terrors wild of war,
 To nuptials stain'd with gore did Venus give,
 And bade Alemena's son the beauteous prize receive.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, ye sacred towers that stand
 Bulwarks of the Theban land;
 And ye streams, that welling play,
 From the fount of Dirce, say,
 How to you came the Queen of Love:

'Mid the lightning's rapid fire,
 While around her thunders roar,
 She caused the blasted Semele to expire,
 The hapless nymphs that bore
 Bacchus from the embrace of Jove.
 Thus over all she spreads her tyrant power,
 As restless as the bee that roves from flower to flower.

The 'Hecuba' is another of those tragedies of Euripides in which the emotions of passion, or *pathos*, in the Greek sense of the word, is set forth in all its might and energy. This play has generally been regarded as deficient in unity of action; but if we regard Hecuba as the leading character of the piece, and refer all the minor incidents directly to her, the whole action will be brought to an harmonious close. Hecuba, the afflicted queen and mother, learns at the very beginning of the piece a new sorrow; for it is announced to her that the Greeks demand the sacrifice of her daughter, Polyxena, at the tomb of Achilles. The daughter is, with this object in view, torn from her mother's arms; and it is in the willing resignation and noble resolution with which the young maiden meets her fate, that we have any alleviation of the pain which we feel in common with Hecuba. The sacrifice being over, the female servant, who was sent to fetch water to bathe the dead body of Polyxena, discovers, on the sea-shore, the corpse of Polydorus, the only remaining hope of his mother Hecuba's declining age. Polydorus had been murdered by his guardian, Polymnestor, King of Thrace; and the revolution of the piece turns upon this—that Hecuba, though now cast down into the lowest abyss of misery, no longer gives way to fruitless wailing; but a weak, aged woman, a captive, and deprived of all help, still she finds means in her own powerful and active mind, to take fearful vengeance on the perfidious and cruel murderer of her son. With all the craft of a woman, and by sagaciously availing herself of the weak as well as the good side of Agamemnon's character, she is enabled, not merely to entice the barbarian to the destruction prepared for him, but also to make an honorable defence of her deed before the leader of the Grecian hosts. The following passage is a fair indication of the general poetic character of this tragedy:

HECUBA.—CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Tell me, ye gales, ye rising gales,
 That lightly sweep along the azure plain,
 Whose soft breath fills the swelling sails,
 And wafts the vessel dancing o'er the main,
 Whither, ah! whither will ye bear
 This sick'ning daughter of despair?

What proud lord's rigor shall the slave deplore
On Doric, or on Pythian shore!

Where the rich father of translucent floods,
Apidanus, pours his headlong waves,
Through sunny plains, through darksome woods,
And with his copious stream the fertile valley laves?
Or shall the wave-impelling oar

Bear to the hallow'd isle my frantic woes,
Beneath whose base the billows roar,
And my hard house of bondage round enclose?

Where the new palm, and laurel where
Shoot their first branches to the air,
Spread their green honors o'er Latona's head,
And interweave their sacred shade.
There, 'midst the Delian nymphs awake the lyre,
To the Dian sound the solemn strain,

Her tresses bound in golden wire,
Queen of the silver bow, and goddess of the plain.
Or where the Athenian towers arise,
Shall these hands weave the woof, whose radiant glow
Rivals the flow'r—impurpled dies

That in the bosom of the young spring blow:
Alas, my children! battle-slain!

Alas, my parents! Let me drop a tear,
And raise the mournful, plaintive strain,
Your loss lamenting and misfortune drear.

Thee, chief, imperial Troy, thy State
I mourn deserted, desolate;

Thy walls, thy bulwarks smoking on the ground,
The sword of Greece triumphant round,

I, far from Asia, in the wide sea borne,
In some strange land am called a slave,

Outcast to insolence and scorn,
And for my nuptial bed find a detested grave.

The interest of the 'Heraclidæ' is entirely confined to its political allusions. The play narrates, with much circumstantial detail and exactness, the manner in which the Heraclidæ, as poor persecuted fugitives, find protection in Athens, and that by the valor of their own and the Athenian heroes they gain the victory over their oppressor, Eurystheus. It does not, however, create much tragic interest.

The 'Suppliants' has a very close affinity to the Heraclidæ. In this play a great political action is represented with circumstantial detail, and with an ostentatious display of patriotic speeches and stories. The whole action turns upon the interment of the fallen Argive heroes, which was refused by the Thebans, but brought about by Theseus. It is highly probable that the poet had in view the dispute between the Athenians and Bœotians after the battle of Delium, on which occasion the latter refused to give up the dead bodies for sepulture. The piece has, however, be-

sides this political bearing, some independent beauties, especially in the songs of the chorus, which is composed of the mothers of the seven heroes and their attendants; to which are added, later in the piece, seven youths, the sons of the fallen warriors.

The 'Ion' possesses very great beauties. It is true that no eminent character, no violent passion, predominates in the play. The only motive by which the different personages in it are actuated is a consideration of their own advantage. All the interest lies in the ingenuity of the plot, which is so involved that, while on the one hand it keeps our expectation on the stretch, and agreeably surprises us, on the other, the result is highly flattering to the patriotic wishes of the Athenians. Apollo is desirous of advancing Ion, his son by Creusa, the daughter of Eretheus, to the sovereignty of Athens, but without acknowledging that he is his father. The general object of the play is manifestly to maintain undimmed and undiminished the pride of the Athenians in their pure descent from their old earth-born patriarchs and national kings.

The 'Raging Hercules,' the 'Andromache,' the 'Iphigenia at Tauris,' and the 'Trojan Women,' do not require particular analysis. They were all written at an advanced period of the poet's life, and bear evident marks of the influence of age upon his mind. Still, though deficient in unity of design and dramatic effect, yet they abound with isolated beauties peculiar to their author. To the 'Helena,' the 'Bacchæ,' and the 'Phœnician Women,' the same remarks are applicable.

The 'Iphigenia at Aulis,' the 'Electra' and the 'Orestes,' close the list of Euripides' tragedies.

The 'Iphigenia at Aulis' has evidently come down to us in an imperfect state. In its really genuine and original parts, it is one of the most admirable of the poet's tragedies; and it is based on such a noble idea that we might put it on the same footing with the works of his better days, such as the *Medea* and *Hecuba*. This idea is, that a pure and elevated mind, like that of Iphigenia, can alone find a way out of all the intricacies and entanglements caused by the passions and the efforts of powerful, wise, and brave men, contending with, and running counter to, one another. In this play Euripides has had the skill to invest the subject with such intense interest, by depicting the fruitless efforts of Agamemnon to save his child, the too late compunction of Menelaus, the pride and courage with which Achilles offers himself for the rescue of his affianced bride, and for her defence against the whole army, that the willingness to sacrifice herself appears as the solution of a very complicated knot, such as requires a *deus ex machina* in Euripides, and shines with the brightest lustre as an act of the highest sublimity. This admirable work is, however, unfortunately disfigured by the interpolation of a num-

ber of passages, poor and paltry both in matter and form. These additions were probably made by the younger Euripides, who brought the play on the stage after his father's death.

In the 'Electra,' Euripides goes farther than in any other of his plays, in his efforts to reduce the old mythical stories to the level of every-day life. He has invented an incident not altogether improbable—that Ægisthus married Electra to a common countryman, in order that her children might never gain power or influence enough to endanger his life—and this enables the poet to put together a set of scenes, representing domestic arrangements of the most limited and trifling kind, and on which most of the incidents of the play turn. In the concluding scene, however, he intimates an alteration in the story of Helen, and introduces Menelaus' sister, Theonoe, a virgin priestess, skilled in the future, but full of sympathy for the troubles of mankind, and presiding, like a protecting goddess, over the plans of Helen and her husband. This is one of the greatest and, at the same time, most beautiful conceptions of the poet.

In the 'Orestes' the hero is represented as pursued by the Furies, in punishment for the murder of his mother, Clytemnestra. Tradition remarks that this piece produced a powerful effect upon the stage, though all the characters in it are bad, with the exception of Pylades. The following scene in which Electra is watching over her sleeping brother, and the Chorus approaching his couch, is strikingly effective :—

Elect. Softly ! softly ! fall the sound
Of thy footsteps on the ground !
Gently ! gently ! like the breath
Of a lute-song in its death ;
Like the sighing of a reed,
Faintly murmuring to be freed,
So softly let thy whispers flow.

Ch. Like a reed, as soft and low !

Elect. Aye, low, low ! but tell me why,
Damsels, ye are lingering by ?
Long hath sorrow torn his breast ;
Now his weary eyes have rest.

Ch. How fares it with him ? Dearest, say.

Elect. Sad and tearful is my lay.
Breathing on his couch he lieth,
Still he suffereth, still he sigheth.

Ch. What say'st thou, mourner ?

Elect. Woe to thee,
If the dewy slumber flee.

Ch. Yet wail I his unhappy state ;
Abhorred deeds of deadly hate,
Rage of vindictive, torturing woes,
Which the relentless powers of heaven impose.

Elect. Unjust, unjust, the stern command,
The stern command Apollo gave
From Themis' seat, his ruthless hand
In blood, in mother's blood, to lave.

Ch. He stirs, he moves his covering vest.

Elect. Wretch, thy voice has broke his rest.

Ch. And yet, I think, sleep locks his eye.

Elect. Wilt thou begone? Hence wilt thou fly,
That quiet here again may dwell?

Ch. Hush, hush! he sleeps again—

Elect. 'Tis well.

Ch. Awful queen, whose gentle power
Brings sweet oblivion of our woes,
And in the calm and silent hour,
Distils the blessings of repose,—
Come, awful Night!

Elect. Softly let your warblings flow;
Farther, a farther distance keep:

The far-off cadence, sweet and low
Charms his repose and aids his sleep.

Ch. Tell us what end
Awaits his miseries?

Elect. Death! that end I fear.
He tastes no food.

Ch. Death then indeed is near.

Elect. When Phœbus gave the dire command
To bathe in mother's blood his hand,
By whom the father sunk in dust,
He doom'd us victims.

Ch. Dire these deeds, but just.

Orest. (waking.) O gentle Sleep, whose lenient power thus soothes
Disease and pain, how sweet thy visit to me,
Who wanted thy soft aid! Blessing divine,
That to the wretched givest wished repose,
Steeping their senses in forgetfulness!
Where have I been? Where am I? How brought hither?
My late distraction blots remembrance out.

Elect. What heartfelt joy to see thee thus composed!
Wilt thou I touch thee? Shall I raise thee up?

Orest. Assist me then, assist me; from my mouth
Wipe off the clotted foam; wipe my moist eyes.

Elect. Delightful office, for a sister's hand
To minister relief to a sick brother!

Orest. Lie by my side, and from my face remove
These squalid locks; they blind my darken'd eyes.

Elect. How tangled are the ringlets of thy hair.

Orest. Pray, lay me down again; when this ill phrenzy
Leaves me, I am feeble, very faint.

Elect. There, there; the bed is grateful to the sick.

Orest. Raise me again, more upright; bend me forward.

Ch. The sick are wayward through their restlessness.

Elect. Or wilt thou try with slow steps on the ground
To fix thy feet? Variety is sweet.

Orest. Most willingly; it hath the show of health:
The seeming hath some good, though void of truth.

Elect. Now, my loved brother, hear me while the Furies
Permit thy sense thus clear and undisturbed.

Orest. Hast thou aught new? If good, I thank thee for it;
If ill, I have enough of ill already.

Elect. Thy father's brother, Menelaus, arrives;
His fleet lies anchor'd in the Nauphian bay.

Orest. Comes he then? Light on our afflictions dawns;
Much to my father's kindness doth he owe.

Elect. He comes; and to confirm what now I say,
Brings Helena from Ilium's ruin'd walls.

Orest. More to be envied, were he saved alone;
Bringing his wife, he brings a mighty ill.

Elect. The female race of Tyndarus was born
To deep disgrace, and infamous through Greece.

Orest. Be thou unlike them then; 'tis in thy power;
And farther than in words thy virtue prove.

Elect. Alas, my brother, wildly rolls thine eye:
So quickly changed! The frantic fit returns.

Orest. Ah, mother! Do not set thy furies on me.
See how their fiery eye-balls glare in blood.
And wreathing snakes hiss in their horrid hair!
There, there they stand, ready to leap upon me!

Elect. Rest thee, poor brother, rest upon thy bed:
Thou seest them not; 'tis fancy's coinage all.

Orest. O Phœbus, they will kill me! these dire forms,
These Gorgon-visaged ministers of hell.

Elect. Thus will I hold thee, round thee throw mine arms,
And check the unhappy force of thy wild starts.

Orest. Off; Let me go! I know thee, who thou art—
One of the Furies—and thou grapplest with me,
To whirl me into Tartarus. Avaunt!

Elect. What shall I do? Ah me! Where shall I seek
Assistance, since the once friendly god frowns on us?

Orest. Bring me the bow and horn which Phœbus gave me,
And with it bade me drive these fiends away,
Should they affright me with their maddening terrors.

Elect. Can any god by mortal hands be wounded?

Orest. Should she not instant vanish from my sight—
Heard you the clang; saw you the winged shaft
Bound from the distant-wounding bow? Ha, ha!
Hear yet! On swift wings mount the æthereal air,
And there impeach the oracle of Phœbus!—
Whence this disquiet? Why thus pants my breath?—
Ah, whither have I wandered from my bed?
Why dost thou weep, my sister? Why decline
Thy drooping head and hide it in thy vest?
I blush to give thee part in my disease,
And wound with grief thy virgin tenderness.
Let not my life be thus infectious to thee;
Thou barely didst assent; I did the deed;

I shed her blood. But Phœbus I must name
 Who urged me to this most unholy act;
 Then, save with soothing words, assist me not.
 Had these eyes seen my father, had I asked him
 In duty if I ought to slay my mother?
 I think he would have prayed me not to plunge
 My murdering sword in her who gave me birth,
 Since he could not revisit heaven's sweet light
 And I must suffer all these miseries.
 But now unveil thy face and dry thy tears,
 My sister, though afflictions press us sore;
 And when thou seest me in these fitful moods,
 Soothe my disordered sense, and let thy voice
 Speak peace to my distraction: when the sigh
 Swells in thy bosom, 'tis a brother's part
 With tender sympathies to calm thy griefs;
 These are the blessed offices of friends.—
 But to thy chamber go, afflicted maid,
 There seek repose, close thy long-sleepless eyes,
 With food refresh thee and the enlivening bath.
 Should'st thou forsake me, or with too close tendance
 Impair thy delicate and tender health,
 Then were I lost indeed; for thou alone,
 Abandoned as I am, art all my comfort.
Elect. Should I forsake thee! No; my choice is fix'd;
 And I will die with thee, or with thee live.

The following brief fragments are too fine to be lost:—

FRAGMENTS.

I.

Dear is that valley to the murmuring bees;
 And all, who know it, come and come again.
 The small birds build there; and at summer noon,
 Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,
 As in the shining grass she sate concealed,
 Sing to herself * * * *

II.

This is true liberty, when free-born men,
 Having to advise the public, may speak free;
 Which he who can and will, deserves high praise:
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace:
 What can be juster in a State than this?

III.

There is a streamlet issuing from a rock.
 The village-girls singing wild madrigals,
 Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
 And hang them to the sun. There first I saw her.

Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,
 'Twas heaven to look upon; and her sweet voice,
 As tuneable as harp of many strings,
 At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul!

The reputation of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides as tragic poets was such, that Athens, after their death, distinguished them and their works by founding institutions the object of which was to preserve their dramas pure and unadulterated, and to protect them from being altered or interpolated at the caprice of actors. Eventually they were entirely withdrawn from the stage, and confined to the archives of the city, to be consulted only on the most important occasions. When Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, desired to grace his library at Alexandria with a copy of the plays of Euripides, and requested the magistrates of Athens to allow him to take a copy of them for that purpose, they required of him a pledge of nine Attic talents—a sum equal to nine thousand dollars—for the safe return of the originals. The work being completed, the king retained the original plays, returned the copy, and forfeited his pledge.

We are not, however, to conclude that the contemporaries of those great poets were insignificant writers; for a number of them not only maintained their place on the stage beside them, but frequently gained the tragic prize in competition with them. Yet, though their *separate* productions may have been sufficiently happy to merit the approbation of the public, the *general* character of these poets must have been deficient in that depth and peculiar force of genius by which the great tragedians were distinguished. Hence the facility with which their works sank into oblivion.

The chief of the contemporaries and successors of the great tragic poets of Athens were, *Neophron*, *Ion*, *Aristarchus*, *Achæus*, *Carcinus*, *Xenocles*, *Agathon*, *Chæremon*, and *Theodictes*. Of these poets our design requires that we should give but a very brief notice.

Neophron was a native of Sicyon, and, according to Suidas, was the author of one hundred and twenty dramas; of which, however, little farther is known. The 'Medea,' one of his plays, is said to have furnished Euripides with the plot of his great tragedy of the same name.

Ion was born at Chios, but in his youth he removed to Athens, where he passed the remainder of his life. He lived on terms of intimacy with Cimon and Æschylus, and enjoyed the esteem of most of the great men of that period. Besides tragedies, he wrote history, philosophy, lyric, elegiac, and dithyrambic poems, and forty fables. He did not write tragedies, however, till after the death of Æschylus, when he became a competitor for the tragic prize, and was once successful. Ion is said, by

Longinus, to have been surnamed 'The Eastern Star,' because he died while writing an ode which began with these words. The beauty and excellence of his poetry, according to the same critic, consisted rather in the absence of faults than in the presence of sublime ideas. He wrote with polish, correctness, and graceful ornament, but without the fire and enthusiasm of genius. Ion was one of the five canonical tragic poets of the Alexandrian grammarians.

Aristarchus was of Tegea, and commenced his dramatic career at Athens 454 A.C. Little is known of him as a dramatic writer, farther than that he was the first to produce tragedies according to the standard of greater length which was subsequently observed by Sophocles and Euripides. Some of his tragedies, particularly his *Achilles*, were very popular with the Romans, and were imitated by Ennius.

Achæus was a native of Eretria, and was born 484 A.C. The titles of seventeen of his tragedies are still extant, and he is said to have exhibited many more, though he gained but one prize. His principal merit seems to have been as a writer of satiric dramas. His manner was extremely artificial, and his expressions often forced and obscure; but notwithstanding these peculiarities, he obtained the favorable opinion of many ancient critics, who considered him the best writer of satiric plays after Æschylus. Achæus was also admitted into the Alexandrian canon.

Carcinus, with his sons, forms a family of tragedians, known to us chiefly from the jokes and mockeries of Aristophanes. The father was a tragedian, and the sons appeared as choral dancers in his plays; only one of them, Xenocles, also devoted himself to poetry. As far as we can judge from a few hints, both father and son were distinguished by a sort of antiquated harshness in their mode of expression. Yet Xenocles, with his tragic trilogy, *Œdipus*, *Lycaon*, *Bacchæ*, and the satirical drama *Athamas*, gained the prize over the trilogy of Euripides to which the *Troades* belonged. A later tragedian by the name of Carcinus was a native of Agrigentum in Sicily.

Agathon was a very singular character. He belonged to a very wealthy Athenian family, and presented his first tragedy to the public 416 A.C., when he was in the thirtieth year of his age. The latter part of his life he passed at the court of Archelaus, King of Macedon, where he died about 400 A.C. His strange demeanor and habits afforded to Aristophanes and Plato an opportunity of giving some sketches of him, which bring the man before our eyes in the most vivid and striking manner. Naturally delicate and effeminate, both in body and in mind, he gave himself up entirely to his prevailing mood, and coquetted with a sort of grace and charm with which he endeavored to invest everything

that he undertook. The lyrical part of his tragedies was an amiable and insinuating display of cheerful thoughts and kindly images, but did not penetrate deeply into the feelings. The most celebrated of his dramas was entitled the *Flower*, the possession of which, from its original and peculiar character, we should very highly prize.

The families of these great poets themselves, contributed very essentially to continue the tragic art after their deaths. Æschylus was followed by a succession of tragedians who flourished through several generations. His son, Euphorion, sometimes brought out plays of his father's which had not been represented before, sometimes dramas of his own, and he gained the tragic prize in competition with both Sophocles and Euripides. Philocles also, a nephew of Æschylus, gained the prize against the *King Œdipus* of Sophocles, notwithstanding the peculiar excellences of that great work. Astydamas, another relative of Æschylus, brought out, after the Peloponnesian war, no less than two hundred and forty dramas, and gained fifteen victories.

Of the family of Sophocles, Iophon was an active and popular tragedian in his father's lifetime, and Aristophanes speaks of him in unqualified terms of praise. Some years afterwards the younger Sophocles, the grandson of the great poet, came forward, at first with the legacy of unpublished dramas which his grandfather had left him, and soon after with plays of his own. As he gained the prize twelve times, he must have been one of the most prolific poets of the day, and the most formidable rival of Astydamas. The younger Euripides, a son or nephew of the great poet, also gained some reputation by the side of these descendants of Æschylus and Sophocles. He bears the same tragic relation to his uncle or father, that Euphorion bears to Æschylus, and the younger Sophocles to his grandfather—having first brought out plays written by his renowned kinsman, and then tried the success of his own productions.

From the time that the immediate successor whom we have named, of the great tragic poets, left the stage, tragedy became subordinate to other branches of literature. The *lyric poetry* and the *rhetoric* of the age had an especial influence on its form. It was losing more and more every day the predominance of ideas and feelings, and that the minor accessories of composition, which were formerly subjected to the ruling conceptions, were now, as it were, gradually becoming independent of them. It hunts about for stray charms to gratify the senses, and consequently loses sight of the true object, to elevate the thoughts and ennoble the sensibilities.

Chæremon, who flourished about 380 A.C., possessed so much of the lyrical poetry of his time, that he completely sacrificed the variety of

character to a striving after metrical variety of expression. In his 'Centaur,' which seems to have been a most extraordinary compound of epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry, he mixed up, according to Aristotle, all kinds of metres. His dramatic productions were rich in descriptions, which did not, like those of the old tragedians, belong to the pieces, and contribute to place in a clearer light the condition, the relations, and the deeds of some person engaged in the action, but sprung altogether from a fondness for delineating subjects which produce a pleasing impression on the senses. But with this mixture of foreign ingredients tragedy ceases to be a *drama*, in the proper sense of the word, in which everything depends on the causes and developments of actions, and on manifestations of the will of man. Accordingly, Aristotle calls Chæremón a *poet to be read*, and says that he is careful and accurate in details, like a professed writer whose sole object is the satisfaction of his reader.

Theodectes was born at Phaselis, about 356 A.C., but soon removed to Athens where he continued permanently to reside. Rhetoric was his chief study, though he also applied himself to philosophy. He belongs to the scholars of Isocrates, and though he left the rhetorical school for the tragic stage, he never gave up his original pursuits, but appeared both as an orator and a tragedian. At the splendid funeral feast, which the Carian queen, Artemisia, instituted in honor of Mausolus, the husband for whom she mourned so ostentatiously, 353 A.C., Theodectes, in competition with Theopompus and other orators, delivered a panegyric on the deceased, and at the same time produced a tragedy, the *Mausolus*, the materials for which were probably borrowed from the mythical traditions or early history of Caria. Theodectes' dramas so perfectly suited the corrupt taste of the age in which he lived, that out of fifteen tragic contests he gained eight victories. They were all, however, displays of rhetoric rather than of poetry.

Lecture the Thirteenth.

COMEDY.

SUSARION.—MYLLUS.—EUETES.—EUXONIDES.—CHIONIDES.—MAGNES.
—ECPHANTIDES.—EPICHARMUS.—PHORMIS.—CRATINUS.—EUPO-
LIS.—CRATES.—PLATO.—PHERECRATES.—PHILONADES, &c.

THE origin of the Greek comedy was similar to that of tragedy. As the latter was the development of the dithyrambic chorus, so the former grew out of the phallic songs. At the rural festivals, in which the country-loving Greeks took such intense delight, when the harvest or the vintage was over, a band of jovial revellers formed dances and processions, bearing aloft in triumphant merriment the emblem of fertility and increase, so prominent, not only in Greek, but also in Egyptian and Asiatic worship. The leader sung a broad convivial song, while the rest joined in a rude and boisterous chorus. In these rustic rejoicings we discern the first gleam both of the dramatic and choral portions, and hence the custom of the song and the dance accompanying the reveller, and the etymology of the term comedy—the song or ode of the Comus.

Comedy, like tragedy, was at first, according to Aristotle, entirely extempore—rude and biting jests, indecent and licentious songs, such as might be expected from the nature of the phallic ceremony, accompanied by gestures, like those of mountebanks, delighted the admiring crowd. This amusement first assumed a tangible form in Icaria, one of the provinces of Attica, and the inhabitants of this district first incorporated it with the worship of Dionysus or Bacchus, which they are said to have introduced into Greece. According to an ancient chronicle Susarion, a native of Megara, and a contemporary of Solon, was in the habit of amusing the Icarians by carrying from place to place, on carts, his company of buffoons, whose faces, instead of being concealed by masks, were smeared with the lees of wine. Hence his actors were called *lee-singers*, and comedy acquired the name of the *lee-song*.

Susarion, to whom the origin of Attic comedy is ascribed, was the son

of Philinus, and a native of Tripodiscus, a village in the Megaric territory, whence he removed into Attica, to the village of Icaria, a place celebrated as a seat of the worship of Dionysus. The claim of the Megarians, which is generally admitted, to the invention of comedy, is based upon this circumstance. Before the time of Susarion there were, doubtless, practiced at Icaria and the other Attic villages, that extempore jesting and buffoonery to which we have already alluded, and which formed a marked feature of the festivals of Dionysus; but Susarion was the first who so regulated this species of amusement, as to lay the foundation of Comedy, properly so called. The time at which this important step was taken can be pretty accurately ascertained. The Megaric comedy appears to have flourished in its full development as early as 600 A.C.; and it was introduced by Susarion into Attica about 575 A.C.

That the comedy introduced by Susarion into Attica partook of the rudeness and buffoonery of that of Megara, may be reasonably supposed; but, at the same time, there can be no doubt that, in his hands, a great and decided advance was made in the character of the composition, which now, in fact, for the first time, deserved that name. One change, which he introduced, is alone sufficient to mark the difference between an unregulated exercise of wit, and an orderly composition—the adoption, into his pieces, of the metrical form of language. It is not, however, to be inferred from this, that the comedies of Susarion were written; on the contrary, they were brought forward solely through the medium of the chorus, which Susarion, doubtless, subjected to certain rules.

Of the nature of Susarion's subjects we have no certain knowledge; but it can hardly be conceived that his comedies were made up entirely of the mere jests which formed the staple of the Megaric comedy; although there could only have been a very imperfect approach to anything like connected arguments or plots. The improvements of Susarion on the Megaric comedy, which he introduced into Attica, consisted in the substitution of premeditated metrical compositions, for irregular extemporaneous effusions, and, to some extent, the regulation of the chorus. It was long before this new species of composition took firm root in Attica; for we hear nothing more of it until eighty years after the time of Susarion, when the art was revived by Myllus, Euetes, Euxonides, and Chionides. This will not, however, surprise us if we recollect that this long interval is almost entirely filled up by the long tyranny of Pisistratus and his sons, who would feel it due to their dignity and security not to allow a comic chorus, even under the mask of Bacchic inebriety and merriment, to utter ribald jests against them before the assembled people of Athens; as understood by the Athenians of those days, comedy could not be brought to perfection except by republican freedom and equality. This was the reason why comedy continued so long an ob-

scure amusement of noisy rustics, which no archon superintended; and which no particular poet was willing to avow: although, even in this modest retirement, it made some sudden advances, and developed, completely, its dramatic form.

The tyranny of the Pisistratidæ being overthrown, and the fullest liberty enjoyed by the people of Athens, the comic spirit at once revived; and under the guidance of Myllus, Euetes, and Euxenides, became a prominent species of entertainment.

Myllus, according to Eustathius, was an actor as well as a dramatist, and still adhered to the old practice of having the faces of his actors besmeared with red ocre. He appears to have been especially successful in the representation of a deaf man, who, nevertheless, hears everything; whence arose the proverb, 'None so deaf as those who will not hear.' As no fragments of his comedies have been preserved, we have no means of judging of his poetic merits. Euetes and Euxenides, are mentioned by Suidas as the contemporaries of Myllus, and his fellow laborers in reviving the comedy of Susarion; but nothing farther is known of them.

Chionides, Magnes, and Ecphantides, immediately followed the three comic poets above mentioned in the order of time, and doubtless reduced their dramas to a much more definite form.

Chionides is placed by Aristotle and Suidas at the head of the old school of comedy—not in the order of time, but as the poet who gave to the Athenian comedy that form which it retained down to the time of Aristophanes, and of which the old comic lyric songs of Attica, and the Megaric buffoonery imported by Susarion, were only the rude elements. He commenced his dramatic career eight years before the Persian war, that is, 487 A.C., but time has spared us no fragments of his dramas by which to judge of their poetic merits.

Magnes was a native of the province of Icaria, in Attica, and is mentioned by Aristotle as contemporary with Chionides. In a passage of the *Knights* of Aristophanes, the poet upbraids the Athenians for their inconsistency towards Magnes, who had been extremely popular, but lived to find himself out of fashion. The cause of the declension in his popularity was, that in his latter plays he restricted the mimetic element which had prevailed in the earlier comedy, introduced much less of low buffoonery, and thus refused to pander to the taste of the audience. This characteristic of Athenian comedy, which Magnes had the honor of originating, Aristophanes and his contemporary comic poets afterwards carried to perfection. Magnes, according to Suidas, exhibited many comedies, and gained eleven prizes; and it is worthy of notice that he is the earliest comic poet of whom we find any victories recorded. Of the whole number of his dramas not half a dozen lines have been preserved.

Epphantides was a native of Athens, and a contemporary of Magnes. He seems, in his comedies, to have occupied a kind of middle ground, between the old Megaric comedy, and the refined school of Cratinas and his associates; for while he ridiculed the rudeness of the former, he was himself ridiculed on the same ground by the latter. His personal character appears to have been not so elevated as that of his associates; and hence a surname was bestowed upon him by his rival, which seems to imply a mixture of subtlety and obscurity. Epphantides owned a slave named Chœrilus, of rare endowments, by whom he is said to have been assisted in the composition of his plays. He was the first Athenian comic poet from whom the expense of providing his chorus-singers was removed. Of all his plays but a single line has been preserved.

While Chionides and his associate dramatists were perfecting the form of the Megaric comedy in Athens, Epicharmus and Phormis of Sicily, commenced their career as comic writers in their native island; and if we may rely upon the statement of Aristotle they soon so far surpassed their Attic contemporaries, as to be considered by all antiquity the *founders* of the regular Greek comic drama.

Epicharmus was born in the island of Cos, about 540 A.C. His father Elothales, was a physician of the race of the Asclepiads, and the profession of medicine seems to have been followed for some time by Epicharmus himself, and also by his brother. At the age of three months he was carried by his father to Megara, in Sicily, where, having been educated he remained until the city was destroyed by Gelon, tyrant of Syracuse, 484 A.C. After the destruction of Megara, Epicharmus took up his residence in Syracuse, and there spent the remainder of his life, which was prolonged throughout the reign of Hiero, at whose court he associated with Æschylus, Simonides, Pindar, and other distinguished writers of that period. He died at the advanced age of ninety-seven, 443 A.C., and to his memory the city of Syracuse erected a statue, with the following inscription, as preserved by Diogenes Laërtius:

The starry train as far as Phœbus drowns,
And ancient Ocean his unequal sons;
Beyond mankind we'll Epicharmus own,
On whom just Syracuse bestow'd the crown.

In order to perceive more clearly the source whence Epicharmus received his first ideas of the early comic poetry, we must remember that Megara, in Sicily, was a colony from Megara in Greece, where, as we have already observed, a species of comedy was known as early as the sixth century before the Christian era. This comedy was, of course, found by Epicharmus in the Sicilian Megara; and seizing upon its rude

elements, he reduced them to a regular plot, and appropriated the whole to mythological subjects. He did not, however, confine himself to these, but embraced also in his dramas subjects political, moral, relating to manners and customs, and even to personal character. His personal comedies, however, were rather general than particular, and resemble the subjects treated by the writers of the new comedy; so that when the ancient critics enumerated him among the poets of the old comedy, they must be understood to refer rather to his antiquity in point of time, than to any close resemblance between his works and those of the old Attic comedians.

Epicharmus was educated in the school of Pythagoras, and this may account for his stern moral maxims, and the peculiarities of his style, which appears to have been a curious mixture of the broad buffoonery that distinguished the old Megarian comedy, and of the sententious wisdom of the Pythagorean philosopher. His language was remarkably elegant, his epithets choice and delicate, and his plays, which were all written in the Doric dialect, abounded, as the extant fragments show, with philosophical and moral maxims, and with long speculative discourses. Müller observes that, 'if the elements of his dramas, which we have discovered singly, were in his plays combined, he must have set out with an elevated and philosophical view, which enabled him to satirize mankind without disturbing the calmness and tranquillity of his thoughts; while, at the same time, his scenes of common life were marked with the acute and penetrating genius which characterized the Sicilians.'

Epicharmus, though he passed the early part of his life in philosophical pursuits, medical studies, and the instruction of youth, was still a very liberal benefactor to the stage. According to Suidas, he was the author of fifty-two dramas; and this statement cannot be far from correct, as modern philologists have given the titles of forty, with the authorities by which they are ascertained. From these we select such as indicate the themes of his personal comedies:

The Husbandman—The Banditti—Earth and Sea—The Father of the People—The Bacchanalians—Hope—The Festival—The Reasoner—The Chatterlings—The Pedagogues—The Statesman—The Potters—Hebe's Wedding.

The following brief fragments are all that remain of the writings of this interesting poet. The first is, in all probability, from 'Hebe's Wedding;' and here we may remark that there is no subject upon which the ancient comic poets whet their wit more frequently than marriage. The wives of Syracuse could not have been much obliged to Epicharmus for the following sally:

MARRIAGE.

. Marriage is like
 A cast of dice! Happy indeed his lot
 Who gets a good wife—one of morals pure
 And withal easy temper. But alight on
 A gadding, gossiping, expensive jade,
 And heaven deliver thee! 'Tis not a wife
 Thou weddest, but an everlasting plague,
 A devil in she's clothing. There is not
 In the habitable globe so dire a torment;
 I know it to my cost:—the better luck
 Is his who never tried it.

Epicharmus, in the comedy of 'The Statesmen,' introduces the following retort from a man of low birth to a prattling old woman, who is vamping about her ancestry:

GENEALOGIES.

Good gossip, if you love me, prate no more:
 What are your genealogies to me?
 Away to those who have more need of them!
 Let the degenerate wretches, if they can,
 Dig up dead honor from their father's tombs,
 And boast it for their own—vain, empty boast!
 When every common fellow that they meet,
 If accident hath not cut off the scroll,
 Can show a list of ancestry as long.
 You call the Scythians barbarous, and despise them;
 Yet Anacharsis was a Scythian born;
 And every man of a like noble nature,
 Though he were moulded from an Æthiop's loins,
 Is nobler than your pedigrees can make him.

The following maxims indicate the Pythagorean philosopher, and, perhaps, the instructor of youth—a profession in which Epicharmus is supposed to have passed many years of his life:

MORAL MAXIMS.

Be sober in thought! be slow in belief! These are the sinews of wisdom.

It is the part of a wise man to foresee what ought to be done, so shall he not repent of what is done.

Throw not away thine anger upon trifles! Reason and not rage should govern.

Mankind are more indebted to industry than to ingenuity: the gods set up their favors at a price, and industry is the purchaser.

A man without merit shall live without envy; but who would wish to escape on these terms.

Live so as to hold yourself prepared either for a long life or for a short one.

Phormis, another Dorian comic poet of Sicily, was a native of Mænælus, in Arcadia; but having early removed to Sicily, he soon became intimate with Gelon, by whom he was liberally patronized, and whose children he educated. As a soldier also, Phormis is represented to have distinguished himself, under both Gelon and Hiero; and that he prided himself on his military achievements is evident from the statement of Pausanias, who informs us that, in gratitude for his martial successes, he dedicated gifts to Zeus at Olympia, and to Apollo at Delphi. According to the same authority, Lyeortas, a wealthy inhabitant of Syracuse, through admiration of Phormis' bravery, dedicated a splendid statue to his memory, representing him in the heat of battle.

The dramatic success of Epicharmus, finally induced Phormis to turn his attention also, to the writing of comedies; and his brilliant success, like that of Æschylus in the department of tragedy, seems to favor the idea, that early martial habits contribute to develop dramatic genius. Suidas has preserved the names of eight comedies written by Phormis; and he also informs us that he was the first to introduce actors with robes reaching to the ankles, and to ornament the stage with skins dyed purple—as drapery, it may be presumed. From the titles of his plays, it is evident that his subjects were similar to those of Epicharmus; but unfortunately not a fragment of his poetry has been preserved.

Dinolochus, according to some authorities, the son, and to others, the pupil, of Epicharmus, was the last of the Doric comic writers of this period. He is variously represented as a native of Agrigentum and of Syracuse, and is said to have written fourteen comedies; the titles only of a few of which, however, have been preserved. From all that we can learn his dramas have a striking similarity to those of Phormis, though some of them were, perhaps, more characteristic.

While Epicharmus, Phormis, and Dinolochus were thus giving form, stability, and poetic character to the Dorian comic drama of Sicily, three comic poets of Athens, Cratinus, Eupolis, and Aristophanes, commenced, in regular succession, in their native city, a dramatic career which eventuated in carrying the Attic comedy to the height of perfection. The largest liberty was now fully enjoyed in Athens, and to their acrimonious muse these satiric poets, therefore, sat no bounds. The Old Comedy, as it is technically called, now assumed a fixed and determinate character.

Of this first school of Attic comedy the characteristic feature is personality; and, in order to form a correct estimate of its nature, it is necessary to divest the mind of all ideas which it has derived from comedies of modern times. The tragic principle is the same in all ages; and hence between ancient and modern tragedy there are many points of resemblance; but the old Attic comedy is totally unlike its modern namesake. It is quite *sui generis*—there is nothing with which it can be compared. In its loose and unconnected structure, the incompleteness and want of uniformity in its plot, it somewhat resembles a modern pantomime. Like pantomime, it consists of numerous independent scenes and ludicrous situations, satirical attacks on the vices, and sparkling allusions to the prevalent follies of the day; and much of the humor consists in practical jokes, as well as in the smartness of the dialogue and repartee. It also indulged in the most unrestrained personalities. Real personages were exhibited on the stage, and the shafts of the poet's ridicule were fearlessly directed against them. These gross attacks were not confined to public characters only, who might be considered fair marks for censure as well as praise, but the secrets of domestic life were laid open, its sanctity violated, the faults of private characters held up to odium or ridicule, and even virtuous and patriotic conduct sometimes misrepresented.

From the virulence of these comic poets nothing was safe. The most serious business of life was caricatured—the most time-honored political institutions unsparingly criticised—the whole public administration, educational, legal, financial, and executive, remorselessly attacked. Besides this, the poet assumed to himself the functions of a literary censor: he aspired to lead the public taste, and direct the critical judgment of the Athenian people on all literary and philosophical questions. But all this abuse and slander, and caricature and criticism, was conveyed in the most exquisite and polished style: it was recommended by all the refinements of taste and the graces of poetry. It was in consequence of this exquisite elegance and purity, which distinguished the style of the Attic comic writing, as well as its energetic power, that Quintilian recommends an orator to study, as the best models next to Homer, the writings of the old Attic comedy.

That this comedy abounded in grossness and obscenity, such as would not be tolerated in dramatic exhibitions of the present day, cannot be doubted. But an age in which man was not softened by the influence of good female society, the virtuous of the female sex were not educated so as to fit them for being companions of the men, whilst the vicious applied themselves to the task of making the leisure hours of the male sex pass agreeably, by all the accomplishments and elegances of a finished education, was necessarily a gross one. The comic poet, therefore, was not, as has often been alleged, the corrupter of his countrymen; for the

most that can be said against him is, that, with all his taste, and talent, and education, he was not in advance of his age in this point—that he did not stem the tide of corruption—that he pandered to a degraded popular taste, instead of using his best efforts to mould it to a higher standard.

The old comedy was to the Athenians the representative of many influences which exist in the present day. It was the newspaper—the review—the satire—the pamphlet—the caricature—the pantomime of Athens. Addressed to the thousands who flocked to the theatre, to witness the representation of a new comedy, most of whom were keenly alive to every witty allusion and stroke of satire, and who took a deep interest in everything of a public nature, because each individual was personally engaged in the administration of State affairs, the old comedy must have been a powerful engine for good or for evil. There can be little doubt that, scurrilous and immoral as it often was, the good, nevertheless, predominated. Gross and depraved as the Athenians were already, notwithstanding their refinement, it is not likely that comedy corrupted their morals in this respect. The vices which prevailed would have existed without it, and were neither increased nor fostered by it.

The comic poets were, however, generally in favor of that which was pure in taste, sound and thorough in education, and honest and elevated in politics. Fostered as the free satire of comedy was by the unbounded license of a democracy, and owing its vigor, as well as its existence, to the patronage of a sovereign people, it neither spared the vices nor flattered the follies of its patrons. Like those of the court fool in the Middle Ages, its most biting jests were received with good humor, and welcomed as acceptable by its supporters, although they themselves were the objects of them. But notwithstanding the favor with which it was viewed by the people, its extreme personality eventually provoked the interference of the law. To this subject, however, our attention will be more particularly directed when we come to consider the Attic comedy of the Middle School.

Cratinus was the son of Callimedes, and was born in Athens 519 A.C. Of his personal history very little is known. He did not commence writing comedies until he had passed the sixty-fifth year of his age, after which he produced twenty-one, and gained nine prizes. He lived to extreme old age, though, according to the loose morals of the Greeks, his passions were without restraint. He carried his love of wine to such excess, that he obtained the name of 'Philpot,' launching out in praise of drinking, and rallying all sobriety out of countenance—asserting that no poet can be good for anything who does not love his bottle; and that dramatic poets in particular ought to drink freely in honor of Bacchus, for his peculiar patronage and protection of the stage. Horace, who

was a thorough believer in the poetical inspiration of wine, supports his opinion by the authority of Cratinus in the following address to Mæcenæas :

O learned Mæcenæas, hear Cratinus speak,
And take this maxim from the gay old Greek;
No verse shall please or lasting honors gain,
Which coldly flows from water-drinker's brain.

The love of wine seems, indeed, to have occupied the place of merit among the Greeks; but Cratinus' excess was attended, in his old age, with some marks of weakness and want of retention, incidental to an exhausted constitution. Of this Aristophanes, who was a younger man, though not much more abstemious, availed himself, and, accordingly, brought his old competitor on the stage, and held him up to ridicule for this infirmity. The charge was unmanly, and roused the aged veteran to return the attack. Cratinus at that time, through the infirmities of age, had left off writing, but he was not superannuated; and he, accordingly, not only resumed his pen, but lived to complete and bring out a comedy, which he appropriately called *The Flagon*.

In the plot of this piece the poet feigns himself married to comedy, whom he personifies, and represents the lady in disgust with her husband, for his unconjugal neglect. With this she distinctly charges him, and then openly sues for a divorce. Upon this hearing, certain friends and advocates are introduced in the scene in behalf of the party accused, who make suit to the dame to stay her proceedings, and not to be over-hasty in throwing off an old spouse; but, on the contrary, recommend to her to enter calmly into an amicable discussion of her grievances. To this proposal she at length accedes, and this gives occasion to take up the charge of Aristophanes, accusing the old bard of drunkenness and the concomitant circumstances, which had been published with so much ill nature to make him ridiculous at the end of life. Then follows a very pleasant refutation of all these libels, by which he contrives to turn the laugh against Aristophanes, and so concludes the comedy.

It affords us great satisfaction, even at this distant period of time, to know that Cratinus bore away the prize with this very comedy from both Aristophanes and Crates, and soon after expired in the arms of victory, in the ninety-eighth year of his age, and 422 A.C. The Athenians erected a monument to his memory, the epitaph upon which omitted all mention of his fine talents, and recorded nothing but his drunkenness. Thus, as *he* spared no man when living, even *death* itself would not protect him from retaliation.

Cratinus was emphatically *the poet* of the old comedy. He gave it its peculiar character, and he did not, like Aristophanes, live to see its decline. Before his time the comic poets had aimed at little beyond exciting the laughter of their audience; but he made comedy a terrible weapon of per-

sonal attack, and the comic poet a severe censor of public and private vice. An anonymous ancient writer says, that to the pleasing in comedy Cratinus added the useful, by accusing evil-doers and punishing them with comedy as with a public scourge. He did not even unite mirth with his satire; but, according to his contemporaries, he hurled his reproaches in the plainest form at the bare heads of the offenders. Pericles was the object of his most persevering and vehement abuse; but, on the other hand, upon Cimon he bestowed the highest praise, which shows that he was as discriminating as he was bold.

Of the writings of this eminent ancient poet, once so great a favorite, scarcely a fragment is now to be found sufficiently perfect to merit a translation. One little spark of his genius, however, will be seen in the following epigrammatic turn of thought upon the loss of a statue which, as the workmanship of Dædalus, he supposes to have made use of its privilege, and escaped from its pedestal:

My statue's gone! By Dædalus 'twas made;
It is not stolen therefore; it has stray'd.

Suidas says Cratinus was 'splendid and bright in all his characters.' His style was full of spirit and energy, his language highly figurative, his metre so bold and grand, especially in the lyrical portion, as to have been considered equal to those of the tragedians, even of Æschylus himself. His great rival Aristophanes was fully aware of his fervid imagination, and of his impetuous and torrent-like eloquence. In the same passage in which he describes his desertion by his fickle and ungrateful admirers, he speaks of the high place which he ought to occupy in the public estimation, although he could not refrain from indulging his love of humor and satire:

Who Cratinus may forget, or the storm of whim and wit
Which shook theatres under his guiding?
When Panegyric's song poured her flood of praise along
Who but he on the top wave was riding?
Foe nor rival might he meet, plane and oak ta'en by the feet,
Did him instant and humble prostration;
For his step was as the tread of a flood that leaves its bed,
And his march it was rude desolation.
* * * * *
Thus in glory was he seen while his years as yet were green;
But now that his dotage is on him,
God help him! for no eye of all those that pass him by
Throws a look of compassion upon him.
'Tis a couch, but with the loss of its garnish and its gloss;
'Tis a harp that hath lost all its crowning;
'Tis a pipe where deffest hand may the stops no more command,
Nor on its divisions be running.
* * * * *

Oh, if ever yet a bard waited, page-like high reward,
 Former exploits and just reputation,
 By an emphasis of right, some had earned this noble wight,
 In the hall a most constant potation;
 And in theatre's high station there a mark for admiration
 To anchor her aspect and face on;
 In his honor he should sit, nor serve trifles in the pit
 As an object their rude jests to pass on.

Eupolis became a very popular comic writer some years before the death of Cratinus. The bold strong spirit of his satire recommended him to the public more than the beauties and graces of his style, which he was not studious to polish. He attacked the most obnoxious and profligate characters in Athens, without any regard to his personal safety: to expose the cheat, and ridicule the imposter, was the glory of his muse; and neither the terrors of the magistracy, nor the mysteries of superstition, could divert him from his course.

Eupolis was the son of Sosipolis, and was born in Athens 446 A.C. He devoted himself to the drama from his youth, and his first comedy was exhibited 429 A.C., when he had but just attained the seventeenth year of his age. The date of his death cannot be so certainly ascertained. The common story was that Alcibiades, when sailing to Sicily, threw him into the sea, in revenge for an attack which Eupolis had made upon him in his *Baptæ*. But, to say nothing of the improbability of even Alcibiades venturing on such an outrage, or the still stranger fact of its not being alluded to by Thucydides or any other trustworthy historian, the answer of Cicero is conclusive, that Eratosthenes mentioned plays produced by Eupolis after the Sicilian expedition took place. The only discoverable foundation for this story, and probably the true account of the poet's death, is the statement of Suidas, that he perished at the Hellespont in the war against the Lacedæmonians, which must necessarily refer either to the battle of Cynossema, 411 A.C., or to that of Ægospotami, 405 A.C. That he died in the former battle is not improbable, since we never hear of his exhibiting after 412 A.C.; and if so it is very likely that the enemies of Alcibiades might charge him with taking advantage of the confusion of the battle to gratify his revenge. There are, however, other accounts of the poet's death, which are altogether different. Ælian relates that he died and was buried in Ægina; and Pausanias says, that he saw his tomb in the territory of Sicyon. Of the personal history of Eupolis nothing farther is known.

Eupolis, according to Suidas, was the author of seventeen comedies, the principal of which were, *The Baptæ*, *The Flatterers*, *The Lacedæmonians*, *The Marica*, *The People*, and the first and second *Autolycus*. From the severity with which Alcibiades and other prominent leaders

were attacked in 'The Baptæ,' originated the story of Eupolis' having been drowned, as already related. In 'The People,' by the fiction of the scene he raises the shades of their departed orators and demagogues from the dead; and when Pericles, last of the troop, arises, the poet demands, 'Who is it that appears?' The question being answered, and the spirit of Pericles dismissed, he pronounces his encomium—'That he was pre-eminent as an orator, for man never spoke as he spoke: when he started like a courser in the race, he threw all competitors out of sight, so rapid was the torrent of his eloquence; but with that rapidity there flowed such a sweetness and persuasion from his lips, that he alone of all orators, struck a sting into the very souls of his hearers, and left it there to remain forever.' In his 'Lacedæmonians,' on the contrary, he attacks both the public and private character of Cimon, charging him with improper partiality for the Lacedæmonians, with drunkenness, and with many other vices of the most debasing kind. Plutarch takes notice of this attack, and says it had a great effect in stirring up the populace against this celebrated commander. This, however, must be a mistake, for Cimon died a number of years before Eupolis commenced his dramatic career. The 'Maricas' was written against the orator Hyperbolus, whom Thucydides mentioned to have been banished by ostracism.

Of the following poetic fragments, the first is from 'The People,' and the other from 'The Flatterers':

ALTERED CONDITION OF ATHENS.

It grieves me to behold the commonwealth—
 Things were not thus administered of old;
 Then men of sense and virtue,—men, whose merits
 Gave them consideration in the State,—
 Held the first offices: to such we bowed
 As to the gods—and gods, indeed, they were—
 For under their wise counsels we enjoyed
 Security and peace.—But now, alas!
 We have no other guide in our elections
 Save chance, blind chance, and on whatever head
 It falls, though worst and meanest of mankind,
 Up starts he a great man, and is at once
 Install'd prime Rogue and Minister of State.

The lines which follow, from 'The Flatterers,' is a part of the speech of a parasite, and enumerates a few of the arts by which he gulls the rich boobies that fall in his way:

THE PARASITE.

Mark now, and learn of me the thriving art,
 By which we parasites contrive to live:

Fine rogues we are, my friend (of that be sure),
 And daintily we gull mankind.—Observe!
 First I provide myself a nimble thing
 To be my page, a varlet of all crafts;
 Next two new suits for feasts and gala days,
 Which I promote by turns, when I walk forth
 To sun myself upon the public square:
 There, if perchance I spy some rich, dull knave,
 Straight I accost him, do him reverence,
 And, sauntering up and down with idle chat,
 Hold him awhile in play; at every word,
 Which his wise worship utters, I stop short
 And bless myself for wonder; if he ventures
 On some vile joke, I blow it to the skies,
 And hold my sides for laughter. Then to supper
 With others, with our brotherhood, to mess
 In some night-cellar on our barley cakes,
 And club inventions for the next day's shift.

The chief characteristics of the poetry of Eupolis seem to have been the liveliness of his fancy, and the power which he possessed of imparting its images to the audience. This characteristic of his genius influenced his choice of his subjects, as well as his mode of treating them, so that he not only appears to have chosen subjects which other poets might have despaired of dramatizing, but we are expressly told that he wrought into the body of his plays those serious political views which other poets expounded in their *parabases*, as in the *Baptæ*, in which he represented the legislators of other times conferring on the administration of the State. To do this in a genuine Attic old comedy, without converting the comedy into a serious philosophic dialogue, must have been a great triumph of dramatic art. The introduction of deceased persons on the stage appears to have given to the plays of Eupolis a certain dignity, which would have been inconsistent with the comic spirit, had it not been relieved by the most graceful and clever merriment. In elegance, though he rarely aimed at it, he is said to have been capable of rivalling even Aristophanes, while in bitter jesting and personal abuse he emulated Cratinus. Among the objects of his satire, as we have already seen, was the high-minded Cimon; and even the excellent Socrates did not escape the shafts of his satire. Indeed, innocence seems to have afforded no shelter; for he attacked Autolycus, who is said to have been guilty of no crime, and is only known as having been distinguished for his beauty, and as a victor in the pancratium, as vehemently as he did Callias, Alcibiades, Melanthius, and others of the same class. But such was the Old Comedy.

Reserving the life, genius, and writings of Aristophanes for a separate lecture, we shall now proceed briefly to notice Crates, Plato, Pherecrates,

and Philonides, all of whom were distinguished comic poets of the old school, and contemporaries of Eupolis.

'Crates' was a native of Athens, but of his family nothing is now known. He commenced his connection with the drama as an actor, personated the principal characters in the plays of Cratinus, and was the great rival of Callistratus and Philonides—Aristophanes' two most favorite actors. He began to flourish about 445 A.C., and is alluded to by Aristophanes in such a way as to imply that he was dead before the *Knights* was acted—424 A.C. If this be true, he died two years before Cratinus. With respect to the character of his dramas, there is a passage in the fifth book of Aristotle's *Poetics*, which seems to convey the idea that, instead of making his comedies vehicles of personal abuse, he chose such subjects as admitted of a more general mode of depicting character. His great excellence is attested by Aristophanes, and by the few fragments which remain of his plays. He excelled chiefly in fun and mirth, which he carried so far as to introduce drunken characters on the stage—a thing which Epicharmus had done, but which had never before been ventured upon by an Attic comedian.

According to the authority of Suidas, Crates was the author of eight comedies, all of which were remarkable for their gaiety and facetiousness. In the few fragments that still remain of his poetry, his language is pure, elegant, and simple, with rarely a peculiar word or construction. Aristotle ascribes to Crates an important innovation with respect to the iambic metre of the old comedy, which, by adding a spondaic ending to the anapaestic tetrameter, he made more free and apposite to familiar dialogue. Though, according to the voice of all antiquity, the general character of the dramas of Crates was gaiety and mirth, yet all the fragments that we now possess of his poetry, are remarkable for their grave and sententious cast. One of them is an observation on the effects of poverty; another is a short stricture on the gluttony of the Thessalians; a third is a remark upon the indecorousness of inviting women to wedding suppers, and making riotous entertainments at a ceremony which modesty would recommend to pass in private, and within the respective family where it occurs. The last fragment is the following touching and beautiful picture of old age, and the vanity of human wishes:

ON OLD AGE.

These shrivel'd sinews and this bending frame
The workmanship of Time's strong hand proclaim,
Skill'd to remove whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked which they fashion straight.
Hard choice for man, to die—or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see.

Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
 And travel on to life's last lingering day;
 Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
 Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse

Plato, the next comic poet of the Old School to be noticed was also a native of Athens, and flourished from 428 A.C., the year in which he presented his first comedy to the public, till 389 A.C., two years after the death of the historian Thucydides. Of the personal history of Plato nothing farther is known except the story told by Suidas, that he was so poor as to be obliged to write comedies for other persons. Suidas founds this statement on a passage of the *Pisander* of Plato, in which the poet alludes to his laboring for others; but the story of his poverty is plainly nothing more than an arbitrary conjecture, made to explain the passage, the true meaning of which, doubtless, is, that, as was at that time no unusual case, he exhibited some of his plays in the names of other persons, but was naturally anxious to claim the merit of them for himself when they had succeeded; and that he did so in the Parabasis of the *Pisander*, as Aristophanes does in the Parabasis of the *Clouds*. Arsenius entirely confirms this interpretation.

Plato ranked among the very best poets of the Old Comedy. From the notice taken of him by the grammarians, and from the large number of fragments of his poetry preserved, it is evident that his plays were only second in popularity to those of Aristophanes. Purity of language, refined sharpness of wit, and a combination of the vigor of the Old, with the greater elegance of the Middle and the New Comedy, were his chief characteristics. Though many of his plays appear to have had no political reference at all, yet it is evident that he kept up to the spirit of the Old Comedy in his attacks on the corruptions and corrupt persons of his age; for he is charged by Dio Chrysostom with vituperation—a curious charge truly, to bring against a professed satirist! Among the chief objects of his attack were the demagogues Creon, Hyperbolus, Cleophon, the general Leagrus, and the orators Cephalus and Archinus. To these we may add his frequent attacks upon his great rival Aristophanes; and, indeed, the mutual attacks of these two distinguished poets upon each other must be regarded as a striking proof of the esteem in which they held each other's talents.

Plato was evidently one of the most diligent of the old comic poets. The number of his dramas, according to Suidas, was twenty-eight, though that critic enumerates the titles of thirty. Of these, the most noted were, the *Pisander*, already mentioned, the *Beard*, the *Philosopher's Cloak*, the *Cleophon*, the *Phaon*, the *Perialges*, the *Hyperbolus*, the *Presbeis*, and the *Laius*, which was, perhaps, the latest of his plays ex-

hibited. Of the fragments which remain of these dramas, we select the following, and much regret that we have in vain attempted to ascertain the particular plays to which they belonged.

The following address to a statue of Mercury, cut by Dædalus, has in it much epigrammatic neatness and point. The poet mistakes the statue for a living figure :

Ho there! who art thou? Answer me.—Art dumb?
 'Warm from the hand of Dædalus I come;
 My name Mercurius, and, as you may prove,
 A statue; but his statues speak and move.'

The following lines on the tomb of Themistocles have a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity in them, worthy of the exalted subject :

THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
 Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand.
 By this directed to thy native shore,
 The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
 And when our fleets are summon'd to the fight,
 Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

The following fragment of a dialogue between a father and a sophist, under whose tuition he had placed his son, probably belonged either to the comedy of the *Beard*, or to the *Philosopher's Cloak*.

Fath. Thou hast destroyed the morals of my son,
 And turn'd his mind, not so disposed, to vice,
 Unholy pedagogue! With morning drams,
 A filthy custom which he caught from thee,
 Clean from his former practice, now he saps
 His youthful vigor. It is thus you school him.

Soph. And if I did, what harms him? Why complain you?
 He does but follow what the wise prescribe,
 The great voluptuous law of Epicurus,
 Pleasure, the best of all good things on earth;
 And how but thus can pleasure be obtain'd?

Fath. Virtue will give it him.

Soph. And what but virtue
 Is our philosophy? When have you met
 One of our sect flush'd and disguised with wine?
 Or one, but one of those you tax so roundly,
 On whom to fix a fault?

Fath. Not one, but all.
 All who march forth with supercilious brow,
 High arch'd with pride, beating the city rounds
 Like constables in quest of rogues and outlaws,

To find that prodigy in human nature,
 A wise and perfect man! What is your science
 But kitchen science? wisely to descant
 Upon the choice bits of a savory carp,
 And prove by logic that his *summun bonum*
 Lies in his head; there you can lecture well,
 And whilst your gray beards wag, the gaping guest
 Sits wondering *with a foolish face of praise*.

Pherecrates, the next comic poet of the old school to be noticed, was a native of Athens, and a contemporary of Plato and Aristophanes. He presented his first comedy to the public 438 A.C., and the last of which we have any knowledge 420 A.C.; so that he flourished, as an author, for about twenty years.

The character and genius of Pherecrates have descended to us with the warmest testimonials of high authority. His style was of that peculiar character which has been proverbially dignified as *Most Attic*. He acquired such reputation by his comedies and other poems, that the metre he used was called, by way of pre-eminence, 'the Pherecratian metre.' He was no less excellent in his private than in his poetical character, and lived on the most intimate terms with Plato the philosopher, and other Athenians of equal eminence. As a comic writer his principal competitor seems to have been Crates, the actor and author of whom we have already spoken.

According to Suidas, Pherecrates was the author of seventeen comedies, the titles of which are still extant. The *Peasants*, one of these, is mentioned by Plato in his *Protagoras*; and Clemens of Alexandria quotes a passage from his *Deserters*, of great elegance, in which the gods are introduced making their heavy complaints of the frauds practiced towards them by mankind, in their sacrifices and oblations. This poet also has a personal stroke at the immoral character of Alcibiades.

Having introduced a passage from Crates, the rival of Pherecrates, on old age, we shall now present one from the latter on the same subject, in order to show how these celebrated rivals expressed themselves on the same sentiment:

ON OLD AGE.

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,
 Compound of disappointment, pain, and care!
 For when the mind's experience comes at length,
 It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength.
 Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
 Knowledge just ripens when the man decays;
 One ray of light the closing eye receives,
 And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

Pherecrates entitled one of his comedies *The Tyranny*. It does not, however, appear what particular object he had in view under this title; but from the following fragment, he seems to have levelled some share of his satire against women :

Remark how wisely ancient art provides,
The broad brimm'd cup, with flat expanded sides :
A cup contrived for man's discreeter use,
And sober potions of the generous juice ;
But woman's more ambitious thirsty soul
Soon long'd to revel in the plenteous bowl ;
Deep and capacious as the swelling hold
Of some stout bark, she shaped the hollow mould ;
Then turning out a vessel like a tun,
Simpering exclaim'd—Observe ! I take but one !

Athenæus has preserved the following curious and valuable fragment, from *The Miners* of this author. It is a very luxurious description of the riches and abundance of some former times to which he alludes, strongly dashed with comic strokes of wild extravagance and hyperbole. These *miners* were probably the chorus of the drama, which, doubtless, was of a satirical sort, and pointed at the luxuries of the rich. By the mention made of Plutus in the first line, we may suppose that these *mines* were of gold, and probably the god of that precious metal was one of the persons of the drama.

FROM THE MINERS OF PHERECRATES.

- A. The days of Plutus were the days of gold ;
The season of high feeding and good cheer :
Rivers of goodly beef and brewis ran
Boiling and bubbling through the steaming streets,
With islands of fat dumplings, cut in sops
And slippery gobbets, moulded into mouthfuls
That dead men might have swallowed ; floating tripes
And fleets of sausages in luscious morsels
Stuck to the banks like oysters ; here and there,
For relishes a salt fish, seasoned high
Swam down the savory tide ; when soon, behold !
The portly gammon, sailing in full state
Upon his smoking platter, heaves in sight,
Encompass'd with his bandoliers like guards,
And convoy'd by huge bowls of frumenty,
That with their generous odors scent the air.
- B. You stagger me to tell of those good days,
And yet to live with us on our hard fare,
When death's a deed as easy as to drink.
- A. If your mouth waters now, what had it done,
Could you have seen our delicate fine thrushes
Hot from the spit, with myrtle-berries cramm'd,

And larded well with celandine and parsley,
 Bob at your hungry lips, crying—Come, eat me!
 Nor was this all; for pendant over head
 The fairest, choicest fruits in clusters hung;
 Girls too, young girls, just budding into bloom,
 Clad in transparent vests, stood near at hand,
 To serve us with fresh roses and full cups
 Of rich and fragrant wine, of which one glass
 No sooner was dispatch'd, than, straight behold
 Two goblets, fresh and sparkling as the first,
 Provok'd us to repeat the increasing draught.
 Away then with your ploughs, we need them not,
 Your scythes, your sickles, and your pruning hooks!
 Away with all your trumpery at once!
 Seed-time, and harvest home and vintage wakes—
 Your holidays are nothing worth to us.
 Our rivers roll with luxury, our vats
 Overflow with nectar, which providing Jove
 Showers down by cataracts: the very gutters
 From our house-tops spout wine, vast forests wave
 Whose very leaves drop fatness, smoking viands
 Like mountains rise. All nature's one great feast.

Philonides was a native of Athens, but is better known as one of the two persons in whose names Aristophanes brought out some of his dramas, than as a poet. Before he became a dramatic writer, he had followed the trade of a fuller, according to Suidas; but according to Eudocia, and which is more probable, he was a painter. Suidas mentions the title of three of his plays, one of which was aimed at Theramenes, whose party fickleness rendered him a fitting object of attack. Aristophanes represents him as a very silly, vulgar fellow, and illiterate to a proverb; but there must evidently have been more satire than truth in this representation, otherwise the great poet could not have trusted him to present to the public such comedies as *The Clouds*, *The Frogs*, and others of equal importance.

The following short fragment of Philonides is all that we can find of his works; and it is such a specimen as convinces us that we must not always take the character of a poet from a contemporary wit, engaged in the same studies.

FRAGMENT.

Because I hold the laws in due respect,
 And fear to be unjust, am I a coward?
 Meek let me be to all the friends of truth,
 And only terrible among its foes.

A brief notice of the remaining comic poets of the Old School, but of whom, unfortunately, we have not even any fragmentary remains, will

close our present remarks. These poets are Phrynichus, Ameipsias, Amphis, Hermippus, Hipparchus, and Theopompus.

Phrynichus was a native of Athens, and the son of Eunomides. According to Suidas, his first comedy was exhibited 435 A.C., but of the history of his life nothing more is known; for, the statement of an anonymous ancient writer, that he died in Sicily, refers, in all probability, to an early tragic poet of the same name. He was the author of ten comedies, of which the following were the titles: *The Ephialtes*, *The Beard*, *Saturn*, *The Revellers*, *The Satyrs*, *The Tragedians*, *The Recluse*, *The Muses*, *The Priest*, and *The Weeding Women*. We have no other means than these titles to enable us to form any conjecture of the nature of the comedies themselves; but they sufficiently indicate the subjects his satire pointed out to the spectators, in which the philosophers, as usual, had their full share.

The style of Phrynichus was remarkable for its elegance and vigor; and his genius, if we can depend upon the opinions of the ancient grammarians, placed him among the most distinguished poets of the Old Comedy. Aristophanes, indeed, charges him with using low buffoonery, and he was charged by the comic poet Hermippus with corrupting both language and metre, and with plagiarism; but these charges are probably to be regarded rather as indications of the height to which the rivalry of the comic poets was carried, than as the statement of actual truths. Phrynichus, it is true, invented a new metre, which he termed the *Ionic a Minore Catalectic* verse, and which afterwards bore his own name; but his language, according to the celebrated grammarian, Didymus of Alexandria, was terse and elegant, though he sometimes used words of peculiar formation.

Ameipsias was also a native of Athens, and was a comic poet of such exalted genius, as to have triumphed in the contest with Aristophanes, when the latter presented for the trial two of his most important plays—‘*The Clouds*,’ and ‘*The Birds*.’ We have the titles of ten of his comedies; and though in some of them the satire was personal, yet, in all, it seems to have been levelled against the reigning vices of his time, rather than against particular individuals. In *The Beard*, he inveighed against the hypocrisy and affectation of the priests and the philosophers. In *The Sappho*, the morals of many of the prominent women of Athens were exposed; and in *The Philosopher’s Cloak*, he is understood to have glanced pretty severely at Socrates. To these we may add *The Gamesters*, *The Glutton*, *The Adulterers*, and *The Purse*—names which sufficiently indicate the *tone* of the comedies founded upon them.

Amphis, the son of Amphicrates, was another Athenian comic poet of

great celebrity. We have the titles of twenty-one of his comedies, and he probably wrote many more. By these titles it appears evident that he wrote in the satirical vein of the Old Comedy, and one of his plays contained a personal stroke at his contemporary, Plato the philosopher. One of his plays, entitled *The Seven Chiefs against Thebes*, was probably a parody upon Æschylus; and if so, this proves that it was written while the personal drama was suspended. *The Dicers*, *The Drunkards*, *The Gamesters*, *The Courtezans*, *The Parasites*, and other plays with similar titles, were aimed at the prevailing vices which they named, and reformed them with great moral severity. Two of his comedies were entitled *Women's Love* and *Women's Tyranny*, and their purport may be easily inferred.

Hermippus was the son of Lysis, a native Athenian, and brother of Myrtilus, another comic poet, of whom, however, very little is known. Hermippus was rather older than Aristophanes, though his precise æra cannot be fixed. His personal satire seems to have been extremely bitter, and he vehemently attacked Pericles on his connection with the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. He also exposes his dissolute morals in relation to Aspasia; and in one of his plays he calls him King of the Satyrs, advising him to assume the proper attributes of his lascivious character. According to Suidas, he was the author of forty comedies, the titles of only nine of which have, however, been preserved.

Hipparchus, another of these brilliant contemporary authors of the Old Comedy, was a native of Athens; but of his history nothing of any importance is now known. Suidas simply remarks, that 'his dramas were about marriages,' but gives us no key to their character, farther than to enumerate three of their titles.

Theopompus, the son of Theodectes, is represented by his contemporaries as a man of excellent moral character; and though he was long afflicted with a defluxion in his eyes, which removed him from his studies, still time has preserved the titles of twenty-four of his comedies. He was, according to Suidas, a contemporary of Aristophanes; but the titles of his plays give evidence that he wrote during the latest period of the Old Comedy, and during the Middle Comedy, as late as 380 A.C. Of his personal history we have no information, except a story of a fabulous appearance, respecting his being cured of the defluxion in his eyes, by Æsculapius. This story Suidas copies from Ælian, with a description of a statuary in Parian marble, which was made in commemoration of the cure, and which represented Theopompus lying on a couch, by the side of which the god stood, handing medicine to the poet, while a boy was watching on the opposite side of the couch. Though this story may

have no foundation in truth, yet the care with which it has evidently been preserved, goes to show the high estimation in which Theopompus was held.

Having, in our present remarks, embraced all the distinguished poets of the Old Comedy excepting Aristophanes, we shall, in the next lecture, fully investigate the life, genius, and writings of that prince of the comic school to which he belonged, and of which he was, incomparably, the brightest ornament.

Lecture the Fourteenth.

ARISTOPHANES.

THE comedies of Aristophanes are universally regarded as the standard of Attic writing in its greatest purity. If we, therefore, wish to obtain a knowledge of the Greek language, as it was spoken by Pericles, we must seek it in the scenes of this distinguished poet's dramas. Fortunately for us, that while the gulf of time has completely swallowed up all the comic dramas of his contemporaries, with the exception of a few scattered fragments, it has spared of his works eleven complete plays. They are, therefore, not only valuable as his remains; but when we consider them as the only remaining specimens of the Greek comedy, their value becomes inestimably greater. We receive them as treasures thrown up from a wreck, or more properly as one passenger escaped out of a fleet, whose narrative we listen to with the more eagerness and curiosity, because it is from this alone we can gain intelligence of the nature of the expedition, the quality of the armament, and the characters and talents of the commanders, who have perished and gone down into the abyss together.

The genius of Aristophanes was vast, versatile, and original; and his knowledge of human nature surpassed by Homer and Shakspeare alone. He uniformly varies and accommodates his style to his subject, and to the speakers in the scene. On some occasions it is elevated, grave, sublime, and polished to a wonderful degree of brilliancy and beauty; while on others, it sinks and descends into humble dialogue, provincial rusticity, coarse obscenity, and even puns and quibbles. The versatility too, of his genius, is admirable; for, in his varied scenes he gives us every rank and condition of men, and in every one he is strictly characteristic. In some passages, and frequently in his choruses, he soars beyond the ordinary province of comedy, into the loftiest flights of poetry; and in these he is scarcely surpassed by either Æschylus or Pindar. In sentiment and good sense he is not inferior to Euripides; and in the acuteness of his criticisms no poet of antiquity equalled him.

In the general tone of his morals, and their purport, Aristophanes seldom, if ever, fails; but he works occasionally with unclean tools, and chastises vice by an open exposure of its turpitude—offending the ear, whilst he aims to mend the heart. This habit of plain speaking, it must, however, be remembered was the fashion of the times in which he lived, and the audience demanded and would have it; but when we are told that he was the pillow-companion of Chrysostom, one of the most eminent of the early Christian saints, the conviction is irresistible, that he may be studied, without injury, by the purest minds. It may also be remarked that much of the indelicacy of his muse, is attributable to the public taste of the age; for nothing is more evident than that a dramatic poet cannot model his audience, but, to a certain extent, must necessarily conform to their humor and fancy. Aristophanes himself often lamented the hard task imposed upon him of gratifying the public at the expense of decency; but with the example of the poet Cratinus before him, who was driven from the stage because he scrupled to amuse the public ear with tawdry jests, it is not to be wondered at, that an author, emulous of applause, should have fallen in with the wishes of the theatre, unbecoming as they were. In palliation of this fault, we may farther remark, that Aristophanes always confines his obscenity to the mouths of obscene characters, and so supplies it as to give his hearers a disgust for such unseemly habits. We are free to confess that morality deserves a purer vehicle than this; yet his purpose was evidently honest, and no doubt went farther towards reforming the loose Athenians, than all the indecisive positions of the philosophers of the period, who, being divided into sects and factions, scarcely agreed in any one common moral principle.

The wit of Aristophanes is of various kinds. Much of it is local, personal, and untransferable to posterity; and though no other author still retains so many brilliant passages, yet none has suffered such injury by the depredations of time. Of his powers in ridicule and humor, whether of character or dialogue, instances innumerable might be given; and his satire, whether levelled against the vices and follies of the people at large, against the corruption of the demagogues, the turpitude and chicanery of the philosophers, or the arrogant self-sufficiency of the tragic poets, cuts with an edge that penetrates the character, and leaves no shelter for either ignorance or criminality.

Aristophanes was the son of Philippus, and was born in the city of Athens about 444 A.C. He was educated with much care, and is said to have been a pupil of Prodicus, though this is improbable, as he speaks of him in rather contemptuous terms. He devoted himself to the comic drama from his youth, and presented his first comedy to the public 427 A.C., when he had scarcely attained the seventeenth year of his age. From this period until his death, which occurred about 380 A.C., he was

constantly before the public as an author, and was, perhaps, the most popular man in all Athens. Of his private history we know very little, farther than that he was a lover of pleasure, and frequently spent whole nights in drinking and witty conversation. Accusations more than one, says an anonymous biographer, were brought against him by Cleon, with a view to deprive him of his civic rights; but as they were merely the fruits of revenge for the attacks of the poet on that demagogue, they were always unsuccessful. They have, however, given rise to all those traditions which deprive him of the honor of Athenian citizenship, and make him a native of Rhodes, of Egypt, of Ægina, of Camirus, or of Naucratis.

The comedies of Aristophanes contain an admirable series of caricatures on the leading men of the day, and a contemporary commentary on the evils existing at Athens. In this view they are of the highest historical interest. Aristophanes was a bold and often a wise patriot. He had the strongest affection for Athens, and longed to see her restored to the state in which she was flourishing in the previous generation, and almost in his own childhood, before Pericles became the head of the government, and when the age of Miltiades and Aristides had but just passed away. The first great evil of his own time against which he inveighs, is the Peloponnesian war, which he regards as the work of Pericles, and even attributes it to his fear of punishment for having connived at the robbery said to have been committed by Phidias on the statue of Athene in the Parthenon, and to the influence of Aspasia. To this fatal war, among a host of other evils, he ascribes the influence of vulgar demagogues like Cleon at Athens, of which also the example was set by the more refined demagogism of Pericles himself.

Another great object of the indignation of Aristophanes was the recently-adopted system of education which had been introduced by the Sophists, acting on the speculative and inquiring turn given to the Athenian mind by the Ionian and Eleatic philosophers, and the extraordinary intellectual development of the age following the Persian war. The new theories introduced by the Sophists threatened to overthrow the foundations of morality, by making persuasion, and not truth, the object of man in his intercourse with his fellows, and to substitute a universal scepticism for the religious creed of the people. The worst effects of such a system were seen in Alcibiades, who, caring for nothing but his own ambition, valuing eloquence only for its worldly advantages, and possessed of great talents which he utterly misapplied, combined all the elements which Aristophanes most disliked, heading the war party in politics, and protecting the sophistical school in philosophy and also in literature. Of this latter school—the literary and political Sophists—Euripides was the chief, whose works are so full of that scepticism which contrasts so offensively with the moral dignity of Æschylus and Sophocles, and for which

Aristophanes introduces him as soaring in the clouds to write his tragedies, caricaturing thereby his own account of himself.

Another feature of the times was the excessive love of litigation at Athens, the consequent importance of the dicasts, and disgraceful abuse of their power—all of which enormities are made by Aristophanes objects of continual attack. But though he saw with a keen eye what were the evils of his time, he could find no other remedy for them than the hopeless and undesirable one of a movement backwards; and, therefore, though we allow him to have been honest and bold, he did not possess that political sagacity which would have constituted him a great statesman.

Aristophanes was, perhaps, the most voluminous writer of all the authors of the Old Comedy. The number of his dramas, according to Suidas, was fifty-four, of which eighteen titles have been preserved, and eleven entire plays. *The Banqueters*, the first of his comedies, was produced 427 A.C., and brought upon the stage by Philonides, Aristophanes not having yet attained the legal age for competing for a prize. *The Babylonians* and *The Acharnians* were produced in the two following years—the latter being brought out by Callistratus. In 424 A.C. appeared *The Knights*—the first play produced in the name of Aristophanes himself; and in the two following years *The Clouds* and *The Wasps*. From this period the dates of Aristophanes' plays are more irregular, though they were presented to the public in the following order:—*Peace*, *Amphiaraus*, *The Birds*, *Lysistrata*, *Thesmophoriazusæ*, *First Plutus*, *The Frogs*, *Ecclesiazusæ*, and the *Second Plutus*—the last being represented 388 A.C. The two last comedies of Aristophanes were the *Æolosicon* and *Cocalus*, and were produced about 387 A.C. by Araros, one of his sons.

In the *Banqueters* the object of Aristophanes was to condemn generally the abandonment of those ancient manners and feelings which it was the labor of his life to restore. He attacked the modern scheme of education by introducing a father with two sons, one of whom had been educated according to the old system, the other in the sophistries of later days. The chorus consisted of a party who had been feasting in the temple of Hercules; and Bishop Thirlwall supposes, that as the play was written when the plague was at its height, the poet recommended a return to the gymnastic exercises of which that god was the patron, and to the old system of education, as the means most likely to prevent its continuance.

In the *Babylonians*, we are told, that the author 'attacked the system of appointing to offices by lot.' The chorus consisted of barbarian slaves employed in a mill, which Ranke has conjectured was represented as belonging to the demagogue Eucrates, who united the trade of a miller

with that of a vender of tow. Cleon, also, must have been a main object of the poet's satire, and probably the public functionaries of the day in general, since an action was brought by Cleon against Callistratus, in whose name, as before observed, it was produced, accusing him of ridiculing the government in the presence of the allies. The attack, however, appears to have been entirely unsuccessful.

The *Acharnians* is the earliest of Aristophanes' extant dramas. Compared with most of his other plays this is entirely harmless. Its chief object is to depict the earnest longing for a peaceful country life on the part of those Athenians who took no pleasure in the babbling of the market-place, and had been driven into the city against their will by the military plans of Pericles. Occasional lashes were administered to the demagogues, who, like Cleon, had inflamed the martial propensities of the people, and to the generals, who, like Lamachus, had shown far too great a love for the war. We have also in this play an early specimen of Aristophanes' literary criticism, directed against Euripides, whose over-wrought attempts to move the feelings, and the vulgar shrewdness with which he had invested the old heroes, were highly offensive to our poet.

In this drama we have at once all the peculiarities of the Aristophanic comedy:—his bold and genial originality, the lavish abundance of highly-comic scenes, with which he has filled every part of his piece, the surprising and striking delineation of character which expresses a great deal with a few master-touches, the vivid and plastic power with which the scenes are arranged, and the ease with which he has disposed of all difficulties of space and time. As this play possesses its author's peculiar characteristics in such perfection and completeness, and as it is *the oldest extant comedy*, it may be proper in this place to give such an analysis of it, as may serve to illustrate not merely the general ideas, which we have already given, but also the whole plot and technical arrangement of the drama. In this analysis we follow Müller.

The stage in this play represents sometimes town and sometimes country, and was probably so arranged that both were shown upon it at once. When the comedy begins, the stage gives us a glimpse of the *Pnyx*, a place of public assembly, that is to say, the spectator saw the *bema* for the orator cut out of a rock, and around it some seats and other objects calculated to recall the recollection of the well-known place. Here sits the worthy Dicæopolis, a citizen of the old school, grumbling about his fellow-citizens, who do not come punctually to the *Pnyx*, but lounge idly about the market-place, which is seen from thence; for his own part, although he has no love for a town-life, with its bustle and gossip, he attends the assembly regularly in order to speak for peace. On a sudden the Prytanes come out of the council-house; the people rush in; a well-

born Athenian, Amphytheus, who boasts of having been destined by the gods to conclude a peace with Sparta, is dismissed with the utmost contempt, in spite of the efforts of Dicæopolis in his behalf; and then, to the great delight of the war party, ambassadors are introduced, who have returned from Persia, and have brought with them a Persian messenger, 'the Great King's eye,' with his retinue: this forms a fantastic procession, which, as Aristophanes hints, is all a trick and imposture, got up by the demagogues of the war party. Other ambassadors bring a similar messenger from Sitalus, King of Thrace, on whose assistance the Athenians of the day built a great deal, and drag before the assembly a miserable rabble, under the name of picked Odomantian troops, which the Athenians are to take into their service for very high pay. Meanwhile, Dicæopolis, seeing that he cannot turn affairs into another channel, has sent Amphytheus to Sparta on his own account; the messenger returns in a few minutes with various treaties, some for a longer, others for a shorter time, in the form of wine-jars, like those which were used for pouring out libations on the conclusion of a treaty of peace; Dicæopolis selects a thirty years' truce by sea and land, which does not smell of pitch and tar, like a short armistice in which there is only just time to calk the ships. All these delightful scenes are possible only in comedy like that of Aristophanes, which has its outward form for the representation of every relation, every function, and every character; which is able to sketch everything in bold colors by means of grotesque speaking figures, and does not trouble itself with confining the activity of these figures to the laws of reality and the probabilities of actual life.

The first dramatic complication which Aristophanes introduces into his plot, arises from the chorus, which consists of *Acharnians*, that is, the inhabitants of a large village of Attica, where the people gained a livelihood chiefly by charcoal-burning, the materials for which were supplied by the neighboring mountain-forests. They are represented as rude, robust old fellows, hearts of oak, martial by their disposition, and especially incensed against the Peloponnesians, who had destroyed all the vineyards in their first invasion of Attica. These old Acharnians at first appear in pursuit of Amphytheus, who, they hear, has gone to Sparta to bring treaties of peace. In his stead they fall in with Dicæopolis, who is engaged in celebrating the festival of the country Dionysia, here represented as an abstract of every sort of rustic merriment and jollity, from which the Athenians at that time were debarred. The chorus no sooner learns from the phallus-song of Dicæopolis, that he is the person who has sent for the treaties, than they fall upon him in the greatest rage, refuse to hear a word from him, and are going to stone him to death without the least compunction, when Dicæopolis seizes a charcoal-basket, and threatens to punish it as a hostage for all that the Acharnians do to himself. The charcoal-basket, which the Acharnians needed for their everyday occupations, is so dear to their hearts that they are willing, for its

sake, to listen to Dicæopolis; especially as he has promised to speak, with his head on a block, on condition that he shall be beheaded at once if he fails in his defence. All this is amusing enough in itself, but becomes additionally ludicrous when we remember that the whole of Dicæopolis's behavior is an imitation of one of the heroes of Euripides, the rhetorical and plaintive Telephus, who snatched the infant Orestes from his cradle, and threatened to put him to death, unless Agamemnon would listen to him, and was exposed to the same danger, when he spoke before the Achæans, as Dicæopolis is when he argues with the Acharnians.

Aristophanes pursues this parody still farther, as it furnishes him with the means of exaggerating the situation of Dicæopolis in a very comic manner; Dicæopolis applies to Euripides himself, who is shown to the spectators by means of an *eccyclema*, in his garret, surrounded by masks and costumes, such as he was fond of employing for his tragic heroes, and begs of him the most piteous of his dresses, upon which he obtains the most deplorable of them all,—that of Telephus. We pass over other mockeries of Euripides, in which Aristophanes indulges from pure wantonness, and turn to the following scene—one of the chief scenes in the piece—in which Dicæopolis, in the character of a comic Telephus, and with his head over the block, pleads for peace with the Spartans. It is obvious that, however serious Aristophanes embraces the cause of the peace party, he does not, on this occasion, speak one word in serious earnest. He derives the whole Peloponnesian war from a bold frolic on the part of some drunken young men, who had carried off a harlot from Megara, in reprisal for which the Megarians had seized on some of the attendants of Aspasia. As this explanation is not satisfactory, and the chorus even summons to its assistance the warlike Lamachus, who rushes from his house in extravagant military costume, Dicæopolis is driven to have recourse to *argumentum ad hominem*, and he impresses on the old people who form the chorus, that they are obliged to serve as common soldiers, while young braggadocios, like Lamachus, made a pretty livelihood by serving as generals and ambassadors, and so wasted the fat of the land. This produces its effect, and the chorus shows an inclination to do justice to Dicæopolis. This catastrophe of the piece is followed by the parabasis, in the first part of which the poet, with particular reference to his last play, takes credit to himself for being an estimable friend to the people; he says that he does not indeed spare them, but that they need not fear, for that he will be just in his satire. The second part, however, keeps close to the thought which Dicæopolis had awakened in the minds of the chorus; they complained bitterly of the assumption of their rights by the clever, witty, and ready young men, from whom they could not defend themselves, especially in the law courts.

The second part of the piece, after the catastrophe and parabasis, is

merely a description, overflowing with wit and humor, of the blessings which peace has conferred on the sturdy Dicæopolis. At first he opens his free market, which is visited in succession by a poor starving wretch from Megara, the neighboring country to Attica, which, poorly gifted by nature, had suffered in the most shocking manner from the Athenian blockade and by a yearly devastation of its territory, and by a stout Bœotian from the fertile land on the shore of the Copaic lake, which was well known to the Athenians for its eels. For want of other wares the Megarian has dressed up his little daughters like young pigs, and the honest Dicæopolis is willing to buy them as such, though he is strangely surprised by some of their peculiarities—a purely ludicrous scene, which was based, perhaps, on the popular jokes of the Athenians; a Megarian would gladly sell his children as little pigs if any one would take them off his hands: we could point out many jokes of this kind in the popular life, as well of ancient as of modern times. During this, the dealers are much troubled by sycophants, a race who lived by indictments, and were especially active in hunting for violations of the customs' laws. They want to seize on the foreign goods, as contraband, but Dicæopolis makes short work with them. One of the sycophants he drives away from his market; the other, the little Hicarchus, he binds up in a bundle, and packs him on the back of the Bœotian, who shows a desire to take him away as a laughable little monkey.

Now begins, on a sudden, the Athenian feast of the pitchers. Lamachus in vain sends to Dicæopolis for some of his purchases, in order that he may keep the feast merrily; but the good citizen keeps everything to himself, and the chorus, which is now quite converted, admires the prudence of Dicæopolis, and the happiness he has gained by it. In the midst of his preparations for a sumptuous banquet, others beg for some share of his peace; he returns a gruff answer to a countryman, whose cattle have been harried by the Bœotians; but he behaves a little more civilly to a bride who wants to keep her husband at home. Meanwhile, various messages are brought—to Lamachus, that he must march against the Bœotians, who are going to make an inroad into Attica, at the time of the feast of the Choes—to Dicæopolis, that he must go to the priest of Bacchus, in order to assist him in celebrating the feast of Choes. Aristophanes works out this contrast in a very amusing manner, by making Dicæopolis parody every word which Lamachus utters as he is preparing for war, so as to transfer it to his own festivities; and when, after a short time which the chorus fills up by a satirical song, Lamachus is brought back from the war wounded, and supported by two servants—Dicæopolis meets him in a happy state of intoxication, and leaning on the arms of two young females, and so celebrates his triumphs over the wounded warrior in a very conspicuous manner.

To say nothing of the pithy humor of the style, and the beautiful

rhythms and happy turns of the choral songs, it must be allowed that this series of scenes has been devised with genial merriment from beginning to end, and that they must have produced a highly comic effect, especially if the scenery, costumes, dances, and music were worthy of the conceptions and language of the poet. The piece, if correctly understood, is nothing but a Bacchic revelry, full of farce and wantonness; for although the conception of it may rest upon a moral foundation, yet the author is, throughout the piece, utterly devoid of seriousness and sobriety, and in every representation, as well of the victorious as of the defeated party, follows the impulses of an unrestrained love of truth. At most, Aristophanes expresses his own sentiments in the parabasis: in the other parts of the play we cannot safely recognize the opinions of the poet in the deceitful mirror of his comedy.

To this extended analysis of this important play, we add the following brief quotation. It is the last act, and the closing scene of the drama.

ACT FIFTH.—SCENE FIRST.

Enter a servant of Lamachus.

Ser. Domestics of the house of Lamachus,
Some water, water in a pipkin warm,
Your linen rags, and sere cloths, too, prepare,
Some wool unwash'd, and bandage for the ankle—
A man, in leaping o'er a ditch, has been
Hurt by a stake, and, bending back his ankle,
Hath dislocated it. His head he broke
Falling upon a stone, and from his shield
Batter'd the gorgon—while the mighty crest
Of this vain boaster, fallen upon the rocks,
He spoke a mournful strain—'O glorious sight,
Now for the last time seen, I quit your ray,
Together with my life.' Thus having said,
He rises from the gutter, and some thieves
Encountering in their flight, with his bold spear
He drives and thrusts them forward.—Lo! himself—
Open the door.

Enter LAMACHUS, out of breath.

Lam. Attatai, attatai,
These sharp cold pangs! unhappy that I am;
I perish, wounded by a hostile spear—
And that's a lamentable grief to me;
For, if beheld by Dicæopolis,
How my calamities will be derided!

Enter DICÆOPOLIS, as not perceiving LAMACHUS addressing two Courtezans.

Dic. Attatai, attalattatæ! those breasts
Swelling with quince's hard protuberance!

Enfold me, beauties, with a wanton kiss;
 For I have swallow'd my libation first.
Lam. O wretched chance of woes! O painful wounds!
Dic. All hail, knight Lamachus!
Lam. O wretched me!
Dic. I labor too with grief.
Lam. Why mock'st thou me?
Dic. Why dost thou bite me?
Lam. What a heavy cost
 Of war have I sustain'd!
Dic. Has any one
 His reckoning paid at the libation feast?
Lam. O Pæon, Pæon!
Dic. But this present day
 We hold not the Pæonian festival.
Lam. Support my legs, O friends!
Dic. And you, my dears,
 Hold me in the same way.
Lam. Struck by a stone,
 My dizzy head turns round, as with vertigo.
Dic. And fain would I upon the bed recline,
 Urg'd to the deed of darkness.
Lam. Carry me
 To seek the healing aid of Pettilus.
Dic. Bear me before the judges. Where's the king?
 Restore my bottle.
Lam. An afflicting spear
 Strikes through my bones.
Dic. Behold this empty jug—
 Hurrah, victorious!
Cho. And hurrah again,
 Triumphant old man, since thou callest out.
Dic. Pure wine, moreover, pour'd into the cup,
 I at a single draught have swallow'd down.
Cho. Hurrah, thou generous man—go take thy bottle.
Dic. Come, fellow, shouting the triumphant strain.
Cho. Yes, we will follow—and our song shall be,
 Thou with the sack, thy prize of victory.

The Knights presents a remarkable contrast to the Acharnians. It is by far the most violent and angry production of the Aristophanic Muse—that which has most of the bitterness of Archilochus, and least of the harmless humor and riotous merriment of the Dionysia. In this instance comedy almost transgresses its proper limits: it is almost converted into an arena for political champions fighting for life and death: the most violent party animosity is combined with some obvious traces of personal irritation, which is justified by the judicial persecution of the author of the Babylonians. The number of characters is small and unpretending. The whole *dramatis personæ* consists of an old master with three slaves, (one of whom, a Paphlagonian, completely governs his master,) and a sausage-seller.

The old master, however, is the *Demus of Athens*, the slaves are the Athenian generals *Nicias* and *Demosthenes*, and the Paphlagonian is *Cleon*. The sausage-seller alone is a fiction of the poet's—a rude, uneducated, impudent fellow, from the dregs of the people, who is set up against Cleon in order that he may, by his audacity, bawl down Cleon's impudence, and so drive the formidable demagogue out of the field in the only way that is possible. Even the chorus has nothing imaginary about it, but consists of the Knights of the State, that is, of citizens who, according to Solon's classification, paid taxes according to the rating of a Knight's property, and most of whom, at the same time, still served as cavalry in time of war. Being the most numerous portion of the wealthier and better-educated class, they could not fail to have a decided antipathy to Cleon, who had put himself at the head of the mechanics and poorer people.

We see that in this piece Aristophanes lays all the stress on the political tendency, and considers the comic plot rather as the form and dress, than as the body and primary part of his play. The allegory, which is obviously chosen merely to cover the sharpness of the attack, is cast over it only like a thin veil, according to his own pleasure; the poet speaks of the affairs of the *Demus* sometimes as a matter of family arrangement, and sometimes as public transactions. The whole piece has the form of a contest. The sausage-seller, in whom an oracle, which has been stolen from the Paphlagonian while he was sleeping, recognizes his victorious opponent, first measures his strength against him in a display of impudence and rascality, by which the poet assumes that of the qualities requisite to the demagogue these are the most essential. The sausage-seller narrates that having, while a boy, stolen a piece of meat and boldly denied the theft, a statesman had predicted that the city would one day trust itself to his guidance. After the parabasis, the contest begins afresh. The rivals, who had in the meantime endeavored to recommend themselves to the council, come before *Demus* himself, who takes his seat on the *Pnyx*, and sue for the favor of the childish old man. Combined with serious reproaches directed against Cleon's whole system of policy, we have a number of joking contrivances, as when the sausage-seller places a cushion under the *Demus*, in order that he may not gall that which sat by the oar at *Salamis*.

The contest at last turns upon the oracles, to which Cleon used to appeal in his public speeches. In this department, too, the sausage-seller outbids his rival by producing announcements of the greatest comfort to the *Demus*, and ruin to his opponent. As a merry supplement to these long-spun transactions, we have a scene which must have been highly entertaining to eye and ear alike: the Paphlagonian and the sausage-seller sit down as eating-house keepers at two tables, on which a number of hampers and eatables are set out, and bring one article after another to the *Demus* with ludicrous recommendations of their excellency. In this,

too, the sausage-seller, of course, pays his court to the Demus more successfully than his rival. After a second parabasis we see the Demus—whom the sausage-seller has restored to youth, by boiling him in his kettle, as Medea did Æson—in youthful beauty, but attired in the old-fashioned splendid costume, shining with peace and contentment, and in his new state of mind heartily ashamed of his former absurdities.

At the very time when Aristophanes produced this comedy, Cleon's reputation was at its height; for fortune, in one of her strange freaks, had realized his inconsiderate boast, that it would be an easy matter for him to capture the Spartans in Sphacteria. Hence, when the poet endeavored to obtain a mask of Cleon, he could find no mask-maker of sufficient boldness to construct one for him; much less could he find an actor willing to personate the character. Nothing daunted, however, he colored his own face appropriately, and performed the character himself. The features of this play are so distinctly marked, that we much regret our space will allow us to make the following brief extract only:—

SCENE FOURTH.

Nicias, Demosthenes, Cleon, Sausage-seller, and Chorus.

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

Stripes and torment, whips and scourges, for the toll-collecting knave!
 Knighthood wounded, troops confounded, chastisement and vengeance crave.
 Taxes sinking, tributes shrinking, mark his appetite for plunder;
 At his crawl and ravening maw, dykes and whirlpools fail for wonder!
 Explanation and evasion—covert act and close deceit—
 Fraudful funning, force and cunning, who with him in these compete?
 He can cheat and eke repeat twenty times his felon feat,
 All before yon blessed sun has quenched his lamp of glowing heat.
 Then to him—pursue him—strike, shiver and hew him;
 Confound him and bound him, and storm all around him.

Confounded by this attack, Cleon calls loudly on the members of the high court of Athenian judicature for help—

Judges, jurymen, or pleaders, ye whose soul is in your fee;
 Ye, that in a three-pie'd obol, father, mother, brother, see;
 Ye whose food I'm still providing, straining voice through right and wrong—
 Mark and see—conspiracy drives and buffets me along!

Ch. 'Tis with reason—'tis in season—'tis as you yourself have done:
 Thou fang, thou claw,—thou gulf, thou maw,—yielding partage fair to none.
 Where's the officer at audit, but has felt your cursed gripe?
 Squeeze'd and tried with nice discernment, whether yet the wretch be ripe.
 Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful to discern
 Which is green, and which is ripe, and which is just upon the turn.

Is there one well-purs'd amongst us, lamb-like in heart and life,
 Link'd and wedded to retirement, hating bus'ness, hating strife?
 Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his mind is least at home,—
 Room and place—from farthest Thrace, at your bidding he must come,
 Foot and hand are straight upon him—neck and shoulder in your grip.
 To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite him on the hip.

Cleon. (fawning.) Ill from you comes this irruption, you for whom my cares provide,

To reward old deeds of valor,—stone and monumental pride.
 'Twas my purpose to deliver words and speech to that intent—
 And for such my good intention, must I be thus tempest-rent?

Ch. Fawning braggart, proud deceiver, yielding like a pliant thong!
 We are not old men to cozen and to gull with lying tongue.
 Fraud or force—assault or parry—at all points will we pursue thee:
 And the course which first exalted, knave, that same shall now undo thee.

Cleon. (to the audience.) Town and weal—I make appeal—back and breast these monsters feel.

Ch. Have we wrung a clamor from thee, pest and ruin of the town?

Sausage. Clamor as he will, I'll raise a voice that shall his clamor drown.

Ch. To outreach this knave in speech were a great and glorious feat—
 But to pass in face and brass—that were triumph all complete.

Cleon. (to the audience.) Allegation, affirmation, I am here prepared to make,
 That this man (pointing to sausage-seller) shipp'd spars and sausages, and all for
 Sparta's sake.

Sausage. Head and oath, I stake them both, and free before this presence say,
 That the hall a guest most hungry sees in this man (pointing to Cleon) every day:
 He walks in with belly empty and with full one goes away.

Demus. Add to this, on my witness, that in covert close disguise,
 Of fish, and flesh, and bread most fragrant, he makes there unlawful prize;
 Pericles, in all his grandeur, ne'er was gifted in such guise.

Cleon. (loudly.) Fate had mark'd you with her eye:
 Yet awhile, and both must die.

Sausage. (louder.) Pitch your voice, knave, as you will,
 I'll that voice out-clamor still.

Cleon. (crescendo.) When I soar, the ocean's roar
 Fails for very wonder.

Sausage. In my throat I've but one note,
 And that note is—thunder. (Very loud.)

Cleon. I have test your parts to try:
 Look at me, nor wink your eye.

Sausage. Be your challenge on your head: (Looks without winking)
 Where suppose ye I was bred?

Cleon. I can steal, and, matchless grace!
 Own it with unblushing face;
 You dare not thus pursue it.

Sausage. Empty boasting, void as air
 I can steal, and then outswear
 The man who saw me do it.

Cleon. (mortified.) Small applause your feats demand;
 The art, 'tis known,
 Is not your own;
 You're but a knave at second hand.

But to the hall anon I go ;
 Incontinent our chairmen know
 You've intestines here which owe
 A tythe to Jove and heaven.

Ch. Wretch! without a parallel,—
 Son of thunder,—child of hell,—
 Creature of one mighty sense,
 Concentrated Impudence!—
 From earth's centre to the sea,
 Nature stinks of that and thee.
 It stalks at the bar,
 It lurks at the tolls;
 In th' assembly, black war
 And defiance it rolls,
 It speaks to our ears
 In an accent of thunder,
 It climbs to the spheres
 And rives heaven asunder.

* * * *

This storm is kept up so loudly and incessantly, that Creon finally throws himself upon the senate, and challenges his rival to meet him at that awful bar. Sausage professes his willingness to do so; and the Chorus, considering him as one of the combatants who were going to exhibit in the wrestling school, anoint his body with the fat of his own sausages, that he may 'slip from his adversary's calumnies:' they feed him like a fighting cock with pungent garlic, and then, as though he were that bird, remind him of the manner in which he is to conduct the combat. Meantime the following *Parabasis*, or digressive address to the audience is pronounced:

PARABASIS.

Were it one of that old school, learned sirs, who long the rule
 And the tone to our drama hath given,
 Who his lessons and his verse having taught us to rehearse
 Would before this high presence have driven:
 'Tis great chance that his request, however warmly pressed,
 Might have met with no easy compliance:—
 But indulgent we have heard the petitions of a bard
 Of new mettle and noblest compliance.
 And may he command aid and service at your hand;
 For his hatreds and ours closely blending
 Into one concurring point leap, and hand and heart and joint
 To the same noble object are tending.
He no shade nor shelter seeks—what he thinks he boldly speaks:—
 Neither skirmish nor conflict declining,
 He marches all-élite 'gainst that Typhon of the State,
 Storm and hurricane and tempest combining.
 Marvel much we hear has grown, and inquiries through the town,
 Of the poet have been most unsparing,

(With submission be it known, that these words are not *our* own,
But *his* own proper speech and declaring,)
Why his dramas hitherto came not forward as was due,
Their own proper Choregus obtaining;
Take us with you, sirs, awhile, and a moment's easy toil
Will in brief be the reason explaining.
'Twas no folly bred, we say, this distrust and cold delay,
But a sense of th' extreme application
And the toil which he, who woos in our town the comic muse,
Must encounter in such his vocation.
Then your tempers quick—severe—everchanging with the year—
To this thought added fears more appalling,
And a sense of those disasters which, through you, their fickle master,
Old age on our poets sees falling.
Could it 'scape observing sight, what was Magnes' wretched plight,
When the hairs on his temples were hoary?
Yet who battled with more zeal, or more trophies left to tell
Of his former achievements and glory?
He came piping, dancing, tapping,—fig-gnatting and wing-clapping,—
Frog-besmeared and with Lydian grimaces;
Yet he, too, had his date, nor could wit nor merit great
Preserve him, unchang'd in your graces.
Who Cratinus may forget, or the storm of whim and wit,
Which shook theatres under his guiding?
When panegyric's song pour'd her flood of praise along,
Who but he on the top wave was riding?
Who but he the foremost guest then on gala-day and feast?
What strain fell from harp or musician,
But 'Doro, Doro, sweet nymph with fig-beslipper'd feet,'
Or—'Ye verse-smiths and bard-mechanicians?'
Thus in glory was he seen, while his years, as yet, were green;
But now that his dotage is on him,
God help him! for no eye, of all who pass him by,
Throws a look of compassion upon him.
'Tis a couch, but with the loss of its garnish and its gloss;—
'Tis a harp that hath lost all its cunning,—
'Tis a pipe, where deffest hand may the stops no more command,
Nor on its divisions be running.
Connas-like, his chaplet-crown'd, and he paces round and round,
In a circle, which never is ended;—
On his head a chaplet hangs, but the curses and the pangs
Of a draught on his lips are suspended.
O, if ever yet on bard waited, page-like, high reward;—
Former exploits and just reputation,
By an emphasis of right, sure had earn'd this noble wight
In the hall a ne'er-failing potation;
And in theatres' high station; there as mark for Admiration
To anchor her aspect and face on,
In his honor he should sit, nor serve triflers in the pit,
As an object their rude jests to pass on.
I spare myself the toil to record the buffets vile,
The affronts and the contumelies hateful,

Which on Crates frequent fell; yet I dare you, sirs, to tell
 Where was caterer more pleasing and grateful?
 Who knew better how to lay soup piquant and entremets,
 Dainty patties and little side-dishes?
 Where, with all your bards, a muse cook'd more delicate ragouts,
 Or hashed sentiment so to your wishes?
 Princely cost nor revenue ask'd his banquets, it is true;
 Yet he is the only stage-master,
 Through all changes and all chances who undaunted still advances
 Alike master of success and disaster.
 Sirs, ye need no more to hear—ye know whence the hue of fear
 O'er our bard's cheek of enterprise stealing,
 And why, like prudent men, who look forth with wider ken,
 In proverbs he's wont to be dealing;
 Saying—better first explore what the powers of scull and oar,
 Ere the helm and the rudder you're trying:
 At the prow next take your turn, there the mysteries to learn
 Of the scud and the winds, that are flying.
 This mastery attain'd, time it is a skiff were gain'd,
 And your pilotage put upon trial;—
 Thus with caution and due heed, step by step would he proceed
 In a cause that should challenge denial.
 Nor let it breed offence, if for such befitting sense
 And so modest a carriage and bearing
 We ask some mark of State on its author here to wait,—
 Guard of honor, procession, or chairing :—
 With a shout of such cheering
 As Bacchus is hearing,
 When vats over flowing
 Set Mirth all a-crowding,
 And Joy and Wine meet
 Hand-in-hand in the street.
 So his purpose attain'd
 And the victory gain'd,
 Your bard shall depart
 With a rapture-touch'd heart,
 While Triumph shall throw
 O'er his cheeks such a glow,
 That Pleasure might trace
 Her own self in his face.
 * * * * *

CHORAL HYMN.

O Thou, whom patroness we call
 Of this the holiest land of all
 That circling seas admire;
 The land where Power delights to dwell,
 And War his mightiest feats can tell,
 And Poesy to sweetest swell
 Attunes her voice and lyre.

Come, blue-eyed Maid, and with thee bring
The goddess of the eagle-wing,
To help our bold endeavor;
Long have our armies own'd thine aid,
O Victory, immortal Maid;
But now of other deeds we tell;
A bolder foe remains to quell;
Give aid then now or never.

The *Clouds* has uniformly been considered the master-piece of Aristophanes' comedies. In it the poet attacks the sophistical principles at their source, and selects as their representative Socrates, whom he exhibits in the most odious light. The selection of Socrates for this purpose is doubtless to be accounted for by the supposition, that Aristophanes observed the great philosopher from a distance only, while his own unphilosophical turn of mind prevented him from entering into Socrates' merits, both as a teacher and a practiser of morality, and by the fact that Socrates was an innovator, the friend of Euripides, the teacher of Alcibiades, and the disciple of Archelaus; and that there was much in his appearance and habits in the highest degree ludicrous. The philosopher who wore no under-garments, and the same upper robe in winter and summer—who generally went barefoot, possessing but one pair of dress-shoes, which lasted him for life—who used to stand for hours together in a public place in a fit of abstraction—to say nothing of his snub nose, and extraordinary face and figure—could hardly expect to escape the license of the old comedy. The invariably speculative turn which he gave to the conversation, his bare acquiescence in the stories of Greek mythology, which Aristophanes would think it dangerous even to subject to inquiry, had certainly produced an unfavorable opinion of Socrates in the minds of many, and explain his being set down by Aristophanes as an arch-sophist, and represented even as a thief.

In the *Clouds*, Socrates is described as corrupting a young man named Phidippides, who is wasting his father's money by an insane passion for horses, and is sent to the subtlety-shop of Socrates and Chæriphon to be still farther set free from moral restraint, and particularly to acquire the needful accomplishment of cheating his creditors. In this spendthrift youth it is scarcely possible not to recognize Alcibiades, not only from his general character and connections with the sophists, but also from more particular traits, as allusions to his inability to articulate certain letters, and to his love for horse-breeding and driving. Aristophanes would be prevented from introducing him by name in the play, from fear of the violent measures which Alcibiades was accustomed to adopt towards the comic poets who incensed him. The instructions of Socrates teach Phidippides not only to defraud his creditors, but also to beat his father, and disown the authority of the gods; and the play ends by the father's preparations to burn the philosopher and his own establishment. The

hint given towards the end of the play, of the propriety of prosecuting Socrates, was acted upon nearly twenty years afterwards, and Aristophanes was believed to have contributed to his death, as the charges brought against him before the court of justice express the substance of those contained in the *Clouds*. The following scene embraces 'The Chorus of the *Clouds*'—one of the finest efforts of Aristophanes' Muse :

SOCRATES.—STREPSIADES.

Soc. Art thou ambitious
To be instructed in celestial matters,
And taught to know them clearly ?

Streps. Aye, aye, in faith,
So they be to my purpose, and celestial.

Soc. And if I bring you to a conference
With my own proper goddesses, the *Clouds* ?

Streps. 'Tis what I wish devoutly.

Soc. Come sit down ;
Repose upon this sacred couch.

Streps. 'Tis done.

Soc. Now take the chaplet—wear it.

Streps. Why this ephaplet ?
Would'st make of me another Athamas,
And sacrifice me to a Cloud ?

Soc. Fear nothing ;
It is a ceremony indispensable
At our initiations.

Streps. What to gain ?

Soc. (*instead of the sacred meat, which was thrown on the sacrificed victim, a basket of stones is showered on the head of Strepsiad.*)

'Twill sift your faculties as fine as powder,
Bolt 'em like meal, grind 'em as light as dust ;
Only be patient.

Streps. Truly you'll go near
To make your words good ; an' you pound me thus,
You'll make me very dust, and nothing else.

Soc. (*assuming all the magical solemnity and tone of voice of an adept.*)

Keep silence then, and listen to a prayer,
Which fits the gravity of age to hear—
Oh ! Air, all-powerful Air, which dost enfold
This pendent globe, thou vault of flaming gold,
Ye sacred *Clouds*, who bid the thunder roll,
Shine forth, approach, and cheer your suppliant's soul !

Streps. Hold, keep 'em off awhile, till I am ready.
Ah ! luckless me, would I had brought my bonnet,
And so escaped a soaking.

Soc. Come, come away !
Fly swift, ye *Clouds*, and give yourselves to view !

Whether on high Olympus' sacred top
 Snow-crown'd ye sit, or in the azure vales
 Of your own father Ocean sporting weave
 Your misty dance, or dip your golden urns
 In the seven mouths of Nile; whether ye dwell
 On Thracian Mimas, or Mæotis' lake,
 Hear me, yet hear, and thus invok'd approach!

*Chorus of Clouds. (The scene is at the remotest part of the stage.
 Thunder is heard. A large and shapeless Cloud is seen floating
 in the air; from which the following song is heard:)*

Ascend, ye watery Clouds, on high,
 Daughters of Ocean, climb the sky,
 And o'er the mountain's pine-capt brow
 Towering your fleecy mantle throw:
 Thence let us scan the wide-stretch'd scene,
 Groves, lawns, and rilling streams between,
 And stormy Neptune's vast expanse,
 And grasp all nature at a glance.
 Now the dark tempest flits away,
 And lo! the glittering orb of day
 Darts forth his clear ethereal beam,
 Come let us snatch the joyous gleam.

Soc. Yes, ye Divinities, whom I adore,
 I hail you now propitious to my prayer.
 Didst thou not hear them speak in thunder to me?

*Steps. (kneeling, and with various acts of buffoonery, affecting terror
 and embarrassment.)*

And I too am your Cloudships' most obedient,
 And under sufferance trump against your thunder:—
 Nay, (*turning to Socrates,*) take it how you may, my frights and fears
 Have pinch'd and cholic'd my poor bowels—

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Soc. Forbear

Those gross scurrilities, for low buffoons
 And mountebanks more fitting. Hush! be still,
 List to the chorus of their heavenly voices,
 For music is the language they delight in.

Chorus of Clouds. (approaching nearer) Ye

Clouds, replete with fruitful showers,
 Here let us seek Minerva's towers,
 The cradle of old Cecrops' race,
 The world's chief ornament and grace:
 Here mystic fanes and rites divine
 And lamps in sacred splendor shine;
 Here the gods dwell in marble domes,
 Feasted with costly hecatombs,
 That round their votive statues blaze,
 Whilst crowded temples ring with praise;
 And pompous sacrifices here
 Make holidays throughout the year,
 And when gay spring-time comes again,
 Bromius convokes his sportive train,

And pipe, and song, and choral-dance
Hail the soft hours as they advance.

Streps. Now, in the name of Jove, I pray thee tell me,
Who are those ranting dames that talk in stilts?
Of the Amazonian cast no doubt.

Soc. Not so,
No dames, but Clouds celestial, friendly powers
To men of sluggish parts; from these we draw
Sense, apprehension, volubility,
Wit to confute, and cunning to ensnare.

Streps. Aye, therefore 'twas that my heart leapt within me
For very sympathy when first I heard 'em:
Now I could prattle shrewdly of first causes,
And spin out metaphysic cobwebs finely,
And dogmatize most rarely, and dispute
And paradox it with the best of you:
So, come what may, I must and will behold 'em;
Show me their faces, I conjure you.

Soc. Look,
Look towards Mount Parnes as I point—There, there!
Now they descend the hill; I see them plainly,
As plain as can be.

Streps. Where, where? I pray thee, show me.

Soc. Here! a whole troop of them through woods and hollows,
A bye-way of their own.

Streps. What ails my eyes,
That I can't catch a glimpse of them?

Soc. Behold!
Here, at the very entrance.

Streps. Never trust me,
If yet I see them clearly.

Soc. Then you must be
Sand-blind, or worse.

Streps. Nay, now by father Jove,
I cannot choose but see them—precious creatures!
For in good faith here's plenty and to spare.

Enter Chorus of Clouds.

Soc. And didst thou doubt if they were goddesses?

Streps. Not I, so help me! only I'd a notion
That they were fog, and dew, and dusky vapor.

Soc. For shame! Why, man, these are the nursing mothers
Of all our famous sophists, fortune-tellers,
Quacks, med'cine-mongers, bards bombastical,
Chorus projectors, star interpreters,
And wonder-making cheats. The gang of idlers,
Who pay them for their feeding with good store
Of flattery and mouth-worship.

Streps. Now I see
Whom we may thank for driving them along
At such a furious dithyrambic rate,
Sun-shadowing clouds, of many-color'd hues,

Air-rending tempests, hundred-headed typhons,
 Now rousing, rattling them about our ears,
 Now gently wafting them adown the sky,
 Moist, airy, bending, bursting into showers;
 For all which fine descriptions, these poor knaves
 Dine daintily on scraps.

Soc. And proper fare:

What better do they merit?

Streps. Under favor,

If these be clouds, (d' you mark me?) very clouds,
 How came they metamorphos'd into women?

Clouds are not such as these.

Soc. And what else are they?

Streps. Troth, I can't rightly tell, but I should guess
 Something like flakes of wool, not women, sure:

And look! these dames have noses.

Soc. Hark you friend,

I'll put a question to you.

Streps. Out with it!

Be quick: let's have it.

Soc. This it is in short—

Has thou ne'er seen a cloud, which thou could'st fancy
 Shap'd like a centaur, leopard, wolf, or bull?

Streps. Yea, marry have I, and what then?

Soc. Why then

Clouds can assume what shape they will, believe me;
 For instance: should they spy some hairy clown
 Rugged and rough, and like the unlick'd cub
 Of Xenophantes, straight they turn to centaurs,
 And kick at him for vengeance.

Streps. Well done, Clouds!

But should they spy that peculating knave,
 Simon, that public thief, how would they treat him?

Soc. As wolves—in character most like his own.

Streps. Aye, there it is now, when they saw Cleonymus,
 That dastard runaway, they turn'd to hinds
 In honor of his cowardice.

Soc. And now

Having seen Cleisthenes, to mock his lewdness
 They change themselves to women.

Streps. Welcome, ladies!

Imperial ladies welcome! An' it please
 Your highnesses so far to grace a mortal,
 Give me a touch of your celestial voices.

Ch. Hail, grandsire, who at this late hour of life
 Would go to school for cunning; and all hail,
 Thou prince pontifical of quirks and quibbles,
 Speak thy full mind, make known thy wants and wishes.
 Thee and our worthy Prodicus excepted,
 Not one of all your sophists have our ear:
 Him for his wit and learning we esteem,
 Thee for thy proud deportment and high looks,

In barefoot beggary strutting up and down,
Content to suffer mockery for our sake,
And carry a grave face whilst others laugh.

Streps. Oh! mother Earth, was ever voice like this,
So reverend, so portentous, so divine!

Soc. These are your only deities, all else
I flout at.

The Wasps is, doubtless, one of the most perfect of the plays of Aristophanes; and it is so closely connected with the Clouds, that it is impossible to mistake a similarity of design in the development of certain thoughts in each. The Clouds, especially in its original form, was directed against the young Athenians, who as wrangling tricksters, vexed the simple inoffensive citizens of Athens by bringing them against their will into the law-courts. The Wasps is aimed at the old Athenians, who took their seats day after day in great masses as judges, and being compensated for their loss of time by the judicial fees established by Pericles, gave themselves up entirely to the decision of the causes, which had become infinitely multiplied by the obligation on the allies to try their suits at Athens, and by the party spirit in the State itself: whereby these old people had acquired far too surly and snarling a spirit, to the great damage of the accused.

In this comedy two persons are directly opposed to each other—the old *Philocleon*, who has given up the management of his affairs to his son, and devoted himself entirely to his office of judge, paying the profoundest respect to Cleon—and his son *Bdelycleon*, who has a horror of Cleon, and of the severity of the courts in general. It is very remarkable how entirely the course of the action between these two characters corresponds to that in the Clouds, so that we can hardly mistake the intention of Aristophanes to make the one piece the counterpart of the other. The irony of fate, which the aged Strepsiades experiences, when that which had been the greatest object of his wishes, namely, to have his son thoroughly imbued with the rhetorical fluency of the Sophists, soon turns out to be the greatest misfortune to him—is precisely the same with the irony of which the young Bdelycleon is the object in the Wasps; for, after having directed all his efforts towards curing his father of his mania for the profession of judge, and having actually succeeded in doing so, partly by establishing a private dicasterion at home, and partly by recommending to him the charms of fashionable luxurious life, he soon bitterly repents of the metamorphosis which he has effected, since the old man, by a strange mixture of his old-fashioned rude manners with the luxury of the day, allows his dissoluteness to carry him much farther than Bdelycleon had either expected or desired. From this play we deem it unnecessary to introduce any illustrative extract.

The Peace, the next of Aristophanes' comedies in order, is, in its

subject, essentially the same as the Acharnians, except that, in the latter, peace is represented as the wish of an individual only, while in the former it is wished for by all. In the Acharnians, the chorus is opposed to peace; but in the Peace, it is composed of countrymen of Attica, and all parts of Greece, who are full of longing desire for peace. It must be allowed, however, that in dramatic interest the Acharnians far exceeds that of the Peace, the latter being greatly wanting in the unity of a strong comic action. It must, no doubt, have been highly amusing to see how Trygæus ascends to heaven on the back of an entirely new sort of Pegasus—a dung-beetle—and there, amidst all kinds of dangers, in spite of the rage of the demon of war, carries off the goddess Peace, with her fair companions, Harvesthome and Mayday. But the sacrifice on account of the peace, and the preparations for the marriage of Trygæus with Harvesthome, are split up into a number of separate scenes, without any direct progress of the action, and without any great vigor of comic imagination. It is also very obvious that Aristophanes endeavors to diminish the tediousness of these scenes by some of those loose jokes, which never failed to produce their effect on the common people of Athens. The following simple scene from this play is extremely beautiful:

TRYGÆUS—CHORUS.

Try. Ever lovely, ever dear,
How may I salute thine ear!
O what size of words may tell
Half the charms that in thee dwell!
In thy sight are joy and pleasure,
Without stint and without measure.
In thy breath is all that flings
Sense and thought of choicest things;
Dropping odors—rosy wine—
Fragrant spike and nard divine.

Ch. Pipe and lute and dance are ther
Tragic pomp and stately air:
With the Sophoclean strain,
When he's in his noblest vein,
And the daintier lays that please,
Falling from Euripides.

Try. (interrupting.) Out upon thee! Fie! for shame!
Vex me not with such a name!
Half a pleader—half a bard—
How may such win her regard?

Ch. O she's joy and recreation,
Vintage in full operation,
Vat and cask in requisition,
Strainer making inquisition
For the new-press'd grape and wine,
What is foul and what is fine!

Round meantime the fleecy brood
 Clamor for their fragrant food;
 Which by village dame or maid—
 Bosom-laden—is convey'd.
 Thus without; while all within
 Marks the harvest's jovial din;
 Hand to hand the goblets flying,
 Or in sweet disorder lying;
 Serf and master, slave and free
 Joining in the glad some glee
 Of a general jollity.
 These and thousand blessings more
 Peace hath ever yet in store.

The *Amphiarus* did not appear until six years after the representation of the *Peace*; the plays, therefore, of Aristophanes, written during this period must now be lost. The object of this comedy was to discourage the disastrous Sicilian expedition. It was named after one of the seven chiefs against Thebes, remarkable for prophesying ill-luck to the expedition, and in that particular corresponding to the character of Nicias.

The *Birds* was brought out 414 A.C.—the same year in which the *Amphiarus* appeared, and in this play Aristophanes exhibits all the variety of his comic genius. If the *Acharnians*, therefore, may be regarded as a specimen of the youthful vigor of the poet, in the *Birds* that vigor is displayed in all its splendor, and with a style, in which a proud flight of imagination is united with the coarsest jocularly, and the most genial humor.

The object of the *Birds* has been much disputed among critics. Schlegel considers it a mere fanciful piece of buffoonery—a supposition hardly credible, when we remember that every one of the plays of Aristophanes has a distinct purpose connected with the history of the times. The *Birds*, doubtless, represent the Athenian people, who are persuaded to build a city in the clouds by Peisthetærus—a character combining traits of Alcibiades and Gorgias, mixed, perhaps, with some from other sophists—and who is attended by a sort of Sancho Panza, one Euelpides, designed to represent the credulous young Athenians. The city, to be called *Cloudcuckootown*, is to occupy the whole horizon, and to cut off the gods from all connection with mankind, and even from the power of receiving sacrifices, so as to force them ultimately to surrender at discretion to the birds. All this scheme, and the details which fill it up, coincide admirably with the Sicilian expedition, which was designed not only to take possession of Sicily, but afterwards to conquer Carthage and Libya, and so, from the supremacy of the Mediterranean, to acquire that of the Peloponnesus, and reduce the Spartans—the gods of the play. The plan succeeds: the gods send ambassadors to demand terms, and finally Peisthetærus marries Basileia, the daughter of Jupiter. The poet

does not, however, limit himself to this object, but often touches on other points, and sometimes indulges in pure humor to an extent that forcibly reminds us of the scheme of *Gulliver's Travels*.

Of the following Parabasis the merits are well known; and perhaps no other passage of Aristophanes has been so often quoted with admiration:

Ye children of man, whose life is a span,
 Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
 Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
 Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
 Attend to the words of the sovereign birds,
 (Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air,)
 Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
 Your struggles of misery, labor and care.
 Whence you may learn and clearly discern
 Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
 Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
 A profound speculation about the creation,
 An organical life, and chaotical strife,
 With various notions of heavenly motions,
 And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
 And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
 And stars in the sky. We propose by-and-bye,
 (If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear,
 And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce
 When his doubts are explained and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
 Chaos and Night together were plight,
 In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight;
 Nor Ocean or Air, or Substance was there,
 Or Solid or Rare, or Figure or Form,
 But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm.
 At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
 Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
 By night the primeval in secrecy laid;
 A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
 Was brooded and hatched; till time came about:
 And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
 In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
 Sparkling and florid, with stars on his forehead,
 His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
 As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd,
 To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
 And golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd.

He soon in the murky Tartarean recesses,
 With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses,
 Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatch'd
 To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
 The primitive Birds: But the Deities all,
 The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball
 Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth,

More tamely combin'd, of a temperate kind,
When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture.

Our antiquity prov'd; it remains to be shown
That Love is our author and master alone;
Like him we can ramble, and gambol, and fly
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky:
And all the world over we're friends to the lover,
And when other means fail, we are found to prevail,
When a peacock or pheasant is sent for a present.

THE CITY OF THE CLOUDS.

Enter a MESSENGER, out of breath, and speaking in short snatches.

Mess. Where is he? where? where is he? where? where is he?
The president, Peisthetærus?

Peis. (*Coolly.*) Here am I.

Mess. Your fortification's finished.

Peis. Well! that's well.

Mess. A most amazing, astonishing work it is!
So that Theagines and Proxenides
Might flourish, and gasconade, and prance away,
Quite at their ease, both of them four in hand,
Driving abreast upon the breadth of the wall,
Each in his own new chariot.

Peis. You surprise me.

Mess. And the height (for I made measurement myself)
Is just a hundred fathom.

Peis. Heaven and earth!

How could it be? Such a mass! Who could have built it?

Mess. The Birds; no creatures else, no foreigners,
Egyptian workmen, bricklayers, or masons,
But they themselves alone, by their own efforts,
(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness,)—
The Birds, I say, completed every thing.

There came a body of thirty thousand cranes,
(I wont to be positive, there might be more,)
With stones from Africa, in their craws and gizzards,
Which the stone-curlews and stone-chatterers
Work'd into shape and finish'd. The sand-martins,
And mud-larks, too, were busy in their department,
Mixing the mortar, while the water-birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper and work it.

Peis. (*In a fidget.*) But who served the masons?
Whom did you get to carry it?

Mess. To carry it?
Of course, the carrion-crows and carrier-pigeons.

A brief notice of the remaining dramas of Aristophanes, will close our present remarks.

The *Lysistrata* is the coarsest of the Aristophanic comedies. In it the author returns to the old subject of the Peloponnesian war, and here we find miseries described as actually existing, which, in the *Acharnians* and *Peace*, had only been predicted. A treaty is finally represented as brought about through the influence of *Lysistrata* and her female associates.

The *Thesmophoriazusæ* derives its title from the *Thesmophoria*, or feast of *Ceres* and *Proserpine*, at which women alone were present. It is the first of the two great attacks on *Euripides*, and contains some inimitable parodies on his plays, especially the *Andromeda*, which had just at that time been brought upon the stage. The play is almost wholly free from political allusions; but the few which are found in it show the attachment of the poet to the old democracy, and that, though a strong conservative, he was not an oligarchist.

Both the *Plutus* and the *Ecclesiazusæ* are designed to divert the prevailing mania for Dorian manners—the latter ridiculing the political theories of *Plato*, which were entirely based on Spartan institutions. It was also intended as a warning to all restless innovators, to beware how they endangered, by fanciful reforms, the integrity of the Athenian institutions. The *Plutus* is an allegorical satire upon a class, not upon individuals; and, as *Addison* has well remarked, it conveys two important moral lessons:—it vindicates the conduct of *Providence* in the distribution of wealth, and shows the tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possess them.

The *Frogs*, the last of *Aristophanes'* dramas that we design to notice particularly, is a literary criticism of the highest order of merit. The idea on which it is based is grand in the extreme, *Bacchus*, the god of the Attic stage, here represented as a young Athenian fox, who announces himself as a connoisseur of tragedies, is much distressed at the great deficiency of tragic poets after the death of *Euripides* and *Sophocles*, and is resolved to go and bring up a tragedian from the other world—if possible *Euripides*. He gets *Charon* to ferry him over the pool which forms the boundary of the infernal regions, and arrives, after various adventures, at the place where the chorus of the happy souls who have been initiated into the mysteries perform their songs and dances. It so happens that a strife has arisen in the subterranean world between *Æschylus*, who has hitherto occupied the tragic throne, and the newly-arrived *Euripides*, who lays claim to it; and *Bacchus* connects this with his own plan by promising to take with him to the upper regions the one who gains the victory in this contest.

The contest which ensues is a peculiar mixture of jest and earnest—extending over every department of tragic art—the subject-matter and

moral effects, the style and execution, prologues, choral songs, and monodies, and often, though in a very comic manner, hits the right point. At the end of the play the two tragedians proceed to weigh their verses, when the powerful sayings of *Æschylus* make the pointed thoughts of *Euripides* kick the beam; and to add to *Euripides*' mortification, *Sophocles* is left to occupy the vacant tragic throne in *Hades* during *Æschylus*' visit to earth. The choral songs and odes with which this comedy abounds, are amongst the very gems of Aristophanic poetry.

The dramas which *Aristophanes* produced after the close of the *Peloponnesian* war, plainly indicate the commencement of the transition which so soon followed from the Old to the Middle Comedy; and having now closed our remarks upon the former, to the latter our attention will next be directed.

Lecture the Fifteenth.

THE MIDDLE COMEDY.—PHILIPPUS.—EUBULUS.—ANAXANDRIDES.—ANTIPHANES.—ARISTOPHON.—CLEARCHUS.—DIODORUS.—EPHIPPIUS.—EPICRATES.—ERIPHUS.—MNESIMACHUS.—STRATON.—MOSCHION.—NICOSTRATUS.—ALEXIS.—SOTADES.—THEOPHILUS.—TIMOCLES.—THE NEW COMEDY.—MENANDER.—PHILEMON.—DIPHILUS.—APOLLODORUS.—PHILIPPIDES.—POSIDIPPUS.

WHILE, as we have seen, the characteristic feature of the Old Comedy was personality, that of the Middle Comedy was philosophical and literary criticism, and an attack upon the vices and follies of classes, rather than of individuals. Hence, the transition to the latter is easier from the Sicilian comedy of Epicharmus, than from the Attic comedy of Aristophanes, who appears entirely unlike himself in the *Æolosicon*, and in his other plays which were written in the latter years of his life, and which approximate in their form to the middle comedy.

The democracy of Athens was still moving in unrestrained freedom, but the people had no longer such pride and confidence in themselves as to ridicule, from the stage, their rulers, and the recognized principles of State policy, and at the same time to prevent themselves from being led astray by such ridicule. The unfortunate termination of the Peloponnesian war had damped the first fresh vigor of the Athenian State. Freedom and democracy, it is true, had been restored to the Athenians, and even a sort of maritime supremacy; but their former energy of public life had not been restored along with them: there were too many weaknesses and defects in all parts of their political condition—in their finances, in the war-department, and in the law-courts. The Athenians were, perhaps, well aware of this, but they were too indolent and fond of pleasure to set about in earnest to free themselves from these inconveniences. Under such circumstances, satire and ridicule, such as Aristophanes indulged in, would have been quite intolerable; for it would no longer have pointed out certain shadows in a bright and glorious picture, but would have exhibited one dark picture without a single ray of light, and consequently would have lacked all the cheerfulness of comedy. Accordingly, the comedians of this period took that general moral ten-

dency which we have already noticed in the Sicilian comedy, and in all that was connected with it. They represented the ludicrous absurdities of certain classes and conditions in society, and in their diction kept close to the language of common life, which prevails much more uniformly in their plays, than in those of Aristophanes.

The dramas of these comedians were not altogether without a basis of personal satire; but this was no longer directed against influential men, the rulers of the people; or, if it touched them at all, it was not on account of their political character, or of any principles approved by the bulk of the people. On the contrary, the middle comedy cultivated a narrower field of its own—the department of literary rivalry. The dramas of the middle comedy were rich in ridicule of the Platonic Academy, of the newly-revived sect of the Pythagoreans, of the orators and rhetoricians of the day, and of the tragic and epic poets: they sometimes even took a retrospective view, and subjected to their criticism anything which they thought weak or imperfect in the poems of Homer. This criticism was, however, totally different from that directed by Aristophanes against Socrates, which was founded exclusively upon moral and practical views. The judgments of the middle comedy considered everything in a literary point of view, and, if we may reason from individual instances, were directed solely against the character of the writings of the persons criticised.

In the transition from the old to the middle comedy, we may discern at once the great revolution which had taken place in the domestic history of Athens, when the Athenians, from a community of politicians, became a nation of literary men—when, instead of pronouncing judgment upon the general politics of Greece, and the law-suits of their allies, they judged only of the genuineness of the Attic style and of good taste in oratory—when it was no longer the opposition of the political ideas of Themistocles and Cimon, but the contests of opposing schools of philosophers and rhetoricians, which set all heads in motion. This great change, it is true, was not fully accomplished till the time of Alexander's successes, but the middle comedy stands as a guide-post, clearly pointing out the way to its consummation. The frequency of mythical subjects in the comedies of this class, has the same grounds as in the Sicilian comedy; for the object of both was to clothe general delineations of character in a mythical form. Farther than this, we must confess that our conceptions of the middle comedy are somewhat indistinct and uncertain. This arises from the constitution of the middle comedy itself, which is rather a transition state than a distinct species. Consequently, we find, along with many features recommending the old comedy, also some peculiarities of the new. Aristotle, indeed, in his remarks upon the comic drama of Athens, speaks only of an Old and a New Comedy, without reference to any other.

The poets of the Middle Comedy are very numerous, and occupy the interval between 380 A.C. and the reign of Alexander the Great—a space of forty-four years. Of the earliest to be noticed are the two sons of Aristophanes, *Araros* and *Philippus*, and the prolific *Eubulus*. Of the dramas of *Araros* nothing now remains, and of those of *Philippus*, or, as he is sometimes called, *Nicostratus*, we have only the following brief fragment:

LOQUACITY.

If in prattling from morning till night
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

Eubulus, the son of Euphranor, was of Athenian ancestry, though born at Atarna in the island of Lesbos. He commenced his career as a comic writer, according to Suidas 376 A.C., and continued to exhibit comedies regularly until just before the middle comedy was superseded by the new. He was the author of one hundred and four comedies, of more than fifty of which the titles are still preserved. The subjects of his plays were chiefly mythological; and several of them contained parodies of passages from the tragic poets, and especially from Euripides. There are a few instances of his attacking, after the manner of the old comedy, eminent individuals by name; as Philocrates, Cydias, Callimedon, Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and Callistratus. Occasionally his ridicule embraces whole classes and communities of persons, as, in one of his plays, the Thebans.

The language of Eubulus is simple, elegant, and generally pure, containing few words which are not found in writers of the best period. Not many fragments of this poet have been preserved; but those which we have are of very rare merit. In his comedy of the *Cup-bearers* he introduces Bacchus in person laying down to mankind the following temperate and moral rules against the abuse of his blessings:

Three cups of wine a prudent man may take;
The first of these for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best;
The third and last to lull him to his rest:
Then home to bed. But if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly and not ours;
Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends;
The sixth breeds feuds and falling out of friends;
Seven begets blows, and faces stain'd with gore;
Eight, and the watch-patrole breaks ope the door;
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swill'd sot drops senseless to the ground.

When such maxims of moderation as these proceed from the lips of Bacchus himself, it argues great impiety in his votaries not to obey them.

The following ingenious turn upon the emblem of Love, addressed to a painter, is so exquisite, that the most elegant epigrammatist might be proud of it:

Why, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
 Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove:
 Love hath no wings, or none that I can see:
 If he can fly, oh! bid him fly from me!

Anaxandrides follows Eubulus, and he is said to have been the first to introduce into comedy the intrigues of love, which afterwards formed so large an ingredient in it. To him succeeded *Amphis*, *Anaxilaus*, *Axionicus*, *Charemon*, and *Baton*. These are followed by *Antiphones*, *Aristophon*, *Clearchus*, *Criton*, *Crobylus*, *Demetrius*, *Damoxenus*, *Diodorus*, *Ephippus*, *Dionysius of Sinope*, *Dionysius of Syracuse* and *Epicrates*.

Anaxandrides was the son of Anaxander of Rhodes, and was the author of sixty-five comedies, with ten of which he bore away the prizes from his competitors. Nature, according to Athenæus, bestowed upon this poet, not only a fine genius, but a most beautiful person. His stature was tall, his air elegant and engaging; and whilst he affected an effeminate delicacy in his habit and appearance, he was a victim to the most violent and uncontrollable passions, which, whenever he was disappointed of the prize he contended for, were vented upon every person and thing that fell in his way, not excepting even his own unfortunate dramas, which he would tear in pieces and scatter amongst the mob. Of these he would preserve no copy, and thus it came to pass that many admirable comedies were actually destroyed and lost to posterity.

The dress of Anaxandrides, according to the same authority, was splendid and extravagant in the extreme, being of the finest purple, richly fringed with gold; and his hair was not coiled up in the Athenian fashion, but suffered to fall over his shoulders at its full length. His muse was no less wanton and voluptuous than his manners; for, as we have already intimated, he was the first comic poet who ventured to introduce upon the stage, incidents of the grossest intrigue. He was not only severe upon Plato and the Academy, but attacked the magistracy of Athens, charging them with the depravity of their lives, in so daring and contemptuous a style, that they brought him to trial, and by one of the most cruel sentences upon record, condemned the unhappy poet to be starved to death. To this circumstance Ovid alludes in the following distich:—

Or meet the libeller's unpitied fate,
 Starved for traducing the Athenian state.

The following lines on *Old Age*, afford the only connected fragment of Anaxandrides' poetry with which we are acquainted :

Ye gods! how easily the good man bears
His cumbrous honors of increasing years.
Age, oh my father, is not, as they say,
A load of evils heap'd on mortal clay,
Unless impatient folly aids the curse,
And weak lamenting makes our sorrows worse.
He whose soft soul, whose temper ever even,
Whose habits, placid as a cloudless heaven,
Approve the partial blessings of the sky,
Smooths the rough road, and walks untroubled by;
Untimely wrinkles furrow not his brow,
And graceful wave his locks of reverend snow.

Of Amphis little more is known than that he was a contemporary of the philosopher Plato, whom he made the butt of his wit and ridicule. A reference in one of his plays to Phryne, the Thespian, proves that he was still living 332 A.C. We have the titles of twenty-six of his comedies, but the few fragments of his poetry that remain afford no just criterion for judging of his peculiar genius. In his own age, however, he was greatly admired.

Anaxilaus was a native of Athens, and was also a contemporary of Plato, whom he satirized in one of his plays, with the greatest severity. A few unimportant fragments, and the titles of nineteen of his comedies remain, eight of which are on mythological subjects.

Of Axionicus nothing farther is known than that he was a native Athenian, and a writer of high reputation in his day. Athenæus has preserved the titles of six of his comedies, and some unimportant fragments.

Chæremon is so differently noticed by different writers of antiquity, that it is almost impossible to assign him his proper place. By some he is represented as the disciple of Socrates, and a writer of tragedies; whilst others assign him to the Old Comedy. Aristotle, Athenæus, Suidas, Stobæus, Theophrastus, and others, assign him, however, to the Middle Comedy, and speak of him in terms of unlimited praise. The titles of nine of his comedies, with some scraps of his dialogue, have been preserved by these authors; and Aristotle relates that in his comedy of *The Hippocentaur* he introduced a rhapsody, in which he contrived to mingle every species of meter, inventing, as it would seem, a characteristic measure for a compound monster out of nature.

Of Baton, to whom Suidas repeatedly alludes, no historical records

whatever have been preserved. A few fragments of his comedies, with three of their titles, is all of him that we now possess.

Antiphanes was one of the earliest and most celebrated Athenian poets of the Middle Comedy. He was born, according to Suidas, at Smyrna, in Ionia, 404 A.C., and lived till 330 A.C.—seventy-four years. His first comedy was exhibited 383 A.C., when the poet had just reached the twenty-first year of his age.

The parentage of Antiphanes is very doubtful; though it is generally conceded that he was of low origin. His father's name was Demophanes, or Stephanus; probably the latter, since he had a son named Stephanus, in accordance with an Athenian custom of naming a child after his grandfather. But whatever may have been the condition of Antiphanes' parents, yet the poet so signalized himself by his genius, and was held in such respect by the Athenians, that a public decree was made for the removal of his remains from the isle of Chios, where he died, and for depositing them in the city of Athens, where his funeral honors were sumptuously performed at the charge of the State.

Of the number of Antiphanes' comedies various accounts have been given; but of all the Greek dramatic writers he appears to have been the most prolific; for the lowest list of his plays amounts to two hundred and ninety, and some contend that he actually composed three hundred and sixty-five, a number almost incredible. With thirty of his comedies he bore off the prize; and if those successes appear disproportioned to the number of his attempts, we must remember that many of his rivals were poets of the highest order of genius. To judge of the absolute merits of this voluminous writer, we have now no other means than the fragments of his dramas that have descended to us; and even these we cannot contemplate without a sensible regret that so few amongst them comprise any such portion of the dialogue as to open the character, style, and manners of the writer, and not often enough to furnish a conjecture at the fable to which they appertain. They are like small crevices letting in one feeble ray of light into a capacious building: they dart occasionally upon some rich and noble part, but they cannot convey to us a full and perfect idea of the symmetry and construction of the majestic whole.

Of the numerous comedies of Antiphanes, the titles of one hundred and thirty have been preserved. Two of these,—one entitled *Matri-mony*, and the other *The Nuptials*,—are severe satires upon woman. To one or the other of these comedies, the following animated strain doubtless belonged:

For this, and only this, I'll trust a woman,
That if you take life from her she will die,
And being dead she'll come to life no more;
In all things else I am an infidel.

O might I never more behold a woman!
 Rather than I should meet that object, gods!
 Strike out my eyes—I'll thank you for your mercy,

To Athenæus we are indebted for the following fragment of a dialogue, in which Antiphanes has introduced a traveller to relate a whimsical contrivance, which the king of Cyprus had made use of for cooling the air of his banqueting chamber, while he sat at supper :

A. You say you've passed much of your time in Cyprus.

B. All; for the war prevented my departure.

A. In what place chiefly, may I ask?

B. In Paphos;

Where I saw elegance in such perfection
 As almost mocks belief.

A. Of what kind, pray you?

B. Take this for one—the monarch, when he sups,
 Is fanned by living doves.

A. You make me curious
 How this is to be done; all other questions
 I will put by to be resolved in this.

B. There is a juice drawn from the carpin tree,
 To which your dove instinctively is wedded
 With almost loving appetite; with this
 The king anoints his temples, and the odor
 No sooner captivates the silly birds,
 Than straight they flutter round him,—nay, would fly
 A bolder pitch, so strong a love-charm draws them,
 And perch, O horror! on his sacred crown,
 If that such profanation were permitted
 Of the bystanders, who, with reverend care,
 Fright them away, till thus, retreating now,
 And now advancing, they keep such a coil
 With their broad vans, and beat the lazy air
 Into so quick a stir, that in the conflict
 His royal lungs are comfortably cool'd,
 And thus he sups as Paphian monarchs should.

The following railery from a servant of his master, for a species of hypocrisy natural to old age, is certainly very comic :

Ah, good my master, you may sigh for death,
 And call amain upon him to relieve you,
 But will you bid him welcome when he comes?
 Not you. Old Charon has a stubborn task
 To tug you to his wherry and dislodge you
 From your rich tables, when your hour is come:
 I muse the gods send not a plague amongst you,
 A good, brisk, sweeping epidemic plague:
 There's nothing else can make you all immortal.

The following brief passages have an exceedingly neat turn of expression in the original; and even in the translation, the sentiments must commend themselves to every reader:

An honest man to law makes no resort;
His conscience is the better rule of court.

The man who first laid down the pedant rule
That love is folly, was himself a fool;
For if to life that transport you deny,
What privilege is left us—but to die?

Cease, mourner, cease complaint, and weep no more!
Your lost friends are not dead, but gone before;
Advanced a stage or two upon that road
Which you must travel in the steps they trod?
In the same inn we all shall meet at last,
There take new life and laugh at sorrows past.

Yes—'tis the greatest evil man can know,
The keenest sorrow in this world of woe,
The heaviest impost laid on human breath,
Which all must pay, or yield the forfeit—death.
For death all wretches pray; but when the prayer
Is heard, and he steps forth to ease their care,
Gods! how they tremble at his aspect rude,
And, loathing turn! Such man's ingratitude!
And none so fondly cling to life, as he
Who hath outlived all life's felicity.

Though we have already given a parasite from Eupolis, yet we cannot refuse admission to the following pleasant, impudent fellow, who gives name to a comedy of Antiphanes, and in the following spirited apology for his life and actions, takes upon himself the office of being his own historian. The fragment itself is a very striking specimen of the author:

What art, vocation, trade, or mystery
Can match with your fine Parasite? The painter?
He! a mere dauber: a vile drudge, the farmer:
Their business is to labor, ours to laugh,
To jeer, to quibble, faith, sirs! and to drink.
Ay, and to drink lustily. Is not this rare?
'Tis life, my life at least: the first of pleasure
Were to be rich myself; but next to this
I hold it best to be a parasite,
And feed upon the rich. Now, mark me right!
Set down my virtues one by one: imprimis,
Good will to all men. Would they were all rich,
So might I gull them all: malice to none;
I envy no man's fortune—all I wish
Is but to share it: would you have a friend,

A gallant steady friend? I am your man:
 No striker I, no swaggerer, no defamer,
 But one to bear all these and still forbear:
 If you insult, I laugh, unruffled, merry,
 Invincibly good-humor'd, still I laugh:
 A stout, good soldier I, valorous to a fault,
 When once my stomach's up and supper's served:
 You know my humor, not one spark of pride,
 Such and the same forever to my friends:
 If cudgel'd, molten iron to the hammer
 Is not so malleable; but if I cudgel,
 Bold as the thunder: is one to be blinded?
 I am the lightning's flash: to be puff'd up,
 I am the wind to blow him to the bursting:
 Choked, strangled? I can do 't and save a halter:
 Would you break down his doors? Behold an earthquake:
 Open and enter them? A battering ram:
 Will you sit down to supper? I'm your guest,
 Your very *Fly*, to enter without bidding:
 Would you move off? You'll move a well as soon:
 I'm for all work, and though the job were stabbing,
 Betraying, false accusing, only say
 Do this, and it is done! I stick at nothing;
 They call me thunderbolt for my despatch:
 Friend of my friends am I: let actions speak me:
 I'm much too modest to commend myself.

With the following beautiful lines on a fountain, near which a murder had been committed, we shall close our extracts from this interesting poet:

Erewhile my gentle streams were wont to pour
 Along their banks a pure translucent tide;
 But now the waves are shrunk and channel dried,
 And Naiads know their once-loved haunt no more;
 Since that sad moment when my verdant shore
 Was with the crimson hue of murder dyed.
 To cool the sparkling heat of wine we glide,
 But shrink abhorrent from the stain of gore.

Aristophon was a contemporary of Antiphanes, but of his history nothing is farther known. The titles of nine of his comedies, and some important fragments, have been preserved; and from these alone critics have been led to place him among the writers of the Middle Comedy.

Love and matrimony—subjects so rarely introduced into the Old—became important personages in the Middle Comedy. The former appears to have opened a very flowery field to fancy; the latter seems generally to have been set up as the butt of ridicule and invective. Hence, on the topic of matrimony, the author says:

A man may marry once without a crime,
 But cursed is he who weds a second time.

But, on the topic of love, as will appear from the following verses, he is more playful and ingenious :

Love, the disturber of the peace of heaven,
And grand fomentor of Olympian feuds,
Was banish'd from the synod of the gods :
They drove him down to earth at the expense
Of us poor mortals, and curtail'd his wings
To spoil his soaring, and secure themselves
From his annoyance. Selfish, hard decree !
For ever since he roams th' unquiet world,
The tyrant and despoiler of mankind.

In one of his comedies, *The Pythagorista*, Aristophon ridicules the juggling tricks of Pythagoras, that prince of impostors, and thus humorously describes his disciples :

So gaunt they seem, that famine never made
Of lank Philippides so mere a shade ;
Of salted tunny-fish their scanty dole,
Their beverage, like the frog's, a standing pool,
With now and then a cabbage, at the best
The leavings of the caterpillar's feast :
No comb approaches their dishevel'd hair
To rout the long-established myriads there ;
On the bare ground their bed, nor do they know
A warmer coverlid than serves the crow :
Flames the meridian sun without a cloud ?
They bask like grasshoppers and chirp as loud :
With oil they never even feast their eyes ;
The luxury of stockings they despise,
But barefoot as the crane still march along
All night in chorus with the screech-owl's song,

Of Clearchus we know nothing farther than that he was a native of Athens, and a comic poet of high reputation. Athenæus has preserved the titles of three of his comedies and also a few fragments, of which the following on drunkenness is the most valuable :

Could every drunkard, ere he sits to dine,
Feel in his head the dizzy fumes of wine,
No more would Bacchus chain the willing soul,
But loathing horror, shun the poison'd bowl.
But frantic joy foreruns the pains of fate,
And real good we cannot calculate.

Athenæus mentions, in connection with the comic poet last noticed, *Criton*, *Crobylus*, *Demetrius*, *Damoxenus*, and *Diodorus*. Of Criton nothing is known farther than that he was a native Athenian, and nothing remains of his comedies but a few lines and three titles. Crobylus

was also a native of Athens, and flourished about 324 A.C. Of his plays also nothing now remains but three titles and a few brief and unimportant fragments. Demetrius was evidently a comic poet of great reputation, but it is very difficult to determine at what period he lived, or to which school of comedy he belonged. Clinton supposes there were two Demetrii, the one a poet of the Old comedy, and the other of the Middle; and if this supposition be correct, it removes the difficulty of reconciling allusions in two of their fragments—the first being to events that transpired as early as 412 A.C., and the other, to the age of Seleucus, about 300 A.C. Damoxenus was also a native of Athens. The titles of two of his plays are mentioned by Athenæus, who quotes a long passage from the one and a few lines from the other.

Diodorus was a native of Sinope, a city of Pontus, and the birth-place of many eminent poets and philosophers. In an extant inscription his date is fixed at 354 A.C., and of his comedies, three titles, and a few fragments have been preserved. From the fragments we select the following:

When your foe dies, let all resentment cease,
Make peace with death, and death shall give you peace.

This is my rule, and to this rule I'll hold,
To choose my wife by merit, not by gold;
For on that one election must depend
Whether I wed a fury or a friend.

Ephippus, of Athens, was a comic poet of the middle comedy, as we learn from the testimony of Suidas, and Antiochus of Alexandria, and also from the allusions in his fragments to Plato, and the Academic philosophers. Of his comedies twelve titles have been preserved, the *Philyra* being the most admired of his plays. This *Philyra* was the mother of Chiron the Centaur. From all accounts it would seem that Ephippus was one of the most celebrated poets of his age. Dionysius of Sinope, was the countryman, contemporary, and intimate friend of Diodorus. Of this poet we have but a single sentence, yet the maxim that it contains is so excellent, that we think it worth preserving:

Either say something better than nothing, or say nothing!

Dionysius the celebrated tyrant of Syracuse, was also a writer of the middle comedy, and one of no mean pretensions.

Epicrates, the Athenian comic poet, was a native of Ambrosia, the capital of Epirus, and flourished, according to Meineke, between 376 and 348 A.C. His reputation is high amongst the writers of the class that we are at present considering, though, according to Athenæus, he was an

imitator of the manner of Antiphanes, of whom he was some years the junior. The names of five of the comedies of Epicrates are still extant; and the following remnant of a dialogue ridicules the frivolous disquisitions of the Academy in so pleasant a style of comic irony as to render it a fragment of the utmost value. The reader, acquainted with the original language will at once perceive a striking similitude in the manner to Aristophanes' remarks upon the occupations of Socrates' scholars in the comedy of *The Clouds*.

A. I pray you, sir, (for I perceive you learn'd
In these grave matters), let my ignorance suck
Some profit from your courtesy, and tell me
What are you wise philosophers engaged in,
Your Plato, Menedemus, and Speusippus?
What mighty mysteries have they in projection?
What new discoveries may the world expect
From their profound researches? I conjure you,
By earth, our common mother, to impart them!

B. Sir, you shall know at our great festival
I was myself their hearer, and so much
As I there heard will presently disclose,
So you will give it ears, for I might speak
Of things perchance surpassing your belief,
So strange they will appear; but so it happened
That these most sage Academicians sat
In solemn consultation—on a cabbage.

A. A cabbage! what did they discover there?

B. Oh, sir, your cabbage hath its sex and gender,
In provinces, prerogatives, and ranks,
And, nicely handled, breeds as many questions
As it does maggots. All the younger fry
Stood dumb with expectation and respect,
Wondering what this same cabbage should bring forth:
The Lecturer eyed them round, whereat a youth
Took heart, and breaking first the awful silence,
Humbly craved leave to think—that it was round:
The cause was now at issue, and a second
Opined it was an herb—A third conceived
With due submission it might be a plant—
The difference methought was such that each
Might keep his own opinion and be right;
But soon a bolder voice broke up the council,
And, stepping forward, a Sicilian quack
Told them their question was abuse of time,
It was a cabbage, neither more nor less,
And they were fools to prate so much about it—
Insolent wretch! amazement seized the troop,
Clamor and wrath and tumult raged amain,
Fill Plato, trembling for his own philosophy,
And calmly praying patience of the court,
Took up the cabbage and adjourn'd the cause.

We have still briefly to notice, as writers of the middle comedy, *Eriphus*, *Euphron*, *Heniochus*, *Mnesimachus*, *Straton*, *Moschion*, *Nicos-tratus*, *Phanicles*, *Alexis*, *Sotades*, *Theophilus*, *Timocles*, and *Xenarchus*.

Eriphus, according to Athenæus, was a native of Athens, and a contemporary of Antiphanes, from whose comedies he is represented to have extensively borrowed. A few small fragments, and the titles of three of his plays, comprise his entire remains.

Euphron was another Athenian poet of this period, and one whose fame has outlived the works on which it was founded. Six of his comedies only have bequeathed their names to us, and a very scanty portion of their contents. One of his plays was entitled *Adelphi*, and was, perhaps, the original whence Terence's comedy of the same name was copied. Athenæus and Stobæus have favored us with a few small relics of *Euphron*'s poetry; and in the following couplet there is a tender, melancholy and touching simplicity:

Tell me, all-judging Jove, if this be fair,
To make so short a life so full of care?

The following brief apostrophe contains, it will be acknowledged, a very spirited and striking turn of thought:

Wretch! find new gods to witness to new lies,
Thy perjuries have made the old too wise!

The ancients had an idea that a man who paid little attention to his own affairs, was not to be entrusted with the affairs of the State; and hence such sentiments as the following were not unfrequent amongst the writers for the stage:

Let not his fingers touch the public chest,
Who, by his own profusion, is distress'd;
For long, long years of care it needs must take
To heal those wounds which one short hour will make.

Heniochus, also a native Athenian, was a writer of a grave, sententious cast, and one who did not hesitate to give a personal name to one of his comedies, written professedly against the character of Thorucion, a certain military prefect in those times, and a notorious traitor to his country. His comedies were very numerous, and the titles of fifteen are still preserved. From one of these a curious fragment has been saved; but as it is rather of a political than of a dramatic complexion, it would not, perhaps, here be appropriate.

Mnesimachus is mentioned both by *Ælian* and *Athenæus* as an eminent

writer of the middle comedy; and by the samples we have of his plays, few as they are, we may see that he was a minute describer of the familiar manners and characters of the age in which he lived. He was doubtless a writer of a peculiar cast—a dealer in low and loquacious dialogue—a strong, coarse colorist, and one who, if time had spared his works, would probably have imparted to us more of the *Costuma*, as it is called, than any of his contemporaries. Few modern authors could describe, or actors delineate, a company of banditti or bravos at their meal in bolder caricature, than is displayed in the following sketch :

Dost know whom thou'rt to sup with, friend? I'll tell thee;
 With gladiators, not with peaceful guests;
 Instead of knives we're armed with naked swords,
 And swallow firebrands in the place of food:
 Daggers of Crete are served us for confections,
 And for a plate of peas, a fricassee
 Of scatter'd spears: the cushions we repose on
 Are shields and breastplates, at our feet a pile
 Of slings and arrows, and our foreheads wreath'd
 With military ensigns, not with myrtle.

Straton, the next Athenian writer of the middle comedy, supplies us with the names of two plays, and the small bequest of a single fragment. This bequest is, however, an acceptable one, as it recounts part of a dialogue, which, to a certain degree, gives some display of character, of a facetious comic cast, in the range of familiar life. The speaker is some master of a family, who is complaining to his companion in the scene, of the whimsical, conceited humor of his cook :

I've harbor'd a He Sphinx and not a cook,
 For by the gods he talked to me in riddles,
 And coin'd new words that pose me to interpret.
 No sooner had he enter'd on his office
 Than, eyeing me from head to foot, he cries—
 'How many mortals hast thou bid to supper?'
 Mortals! quoth I, what tell you me of mortals?
 Let Jove decide on their mortality;
 You're crazy, sure! none by that name are bidden.
 'No Table Usher; no one to officiate
 As master of the Courses?'—No such person:
 Moschion and Niceratus and Philinus,
 These are my guests and friends, and amongst these
 You'll find no table-decker as I take it.
 'Gods! is it possible?' cried he: Most certain,
 I patiently replied. He swell'd and huff'd,
 As if forsooth I had done him heinous wrong,
 And robb'd him of his proper dignity;
 Ridiculous conceit!—'What offering makest thou
 To Erysichthon?' he demanded: None—

‘Shall not the wide-horn’d ox be fell’d?’ cries he.
 I sacrifice no ox—‘Nor yet a wether?’
 Not I, by Jove; a simple sheep perhaps.
 ‘And what’s a wether but a sheep?’ cries he.
 I’m a plain man, my friend, and therefore speak
 Plain language.—‘What! I speak as Homer does;
 And sure a cook may use like privilege,
 And more than a blind poet!’—Not with me;
 I’ll have no kitchen Homers in my house!
 So pray discharge yourself!—Thus said, we parted.

Moschion, according to the authority of Clemens Alexandrinus and Stobæus, was a writer of the middle comedy, and a dramatist of a very moral and pathetic turn. His fragments fully sustain this character. The titles of three of his comedies remain, one of which is *Themistocles*; and probably the following fragment, preserved by Stobæus, may refer to the exile of that great man, when a suppliant at the court of Admetus, king of Molossus:

The proudest once in glory, mind, and race,
 The first of monarchs, of mankind the grace,
 Now wandering, outcast, desolate and poor,
 A wretched exile on a foreign shore,
 With miserable aspect bending low,
 Holds in his trembling hand the suppliant bough:
 Unhappy proof, how false the flattering light,
 Which Fortune’s blazing torch holds forth to sight!
 Now, not the meanest stranger passing by
 But greets the fallen hero with a sigh;
 Perhaps with gentle accents soothes his woe,
 And lets the kindly tear of pity flow;
 For where’s the heart so hardened and so rude,
 As not to melt at life’s vicissitude?

The tender and religious sentiments conveyed in the fragment which follows, and which was preserved by Clemens, deserve particular attention, and would seem to indicate that Moschion indulged in the tragic, as well as in the comic vein:

Let the earth cover and protect its dead!
 And let man’s breath thither return in peace
 From whence it came; his spirit to the skies,
 His body to the clay of which ’twas formed,
 Imparted to him as a loan for life,
 Which he and all must render back again
 To earth, the common mother of mankind.

Again, in a strain yet more elevated—

Wound not the soul of a departed man!
 ’Tis impious cruelty; let justice strike

The living, but in mercy spare the dead.
 And why pursue the shadow that is past?
 Why slander the deaf earth that cannot hear,
 The dumb that cannot utter? When the soul
 No longer takes account of human wrongs,
 Nor joys nor sorrows touch the mouldering heart,
 As well may you give feelings to the tomb,
 As what it covers—both alike defy you.

Nicostratus, the third son of Aristophanes, is the next comic poet to be noticed, and, according to Athenæus, Suidas, Laertius, and others, he was a writer of great reputation. His comedies are said to have been found, after his death, in a chest, where they had long been concealed, and their absence much regretted. The titles of nineteen of his plays are still known, and we are farther informed that he was so excellent an actor, that it became a proverb of honor to pronounce upon any other capital performer, that—*He played in the style of Nicostratus*. It is a source of deep regret that the following brief fragment is the only passage of this interesting poet's writing worth preserving:—

If in prattling from morning till night
 A sign of our wisdom there be,
 The swallows are wiser by right,
 For they prattle much faster than we.

Of Phœnicides, little is now known farther than that he was a native of Megara, and flourished towards the close of the middle comedy. Three titles of comedies by this author have been preserved, and a fragment, very important in a literary point of view; but as it is the recital of a courtesan, though full of comic humor, it is not suited to our purpose.

Alexis, perhaps the most distinguished writer of the middle comedy, was a native of Thurium, in Magna Græcia, and was born about 394 A.C. In childhood, however, he was carried by his parents to Athens, and there, as soon as he had reached mature age, was admitted to all the privileges of an Athenian citizen, and enrolled in one of the tribes. He was the uncle and instructor of Menander, and the first to discover the future poet's great genius. He appears, according to Athenæus, to have been rather addicted to the pleasures of the table, though the following fragment, preserved by the same critic, conveys the strongest marks of detestation that language can supply of the very vice to which Athenæus informs us he was a slave:

You, sir, a Cyrenian, as I take you,
 Look at your sect of desperate voluptuaries!
 There's Diodorus—beggary is too good for him—
 A vast inheritance in two short years,
 Where is it? Squander'd, vanish'd, gone forever,

So rapid was his dissipation—Stop!
 Stop, my good friend, you cry; not quite so fast;
 This man went fairly and softly to his ruin;
 What talk you of two years? As many days,
 Two little days, were long enough to finish
 Young Epicharides; he had some soul,
 And drove a merry pace to his undoing—
 Marry! if a kind of surfeit would surprise us,
 Ere we sit down to earn it, such prevention
 Would come most opportune to save the trouble
 Of a sick stomach and an aching head:
 But whilst the punishment is out of sight,
 And the full chalice at our lips, we drink,
 Drink all to-day, to-morrow fast and mourn,
 Sick, and all-o'er opprest with nauseous fumes;
 Such is the drunkard's curse, and hell itself
 Cannot devise a greater.—Oh, that Nature
 Might quit us of this overbearing burden,
 This tyrant-god, the belly! Take that from us,
 With all its bestial appetites, and man,
 Exonerated man, shall be all soul.

Alexis lived to a very advanced age, and according to Plutarch, he expired upon the stage while being crowned as victor in the comic contest. Though he belonged to the middle comedy, yet the great length to which his life was prolonged, and the energy with which he wrote to the last, made him, for more than thirty years, the contemporary of Menander, Philemon, Philippides, and Diphilus. He was one of the most prolific poets of the Greek stage, having written, according to Suidas, two hundred and forty-five comedies, the titles of one hundred and thirteen of which have been preserved. This proves that he possessed a very copious vein of invention, and the fragments which remain out of the general wreck of his works, indicates the richness of that vein. The works of such a master were of themselves a study; and as Menander formed himself upon his instructions, we cannot fail to conceive very highly of the preceptor from the acknowledged excellence of the pupil. Aristotle records an answer made by Alexis to an inquisitive fellow, who observed him in his latter years slowly crawling along the streets of Athens, and demanded 'what he was doing.' 'Nothing,' replied the feeble veteran, 'and of that very disease I am dying.' Stobæus has the same anecdote, and we think it unlikely that a man who preserved so vigorous a mind as Plutarch says he did, to extreme old age, could have been an habitual glutton. Indeed, the irony of the following lines on the Epicureans is unmistakable:

I sigh'd for ease, and, weary of my lot,
 Wish'd to exchange it; in this mood I stroll'd
 Up to the citadel three several days:
 And there I found a bevy of preceptors

For my new system, thirty in a group;
 All with one voice prepared to tutor me—
 Eat, drink, and revel in the joys of love!
 For pleasure is the wise man's sovereign good.

A. Gellius informs us that Alexis formed the plot of one of his comedies upon the life and actions of Pythagoras; and his choice certainly deserves to be commended; for we cannot conceive a happier fable for the use of an ingenious author, nor any that would afford a more fruitful field for facetious raillery than the extravagant and juggling tricks and contrivances of that impostor's story afford.

Vitruvius, in the beginning of his sixth book, has the following quotation from one of the dramas of Alexis, which is of considerable historical importance:

Whereas all other States of Greece compel
 The children of poor parents to support
 Those who begot them, we of Athens make
 The law imperative in such children only
 As are beholden to their parents for
 The blessing of a liberal education.

Matrimony and Love were, however, his favorite themes; and he certainly must have been very much out of humor with the sex when he wrote the following lines, or else the Athenian wives must have been mere Xantippes to deserve them:—

Nor house, nor coffers, nor whatever else
 Is dear and precious, should be watched so closely,
 As she whom you call wife. Sad lot is ours,
 Who barter life and all its free delights,
 To be the slaves of woman, and are paid
 Her bridal portion in the luckless coin
 Of sorrow and vexation. A man's wrath
 Is milk and honey to a woman's rage;
 He can be much offended and forgive;
 She never pardons those she most offends.
 What she should do she slights, what she should not,
 Hotly pursues: false to each virtuous point,
 And only in her wickedness sincere.

Who but a lunatic, would wed, and be
 Wilfully wretched? Better to endure
 The shame of poverty and all its taunts,
 Rather than this. The reprobate, on whom
 The censor sets his hand, is justly doomed
 Unfit to govern others; but the wretch
 Who weds, no longer can command himself;
 Nor hath his woe a period but in death.

From this gloomy picture of matrimony we turn to the following vivid and pleasing description of Love :

The man who holds true pleasure to consist
In pampering his vile 'body, and defies
Love's great divinity, rashly maintains
Weak impious war with an immortal God.
The gravest master that the schools can boast
Ne'er trained his pupils to such discipline
As Love his votaries. And where is he,
So stubborn and determinedly stiff
But shall, at some time, bend his knee to Love,
And make obeisance at his mighty shrine.

One day, as slowly sauntering from the port,
A thousand cares conflicting in my breast,
Thus I began to commune with myself—
Methinks these painters misapply their art,
And never knew the being which they draw;
For mark their many false conceits of Love.
Love is nor male nor female, man nor god,
Nor with intelligence, nor yet without it,
But a strange compound of all these, uniting
In one mixed essence many opposites:
A manly courage with a woman's fear,
The madman's frenzy in a reasoning mind,
The strength of steel, the fury of a beast,
The ambition of a hero. Something 'tis,
But by Minerva and the gods I swear,
I know not what this nameless something is.

Sotades, whom we are next to notice, was a native Athenian, an elegant writer, and a great favorite with the theatre-going public. We have the titles of two of his comedies, and some fragments, one of which, amongst many other instances, shows how rapidly the Middle Comedy of Athens was now verging towards the grave and sentimental character of the New. The fragment to which we here allude, is the following :

Is there a man, just, honest, nobly born?
Malice shall hunt him down. Does wealth attend him?
Trouble is hard behind. Conscience direct?
Beggary is at his heels. Is he an artist?
Farewell, repose! An equal, upright judge?
Report shall blast his virtues. Is he strong?
Sickness shall sap his strength. Account that day
Which brings no new mischance, a day of rest.
For what is man? What matter is he made of?
How born? What is he, and what shall he be?
What an unnatural parent is this world,
To foster none but villains, and destroy

All who are benefactors to mankind!
 What was the fate of Socrates? A prison,
 A dose of poison; tried, condemn'd, and killed.
 How died Diogenes? As a dog dies,
 With a raw morsel in his hungry throat.
 Alas for Æschylus! Musing he walked—
 The soaring eagle dropp'd a tortoise down,
 And crushed that brain, where tragedy had birth.
 A paltry grape-stone chok'd the Athenian Bee.
 Mastiffs of Thrace devour'd Euripides—
 And god-like Homer, woe the while! was starved.
 Thus life, blind life, teems with perpetual woes.

Theophilus, another Athenian comic poet of this period of great popularity, forms a remarkable contrast to Sotades. Of the comedies ascribed to him we have seven titles and a few fragments. The fragments of this poet are of a very lively cast, and the following, on the fertile subject of love, certainly deserves to be preserved as one of the beauties of the Greek stage :

If love be folly as the schools would prove,
 The man must lose his wits who falls in love;
 Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
 And then it follows he must lose his breath.
 Good sooth! there is a young and dainty maid
 I dearly love, a minstrel she by trade;
 What then? Must I defer to pedant rule,
 And own that love transforms me to a fool?
 Not I, so help me! by the gods I swear,
 The nymph I love is fairest of the fair!
 Wise, witty, dearer to a poet's sight
 Than piles of money on an author's night;
 Must I not love her then? Let the dull sot,
 Who made the law, obey it! I will not.

Timocles, the last Athenian comic poet of the Middle Comedy but one, who lived at a period when the revival of political energy, in consequence of the encroachments of Philip, restored to the Middle Comedy much of the vigor and real aim of the Old, is conspicuous for the freedom with which he discussed public men and measures, as well as for the number of his dramas, and the purity of his style, in which scarcely any departure from the best standard of Attic diction can be detected. He flourished between 355 A.C. and 324 A.C., and, like Antiphanes, made sarcastic allusions to the vehement spirit and rhetorical boldness of Demosthenes and the other orators who were charged with having received money from Harpalus. Being, in the beginning of his career, a contemporary of Antiphanes, and at its close, of Menander, Timocles may properly be regarded as the connecting link between the Middle Comedy and the New.

It may be proper to remark that there were two comic poets of this

name, to one of whom Suidas ascribes six comedies, and to the other eleven; and as the fragments of both are quoted indiscriminately, we shall introduce one to represent each. The first is a description of the illustrious orator Demosthenes, and we shall presume it is a fragment of one of the comedies of the Athenian Timocles :

Bid me say anything rather than this;
But on this theme Demosthenes himself
Shall sooner check the torrent of his speech
Than I—Demosthenes! that angry orator,
That bold Briareus, whose tremendous throat,
Charged to the teeth with battering rams and spears,
Beats down opposers: brief in speech was he,
But, cross'd in argument, his threatening eyes
Flash'd fire, while thunder roll'd from his lips.

The other fragment is a complimentary allusion to the powers of Tragedy, and is the only instance of the kind that the Greek comedy now furnishes. This passage is particularly valuable, not only for its intrinsic merit, but for the handsome tribute which it pays to the moral uses of the tragic drama :

Nay, my good friend, but hear me. I confess
Man is the child of sorrow, and this world,
In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague us.
But it hath means withal to soothe these cares,
And he who meditates on others' woes
Shall in that meditation lose his own;
Call, then, the tragic poet to your aid,
Hear him, and take instruction from the stage;
Let Telephus appear; behold a prince
A spectacle of poverty and pain,
Wretched in both.—And what if you are poor?
Are you a demigod? are you the son
Of Hercules? begone! complain no more.
Doth your mind struggle with distracting thoughts?
Do your wits wander? are you mad? Alas!
So was Alemæon, whilst the world adored
His father as their god. Your eyes are dim:
What then? the eyes of Œdipus were dark,
Totally dark. You mourn a son? he's dead:
Turn to the tale of Niobe for comfort,
And match your loss with hers. You're lame of foot;
Compare it with the foot of Philoctetes,
And make no more complaint. But you are old,
Old and unfortunate. Consult Æneus:
Hear what a king endured, and learn content.
Sum up your miseries, number up your sighs.
The tragic stage shall give you tear for tear,
And wash out all afflictions but its own.

With the Athenian comic poet, *Xenarchus*, we conclude our remarks upon the writers of the Middle Comedy. The titles of eight of his plays, and a few brief fragments comprise his entire remains. Amongst these fragments, the following short but spirited apostrophe is all that is suited to our purpose :

Ah, faithless woman! when you swear,
I register your oaths in air.

THE NEW COMEDY.

The order of the comic drama of Athens to which our attention is still to be directed prevailed from the period of the accession of Alexander the Great to the throne of Macedon, 336 A.C., to the death of Menander, 291 A.C.—about forty-five years—when the curtain may figuratively be said to have dropped upon all the glories of the Athenian stage. Though the last, it was yet a brilliant era; for in it flourished *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Diphilus*, *Apollodorus*, *Philippides*, and *Posidippus*—poets no less celebrated for the luxuriancy than for the elegance of their genius—all writers of the New Comedy, which, if it had not all the art and fire of the old satirical drama, produced in times of greater public freedom, was, doubtless, far superior to it in delicacy, regularity, and decorum. All attacks, as we have already observed, upon living characters ceased with what is properly denominated the Old Comedy; the writers of the Middle, contented themselves with venting their raillery upon the works of their dramatic predecessors; but the New Comedy was the comedy of manners, and resembled, in all respects, the comedy which afterwards prevailed amongst the Romans, and which now prevails in Great Britain, France, and the United States.

The New Comedy, says Schlegel, in a certain point of view, may be described, as the Old Comedy tamed down; but, in speaking of works of genius, tameness does not usually pass for praise. The loss incurred in the interdict laid upon the old, unrestricted freedom of mirth, the newer comedians sought to compensate by throwing in a touch of earnestness borrowed from tragedy, as well in the form of representation, and the connection of the whole, as in the impressions which they aimed at producing. We have seen how tragic poetry, in its first epoch, borrowed its tone from its ideal elevation, and came nearer to common reality, both in the characters and in the tone of the dialogue, but especially as it aimed at conveying useful instruction on the proper conduct of civil and domestic life, in all their several consequences. This turn towards utility Aristophanes has invariably commended in Euripides. Euripides was the forerunner of the New Comedy: the poets of this species admired

him especially, and acknowledged him for their master. Nay, so great is this affinity of tone and spirit, between Euripides and the poets of the New Comedy, that apophthegms of Euripides have been ascribed to Menander, and *vice versâ*. On the contrary, we find among the fragments of Menander maxims of consolation, which rise in a striking manner even into the tragic tone. The New Comedy, therefore, is a mixture of sport and earnest. The poet no longer makes a sport of poetry and the world; he does not resign himself to a mirthful enthusiasm, but he seeks the sportive character in his subject; he depicts in human characters and situations that which gives occasion to mirth: in a word, whatever is pleasant and ridiculous.

Menander, the most distinguished poet of the New Comedy, was the son of Diopeithes and Hegesistrate, and was born at Athens 342 A.C. He was the nephew of Alexis, the comic poet, on his father's side, and we may naturally suppose that he derived from his uncle his taste for the comic drama, and was instructed by him in its rules of composition. His character also, must have been greatly influenced and formed by his intimacy with Theophrastus the peripatetic, and Epicurus, the former being his teacher, and the latter his intimate friend. That his tastes and sympathies were altogether with the philosophy of Epicurus is proved, among many other indications, by his elegant epigram on 'Epicurus and Themistocles.' From Theophrastus he must have derived much of that skill in the discrimination of character which we so much admire in that philosopher, and which formed the great charm of the comedies of Menander. His master's attention to external elegance and comfort he not only imitated, but, as was natural in a man of elegant person, a joyous spirit, and a serene and easy temper, he carried it to the extreme of luxury and effeminacy.

The personal beauty of Menander is proverbial, though, according to Suidas, his vision was somewhat disturbed. He is represented in works of sculpture which still exist, of one of which, preserved in the Vatican, Schlegel gives the following description:—'In the excellent portrait-statues of two of the most famous comedians, Menander and Posidippus, the physiognomy of the Greek New Comedy seems to me to be almost visibly and personally expressed. They are seated in arm-chairs, clad with extreme simplicity, and with a roll in the hand, with that ease and careless self-possession which always marks the conscious superiority of the master in that maturity of years which befits the calm and impartial observation which comedy requires, but sound and active, and free from all symptoms of decay; we may discern in them that hale and pithy vigor of body which bears witness to an equally vigorous constitution of mind and temper; no lofty enthusiasm, but no folly or extravagance; on the contrary, the earnestness of wisdom dwells in those brows, wrinkled

not with care, but with the exercise of thought, while, in the searching eye, and in the mouth, ready for a smile, there is a light irony which cannot be mistaken !

The moral character of Menander has been greatly aspersed by Suidas, Alciphron, and others, but Meineke has defended it with very considerable success. One thing is certain, that his comedies, so far as we are now able to judge, contain nothing offensive, at least to the taste of his own and the following ages—none of the purest it must be admitted—as they were frequently acted at private banquets. Whether their being eagerly read, as Ovid affirms they were, by the youth of both sexes, on account of the love scenes with which they abound, is any confirmation of their innocence, may at least be doubted.

Of the actual events of Menander's life very little is known. He enjoyed the friendship of Demetrius Phalereus, whose attention appears to have been first drawn to him by admiration of his works. This intimacy was attended, however, with danger as well as honor, for, when Demetrius Phalereus was expelled from Athens in 307 A.C. by Demetrius Poliorcetes, Menander became a mark for the sycophants, and would have been put to death had it not been for the intercession of Telesphorus, the son-in-law of Demetrius. Ptolemy Lagus, king of Egypt, was also one of his admirers, and invited him to the court of Alexandria; but Menander declined the proffered honor. A friendly correspondence was, however, according to Suidas, long maintained between the king and the poet. The death of this eminent writer was as melancholy as his life had been brilliant. He was drowned while bathing in the Piræan harbor; and we learn from Alciphron, that, as a mark of distinguished honor, he was buried by the side of the road that leads from the Piræus to Athens.

Notwithstanding all antiquity concurs in placing Menander at the head of the comic writers of his time, yet his contemporary and rival poets so frequently triumphed over him, that, out of one hundred and nine comedies, he obtained but eight prizes. His preference for elegant exhibitions of character above coarse jesting, may have been the reason why he was not so great a favorite with the common people as his principal rival, Philemon, who, it is more than intimated by several ancient authors, used unfair means of gaining popularity. Menander appears, however, to have borne the popular neglect very lightly, in the consciousness of his own superiority; and on one occasion, when he happened to meet Philemon, he is said to have asked him, 'Pray, Philemon, do not you blush when you gain a victory over me?'

Menander is remarkable for the elegance with which he threw into the form of single verses, or short sentences, the maxims of that practical wisdom in the affairs of common life which forms so important a feature

of the New Comedy. Such passages must necessarily suffer essentially in the translation, but the following are very close to the original:

You say, not always wisely, *Know thyself*:
Know others, oftentimes, is the better maxim.

Of all bad things with which mankind are curs'd,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

What pity 'tis, when happy Nature rears
A noble pile, that Fortune should o'erthrow it!

Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies.
Learn this, ye men of wealth—A heavy purse,
In a fool's pocket, is a heavy curse.

If you would know of what frail stuff you're made,
Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead;
There rest the bones of kings, there tyrants rot;
There sleep the rich, the noble, and the wise!
There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest form—
All dust alike, compound one common mass:
Reflect on these, and in them see yourself.

In the more extensive fragments which remain of the poetry of Menander, little else is seen than the most unfavorable delineations of human character. So far from finding those facetious and sprightly sallies to be expected from a comic writer—those voluptuous descriptions to which Pliny alludes, or any fragments of the love-scenes of which Ovid tells us—we meet nothing but a melancholy display of the miseries, the enormities, and the repinings of mankind. What, for instance, could be more gloomy and misanthropic than the following strain of discontent:

Suppose some god should say—'Die when thou wilt,
Mortal, expect another life on earth;
And, for that life, make choice of all creation
What thou wilt be; dog, sheep, goat, man, or horse;
For live again thou must; it is thy fate;
Choose only in what form; there, thou art free!
So help me Crato, I would fairly answer—
Let me be all things, anything but man!
He only, of all creatures, feels affliction.
The generous horse is valued for his worth,
And dog by merit, is preferred to dog;
The warrior cock is pampered for his courage,
And awes the baser brood. But what is man?
Truth, virtue, valor, how do they avail him?
Of this world's good, the first and greatest share
Is flattery's prize: the informer takes the next,
And bare-faced knavery garbles what is left.

I'd rather be an ass than what I am,
And see these villains lord it o'er their betters.

The fragment which follows is in the same tone, though it is colored a little nearer to the hue of comedy:

All creatures are more blest in their condition,
And in their natures, worthier than man.
Look at yon ass! A sorry beast you'll say,
And such, in truth, he is—poor, hapless thing!
Yet these, his sufferings, spring not from himself,
For all that nature gave him he enjoys;
Whilst we, besides our necessary ills,
Make ourselves sorrows of our own begetting.
If a man sneeze, we're sad—for that's ill-luck:
If he traduce us, we run mad with rage;
A dream, a vapor, throws us into terrors,
And let the night-owl hoot, we melt with fear:
Anxieties, opinions, laws, ambition,
All these are torments we may thank ourselves for.

The following contemptuous ridicule upon the Pagan ceremony of lustration, shows that Menander had a much higher notion of the being and providence of God, than the vulgar herd of heathens were known to entertain:

If your complaints were serious, 'twould be well
You sought a serious cure; but for weak minds
Weak medicines suffice. Go, call around you
The women with their purifying water;
Drug it with salt and lentils, and then take
A treble sprinkling from the holy mess;
Now search your heart; if that reproach you not,
Then, and then only, you are truly pure.

In Menander and the other comic poets of Greece, women were generally spoken of with the utmost disrespect, from which we infer that the Athenians, with all their refinement, had little perception of the purity and elevation of female character. To exemplify this remark we give the following passage:

If such the sex, was not the sentence just,
That riveted Prometheus to his rock?
Why? For what crime? A spark, a little spark;
But oh, ye gods! how infinite the mischief—
That little spark gave being to a woman,
And let in a new race of plagues to curse us.
Where is the man that weds? Show me the wretch;
Woe to his lot!—Insatiable desires,
His nuptial bed defiled, poisonings and plots,

And maladies untold—these are the fruits
Of marriage—these the blessings of a wife.

The poet who, in the language of Cumberland, can thus lend his wit to libel the greatest blessing of life, may well be ingenious in depreciating life itself :

The lot of all most fortunate is his,
Who, having staid just long enough on earth
To feast his sight with the fair face of Nature,
Sun, sea, and clouds, and heaven's bright starry fires,
Drops without pain into an early grave.
For what is life, the longest life of man,
But the same scene repeated o'er and o'er ?
A few more lingering days to be consumed
In throngs and crowds, with sharpers, knaves, and thieves ;—
From such the speediest riddance is the best.

As the passages hitherto introduced from this poet have represented him in the character of a misanthropist, it is no more than justice that we should now exhibit him as a moralist ; and if the following fragment suggests no new ideas upon the subject of Envy, it will at least serve to satisfy us that mankind in all ages have held that despicable passion in the same estimation :

Thou seem'st to me, young man, not to perceive
That every thing contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption :
The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel ;
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak ;
But Envy, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and forever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it lurks.

In the next fragment an old man, as will be perceived, is reproved for the vice of covetousness. In the manner of the reproof there is a delicacy that well becomes both the age and condition of the speaker ; for he is not only a youth, but the son of the character whom he addresses. This fragment is from the comedy entitled *Dyscolus*, or *The Churl* :

Weak is the vanity that boasts of riches,
For they are fleeting things ; were they not such,
Could they be yours to all succeeding time,
'Twere wise to let none share in the possession ;
But if whate'er you have is held of fortune,
And not of right inherent, why, my father,
Why with such niggard jealousy engross
What the next hour may ravish from your grasp,
And cast into some worthless favorite's lap ?
Snatch then the swift occasion while 'tis yours ;

Put this unstable boon to noble uses ;
 Foster the wants of men, impart your wealth,
 And purchase friends ; 'twill be more lasting treasure,
 And, when misfortune comes, your best resource.

The following fragment, a relic of *The Minstrel*, is of a more comic sort, and is pointed at the same vice :

Ne'er trust me, Phantias, but I thought till now,
 That you rich fellows had the knack of sleeping
 A good sound nap, that held you for the night ;
 And not like us poor rogues, who toss and turn,
 Sighing, *Ah me !* and grumbling at our duns :
 But now I find in spite of all your money,
 You rest no better than your needy neighbors,
 And sorrow is the common lot of all.

We have but one more specimen to introduce of the poetry of Menander ; but this is the more valuable from its having been quoted by Plutarch for the consolatory advice it contains, and addressed to his friend Apollonius. The lines in italics, quoted from Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, not only correspond with the exact meaning of the original, but are also apposite as a quotation from a tragic poet, Menander himself having applied the words of some one of the writers of tragedy, probably Euripides :

If you, O Trophimus, and you alone
 Of all your mother's sons have Nature's charter,
 For privilege of pleasures uncontrol'd,
 With full exemption from the strokes of Fortune,
 And that some god hath ratified the grant,
 You then with cause may vent your loud reproach.
 For he hath broke your charter and betray'd you ;
 But if you live and breathe the common air
 On the same terms as we do, then I tell you,
 And tell it in the tragic poet's words—

Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils—

The sum of which philosophy is this—
 You are a man, and therefore Fortune's sport,
 This hour exalted and the next abased :
 You are a man, and though by Nature weak,
 By nature arrogant, climbing to heights
 That mock your reach and crush you in the fall.
 Nor was the blessing you have lost the best
 Of all life's blessings, nor is your misfortune
 The worst of its afflictions ; therefore, Trophimus,
 Make it not such by overstrained complaints,
 But to your disappointment suit your sorrow.

Philemon, the first in the order of time, and the second in celebrity, of the Athenian comic poets of the New Comedy, was the son of Damon,

and was born at Soli in Cilicia, about 360 A.C. He removed, at an early age, however, to Athens, and soon after had all the privileges of citizenship extended to him. He lived to the extraordinary age of one hundred and one years, and composed ninety-seven comedies—a competent number, it must be acknowledged, though not to be compared to the number of Menander's productions, who, in half that time wrote one hundred and nine.

The longevity of Philemon was the result of great temperance and a placid frame of mind. Frugal to a degree that subjected him to the charge of avarice, he never weakened his faculties and constitution by excess; and he summed up all his wishes in the following rational and moderate petition to heaven, which throws a most favorable light upon his character:—‘I pray for health in the first place; in the next for success in my undertakings; thirdly, for a cheerful heart; and lastly, to be out of debt to all mankind.’ This temperate petition seems to have been literally granted. He was blessed with a long and healthful life: he was successful in his undertakings to a degree which posterity seems to think was above his merits; and he triumphed over all his competitors, more, perhaps, through the suavity of his manners, than from any actual superiority of his talents. That he was of a gay and happy spirit there is every reason to believe; and his economy secured to him that independent competency, which put him in possession of the final object of his wishes.

As Philemon lived in constant serenity of mind, so, according to *Ælian*, he died without pain of body; for, having called together a number of his friends to the reading of a play, which he had just finished, and sitting, as was the custom in that serene climate, under the open canopy of heaven, an unexpected shower of rain fell upon the company just when the veteran poet had entered into the third act and the very warmest interest of the fable. His hearers, disappointed by this unlucky check to their entertainment, interceded with him for the remainder on the day following, to which he readily assented; and a large company being then assembled, whom the fame of the rehearsal had brought together, they sat a considerable length of time in eager expectation of the poet's arrival, till wearied out with waiting, and unable to account for his want of punctuality, some of his intimate friends were dispatched in quest of him—who, on entering his chamber, found the old man dead on his couch, in his usual meditating posture, his features placid and composed, and with every symptom that indicated a death without pain or struggle. His death occurred 262 A.C.

The fragments which we possess of Philemon's poetry are, in general, of a sentimental, tender cast; and though they enforce sound and strict morality, yet no one instance occurs of that gloomy misanthropy, that harsh and dogmatizing spirit, which too often marks the maxims of his

more illustrious rival. The following thoughts are as ingeniously conceived as they are, in the original, happily expressed :

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he's of men most wise, who bears them best.

If what we have we use not, and still covet
What we have not, we are cajoled by fortune
Of present bliss, of future by ourselves.

Two words of nonsense are two words too much ;
Whole volumes of good sense will never tire.
What multitudes of lines hath Homer wrote ?
Yet who e'er thought he wrote one line too much ?

Still to be rich is still to be unhappy ;
Still to be envied, hated, and abused :
Still to commence new lawsuits, new vexations :
Still to be carking, still to be collecting,
Only to make your funeral a feast,
And hoard up riches for a thriftless heir.
Let me be light in purse and light in heart ;
Give me small means, but give content withal,
Only preserve me from the law, kind gods,
And I will thank you for my poverty.

The following animated apostrophe is a fragment of the *Ignifer* :—

Now by the Gods, it is not in the power
Of painting or of sculpture to express
Aught so divine as the fair form of Truth !
The creatures of their art may catch the eye,
But her sweet nature captivates the soul.

In the following specimen it is evident that the poet has reference to Æschylus :

All are not just because they do no wrong,
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not them,
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not ;
But him whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,
When he might plunder and defy surprise :
His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To be, not to be thought, an honest man.

The next passage that we shall produce is from the author's *Pyrrhus*. No other fragment of Philemon's poetry with which we are familiar,

breathes so soft and placid a spirit, and so perfectly harmonizes with the amiable character of the poet, as this brief extract :

Philosophers consume much time and pains,
To seek the sovereign good, nor is there one
Who yet hath struck upon it : Virtue some,
And prudence some contend for, whilst the knot
Grows harder by their struggle to untie it.
I, a mere clown, in turning up the soil,
Have dug the secret forth. All-gracious Jove:
'Tis Peace, most lovely, and of all beloved ;
Peace is the bounteous Goddess, who bestows
Weddings and holidays and joyous feasts,
Relations, friends, health, plenty, social comforts,
And pleasures which alone make life a blessing.

The following fragment of *The Ephebus*, preserved by Stobæus, is of a mild and plaintive character ; and though it speaks the language of the deepest sorrow, it speaks, at the same time, the language of humanity. There is no turbulence—no invective : it is calculated to move our pity, not excite our horror :

'Tis not on them alone who tempt the sea,
That the storm breaks, it whelms even us, O Laches,
Whether we pace the open colonnade,
Or to the inmost shelter of our house,
Shrink from its rage. The sailor for a day,
And night, perhaps, is bandied up and down,
And then anon reposes, when the wind
Veers to the wish'd-for point, and wafts him home :
But I know no repose ; not one day only,
But every day, to the last hour of life,
Deeper and deeper I am plunged in woe.

In all the remains of this interesting author, there seems, as Cumberland justly remarks, a characteristic gentleness of manners. Where he gives advice, it is recommended rather than imposed : his reproofs are softened with such an air of good humor, as gives a grace to instruction, and smiles while it corrects. Would it be possible for experience to tutor indiscretion in milder terms than the following :

O Cleon, cease to trifle thus with life.
A mind so barren of experience,
Can hoard up naught but misery, believe me.
The shipwreck'd mariner must sink outright,
Who makes no effort to regain the shore ;
The needy wretch who never learn'd a trade,
And will not work, must starve—*What then ? you cry—*
My riches—Frail security—My farms,
My houses, my estate—Alas ! my friend,

Fortune makes quick despatch, and in a day
 Can strip you bare as beggary itself.
 Grant that you now had piloted your bark
 Into good fortune's haven, anchor'd there,
 And moor'd her safe as caution could devise;
 Yet if the headstrong passions seize the helm
 And turn her out to sea, the stormy gusts
 Shall rise and blow you out of sight of port,
 Never to reach prosperity again—
What tell you me? have I not friends to fly to?
I have: and will not those kind friends protect me?
 Better it were you shall not need their service,
 And so not make the trial: much I fear
 Your sinking hand would only grasp a shade.

Diphilus was a native of Sinope, and contemporary with Menander and Philemon. Clemens and Eusebius applaud him for his comic wit and humor, and also for the sententious and moral character of his drama. His language is simple and elegant, but it contains many departures from Attic purity. He was the author of one hundred comedies, thirty-two titles, and some very considerable fragments of which have been preserved. His death occurred at Smyrna, in Ionia, but in what year is uncertain. Of his various fragments the following is the most perfect:

We have a notable good law at Corinth,
 Where, if an idle fellow outruns reason,
 Feasting and junketing at furious cost,
 The sumptuary proctor calls upon him,
 And thus begins to sift him—You live well,
 But have you well to live? You squander freely,
 Have you the wherewithal? Have you the fund
 For these outgoings? If you have, go on!
 If you have not, we'll stop you in good time,
 Before you outrun honesty; for he
 Who lives we know not how must live by plunder;
 Either he picks a purse, or robs a house,
 Or is accomplice with some knavish gang,
 Or thrusts himself in crowds to play th' informer,
 And puts his perjured evidence to sale.
 This a well order'd city will not suffer:
 Such vermin we expel.—*And you do wisely:*
But what is this to me?—Why, this it is;
 Here we behold you every day at work,
 Living forsooth! not as your neighbors live,
 But richly, royally, ye gods! Why, man,
 We cannot get a fish for love or money,
 You swallow the whole produce of the sea;
 You've driven our citizens to browse on cabbage
 A sprig of parsley sets them all a fighting,
 As at the Isthmian games: if hare, or partridge,

Or but a simple thrush comes to the market,
 Quick, at a word you snap him. By the gods!
 Hunt Athens through, you shall not find a feather
 But in your kitchen; and for wine, 'tis gold—
 Not to be purchased—We may drink the ditches.

Apollodorus of Carystus, in Eubœa, another of Menander's contemporaries, was a writer high in fame, and the author of forty-seven comedies, the titles of eight of which, and a few fragments, remain. That he was one of the most distinguished poets of the New Comedy is evident from the fact, that Terence took his *Hecyra* and *Phormio* from him. He flourished between 300 and 260 A.C., and therefore was one of the latest of the distinguished writers of the school to which he belonged. From the wreck of this writer's works nothing has been preserved but a few such brief fragments as the following :

Go to! make fast your gates with bars and bolts;
 But never chamber-door was shut so close
 But cats and cuckold-makers would creep through it.

How sweet were life, how placid and serene,
 Were others but as gentle as ourselves:
 But if we must consort with apes and monkeys,
 We must be brutes like them—O life of sorrow!

What do you trust to, father? To your money?
 Fortune indeed to those who have it not
 Will sometimes give it: but 'tis done in malice,
 Merely that she may take it back again.

Youth and old age have their respective humors;
 And son by privilege can say to father,
 Were you not once as young as I am now?
 Not so the father; he cannot demand,
 Were you not once as old as I am now?

In the following natural description of a friendly welcome there is something extremely pleasing :

There is a certain hospitable air
 In a friend's house, that tells me I am welcome;
 The porter opens to me with a smile;
 The yard-dog wags his tail, the servant runs
 Beats up the cushion, spreads the couch, and says—
 Sit down, good sir! ere I can say I'm weary.

Philippides, a native Athenian, and the son of Philocles, was another of this illustrious band of contemporary rival authors. Of the history

of his life nothing is known, and his extreme sensibility was the cause of his death; for the sudden transport, occasioned by the unexpected success of one of his comedies, put a period to his life: the poet was, however, at the time, very far advanced in age. Donatus informs us that Philippides was in the highest favor with king Lysimachus, between whom and the poet the very closest intimacy subsisted. 'What is there,' said the king to him upon one occasion, 'which Philippides would wish I should impart to him?' 'Anything,' replied the poet, 'but your secrets.'

Philippides, according to Plutarch, seems to have deserved the rank assigned to him, as one of the best poets of the New Comedy. He attacked the luxury and corruptions of his age, defended the privileges of his art, and made use of personal satire with a spirit approaching to that of the Old Comedy. Suidas names forty-five as the number of his comedies, the titles of fifteen of which are still extant; but there are no fragments remaining that require a farther notice.

Posidippus, also of Athens, though born at Cassandria in Macedonia, was the son of Cyniscus, and one of the six poets of the New Comedy mentioned by the Alexandrian grammarians as the most celebrated of that school. He may be properly regarded as the last of the comic poets of Greece, and it was not until three years after the death of Menander that he began to exhibit his dramas, and posterior to him we know of no comic poet who has bequeathed even his name to posterity.

Of the events of this poet's life nothing is now known; but his portrait is preserved to us in the beautiful sitting statue in the Vatican, which, with the accompanying statue of Menander, is esteemed by the best judges as among the finest works of Greek sculpture which have come down to us. Posidippus, according to Suidas, was the author of forty comedies, of which eighteen titles only have been preserved. The extant fragments of these plays are not of sufficient extent to enable us to determine from them any one of the author's peculiarities.

We have thus brought down the history of the Attic drama from *Æschylus* to *Menander*, and in closing our remarks upon this department of Grecian literature, we cannot refrain from reminding you of the treasure of thought and life here unfolded to us—of the remarkable changes effected, not only in the forms of poetry, but in the inmost recesses of the constitution of the Greek mind; and how great and significant a portion of the history of our race is here laid before us in the most vivid delineations.

Lecture the Sixteenth.

PHILOSOPHY.

THALES.—ANAXIMANDER.—ANAXIMENES.—HERACLITUS.—ANAXAGORAS.
—ARCHELAUS.—PYTHAGORAS.—SOCRATES.—ARISTIPPUS.—EUCLID.—
PHÆDO.—ANTISTHENES.—ZENO.—CHRYSIPPUS.—PLATO.—ARCESI-
LAUS.—CARNEADES.—ARISTOTLE.—XENOPHANES.—EPICURUS.—PYR-
RHO.

HAVING closed our remarks on the poets and the poetry of Greece, we shall now proceed to notice briefly her philosophers, her orators, and her historians.

Grecian philosophy was not, properly speaking, of native origin, but was introduced by the various colonies which early migrated into that country from Egypt, from Phœnicia, and from Thrace. It first appeared in the poets who treated, in their verse, of the nature of things, the origin of the world, the system of the gods, and the principles of morals. Linus, Musæus, Orpheus, and Hesiod all belong to this class; and even Homer may be included with them. The poets of Greece, it may therefore be truly said, were her first philosophers; and it may also, with propriety, be remarked, that the next philosophers were her priests and legislators.

Grecian philosophy had a religious aspect in its very beginnings, in the fanciful speculations of the poets respecting the origin of things, and the nature and offices of the gods. The notion of a multitude of supernatural spirits, having each an appropriate department in governing the world, could not but affect the philosophical reasonings of all who embraced it; and hence it was perfectly natural to inquire how these agents would make known their will, and predict to man the future, or warn him of danger. Thus was furnished a fruitful field of speculation upon the various subjects of augury, omens, oracles, and the whole system of divination. The ideas which became incorporated into the popular belief, were, indeed, but a mass of absurdities not deserving the name of philosophy; yet it was about such ideas that the early Greeks expended much thought, or rather indulged in much fancy. Upon this foundation arose

a curious fabric—divination, which, under the ingenuity of priests, who united to personal shrewdness and foresight, some knowledge of physical nature—grew into a sort of regular science. The institutions termed *mysteries* had, in their nature and design, some intimate connection with this early *religious* philosophy.

In this state philosophy remained, until the progress of society demanded the care of the lawgiver, and furnished the talents and knowledge requisite to frame successive codes. Then the moral and social nature of man began to be more studied. Reflecting minds investigated the motives by which men might be actuated, and contemplated the nature, proper punishments, and preventives of crime, the theory of government and education. In learning the character of this *political* philosophy, we must particularly attend to the civil institutions of Lycurgus and Solon, and the character and doctrines of those who are called, by way of eminence, the *Seven Wise Men of Greece*.

A glance at the institutions of Lycurgus will show us that very particular care was bestowed upon the training of youth for their future circumstances; but his system and that of Solon differed widely from each other. The former aimed to form a community of high-minded warriors, while the latter sought rather a community of cultivated scholars. These different designs must necessarily have varied their plans of education; and, accordingly, while Lycurgus enjoined abstinence and hardships, Solon furnished books and teachers. It must not, however, be forgotten, that the Spartan system was two hundred years earlier than the Athenian, and that Grecian social intercourse had now very greatly improved. 'The Seven Wise Men of Greece,' of whom Solon himself was one of the most distinguished, belong to this period. They were all actually employed as magistrates and statesmen; but they were also the philosophers of the age. They were not merely speculative, as the disciples of the different sects afterwards were; nor did they, like the preceding poets, indulge in fanciful dreams: they were rather men of shrewd practical observation. Hence the character of their philosophical fragments, which are wholly proverbial maxims, adapted for the conduct of life, in manners and morals. Their precepts were not always given in formal statements, but sometimes clothed in symbolic expressions, which were understood by those only to whom they were explained. Fabulous tales also were sometimes employed for the same purpose; such were those of Æsop, in which moral and political maxims are drawn out into allegory.

Grecian philosophy, soon after the age of Solon, assumed a definite form, and was taught in public schools, and divided into various sects. The origin of different schools is commonly ascribed to the clashing interpretations which were put upon Homer by the Rhapsodists, who, after rehearsing passages from the great poet and master, added their own explanations and comments. As these interpreters frequently disagreed in

expounding the Homeric philosophy, they naturally divided the community of their hearers into different parties or sects, each having his advocates among those who did not belong to his particular profession. At length two very eminent men arose, and became each the head of a school in philosophy, which soon absorbed all others. These men were *Thales* of Miletus, in Ionia, and *Pythagoras*, of the island of Samos. Thales founded the *Ionic school*, and Pythagoras, the *Italic*; and to these two original schools all the various sects into which Grecian philosophers were afterwards divided, may be traced. Of these two schools the Ionic was the earlier by about a half a century.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, was a native of Miletus, and was born in the early part of the seventh century, A.C. He was of an ancient and honorable family, inherited great wealth, and possessed the highest order of talents. After having travelled through Crete, Egypt, and various other countries, he returned to his native city, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to philosophical pursuits. As one of the *sages* of Greece, he necessarily devoted much of his time and thought to political philosophy; but he also embraced, in the range of his instructions, all the inquiries of the Rhapsodists, concerning the physical and material world. Philosophy, as studied in this school, included, in reality, every branch of science—not only morals and politics—but rhetoric, mathematics, astronomy, and all that is now comprehended under natural philosophy and natural history.

The Seven Sages, of whom Thales was the chief, were not solitary thinkers, whose renown for wisdom was acquired by speculations unintelligible to the mass of the people. Their fame, which extended over all Greece, was founded solely on their acts as statesmen, councillors of the people in public affairs, and practical men. Thales' sagacity in affairs of State and public economy appears from many anecdotes. Herodotus says that at the time when the Ionians were threatened by the power of Cyrus, king of Persia, after the fall of Croesus, Thales, who was then very old, advised them to establish an Ionian capital in the middle of their sea-coast, somewhere near Teos, where all the affairs of their race might be debated, and to which all the other Ionian cities might stand in the same relation as the Attic minor states, to Athens.

At an earlier age, Thales is said to have foretold to the Ionians the total eclipse of the sun, which, in 603 A.C., separated the Medes from the Lydians in the battle which was fought by Cyaxares against Alyattes. On this occasion he doubtless employed astronomical formulæ which he had obtained from the Chaldeans, the fathers of Grecian astronomy; for his own knowledge of mathematics could hardly have been sufficient for such purpose. He is said, however, to have been the first teacher of such problems as that of the equality of the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle. The general tendency of Thales' philosophy was practical; and

where his own knowledge therefore was insufficient, he unhesitatingly applied the discoveries of nations more advanced than his own in natural sciences. Thus, he was the first who advised his countrymen, when at sea, not to steer by the Great Bear, which forms a considerable circle round the Pole; but to follow the example of the Phœnicians, his own ancestors, and to take the Lesser Bear for their Polar star.

As Thales was not a poet, nor indeed the author of any written work, the accounts of his doctrine rest entirely upon the testimony of his contemporaries and immediate successors; and it would therefore be vain to attempt to construct from them a system of natural philosophy according to his notions. It may, however, be collected from these traditions, that he considered all nature as endowed with life; for, says he, 'Everything is full of the gods.' As proof of this opinion, he cited the magnet and amber, on account of their magnetic and electric properties. It also appears that he considered water as the general principle or cause of all things; probably because it sometimes assumes a vapory, and sometimes a liquid form, affording thus a remarkable example of change of outward appearance. This is sufficient to show that Thales broke through the common prejudices produced by the impressions of the senses; and sought to discover the principle of external forms in moving powers which lie beneath the surface of appearances.

Thales died 540 A.C.; and left, as his immediate successors, *Anaximander*, *Anaximenes*, *Heracitus*, *Anaxagoras*, and *Archelaus* of Miletus.

Anaximander, the immediate successor of Thales, was also a native of Miletus, and was born 611 A.C. He was the author of a small treatise upon *Nature*—as the works of the Ionic physiologers were usually called—which he wrote in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and which may properly be regarded as the earliest philosophical work in the Greek language; for we can scarcely give that name to the mysterious revelations of Pherecydes. This work was probably written in a style of extreme conciseness; and from the few fragments of it still extant, we should be inclined to think that the language was better suited to poetry than to prose. The astronomical and geographical explanations attributed to Anaximander were probably contained in this treatise.

Anaximander possessed a *gnomon*, or sun-dial, which he had doubtless obtained from Babylon; and sometime after, being at Sparta, he made observations, by which he determined exactly the solstices and equinoxes, and also calculated the obliquity of the ecliptic. According to Eratosthenes, he was the first who attempted to draw a map; in which his object probably was rather to make a mathematical division of the whole earth, than to lay down the forms of the different countries composing it. According to Aristotle, Anaximander thought that there were innumerable worlds which he called gods, supposing these worlds to be beings endowed

with an independent power of motion. He also thought that existing worlds were always perishing, and that new worlds were always springing into being; so that motion was perpetual. According to his views, these worlds arose out of an eternal or indeterminable substance, out of which all things arose, and, by excluding all attributes and limitations, all things must return. Hence he remarks, 'All existing things must, in justice, perish in that in which they had their origin; for one thing is always punished by another for its injustice in setting itself in the place of another, according to the order of time.'

Anaximenes, the third in the series of Ionian philosophers, was also a native of Miletus, and was intimate with both Thales and Anaximander; for, besides the common tradition which makes him a disciple of the latter, Diogenes Laertius quotes at length two letters said to have been written by him to Pythagoras, in one of which he gives an account of the death of Thales, speaking of him with reverence, as the first of philosophers, and as having been his own teacher. In the other, he congratulates Pythagoras on his removal from Samos to Crotona, while he was himself at the mercy of the tyrants of Miletus, and was looking forward with fear to the approaching war with the Persians, in which he foresaw that the Ionians must be eventually subdued. Of the exact period of his birth and death, we have no reliable testimony; but since there is sufficient evidence that he was the teacher of Anaxagoras in 480 A.C., and was in repute as early as 544 A.C., he must have lived to a very great age.

Like the other early Greek philosophers, Anaximenes employed himself in speculating upon the origin, and accounting for the phenomena, of the universe; and as Thales held *water* to be the material cause out of which the world was made, so Anaximenes considered *air* to be the first cause of all things—the primary form of matter, into which the other elements of the universe were resolvable. Both these philosophers seem to have thought it possible to simplify physical science, by tracing all material things up to a single element: while Anaximander, on the contrary, regarded the substance out of which the universe was formed, as a mixture of all elements and qualities. The process by which, according to Anaximenes, finite things were formed from the infinite air, was that of compression and rarefaction produced by motion, which had existed from all eternity: thus the earth was created out of air, made dense; and from the earth the sun and the other heavenly bodies proceeded.

According to the same theory, heat and cold were produced by different degrees of density of the primal element: the clouds were formed by the thickening of the air; and the earth was kept in its place by the support of the air beneath it, and by the flatness of its shape. Hence it appears that Anaximenes, like his predecessors, held the eternity of matter: nor indeed does he seem to have believed in the existence of anything im-

material; for even the human soul, according to his theory, is like the body, formed of air; and he saw no necessity for supposing an Agent in the work of creation, since he held that motion was a natural and necessary law of the universe. Plutarch therefore properly blames both him and Anaximander, for assigning only the material, and no efficient, cause of the world in their philosophical systems.

Heraclitus, a person of far greater importance in the history of Grecian philosophy than any hitherto noticed, was a native of Ephesus, and flourished about 505 A.C. He composed a regular treatise *Upon Nature*, and dedicated it to the native goddess of Ephesus, the great Artemis—as if such a destination were alone worthy of it; and he did not consider it worth his while to give it to the public.

In his personal character, Heraclitus, according to the concurrent tradition of antiquity, was a proud and reserved man, and disliked all interchange of ideas with others. He thought that the profound cogitations on the nature of things which he had made in solitude, were far more valuable than all the information which he could gain from other men. 'Much learning,' said he, 'does not produce wisdom; otherwise it would have made Hesiod wise, and Pythagoras, and again, Xenophanes and Hecataeus.' He dealt rather in intimations of important truths, than in popular expositions of them, such as the other Ionian philosophers preferred. His language was prose only in so far as it was free from metrical shackles; but its expressions were bolder, and its tone more animated than those of many poems.

The cardinal doctrine of Heraclitus' natural philosophy seems to have been, that everything is in perpetual motion—that nothing has any stable or permanent existence, but that everything is constantly assuming a new form, or perishing. 'We step,' says he, in his symbolical language, 'into the same rivers, and we do not step into them. We are, and are not.' By the first of these expressions he doubtless refers to the constant change of the water, and by the second, to the fact that no point in our existence remains fixed. Hence, every sensible object appeared to him, not as something individual, but only as another form of something else. 'Fire,' he again remarks, 'lives the death of the earth; air lives the death of fire; water lives the death of air; and the earth, that of water.' His meaning here seems to be, that individual things are only different forms of a universal substance, which usually destroy each other. In like manner he said of men and gods, 'Our life is their death; their life is our death;' or, in other words, men were gods that had died, and gods were men raised to life. These notions, it will readily be perceived, are atheistical in the highest degree, and as such are to be condemned; but still they discover much deep and searching thought.

Looking for the principle of perpetual motion in natural phenomena, Heraclitus supposed it to be *fire*; though he probably meant, not the fire

perceptible to the senses, but a higher and more universal agent. For, as we have already seen, he conceived the sensible fire as living and dying, like the other elements; but of the igneous principle of life he remarks, 'The unchanging order of all things was made neither by a god nor a man, but it has always been, is, and will be the living fire, which is kindled and extinguished in regular succession.' But Heraclitus did not conceive this continual motion to be the work of mere chance, for he expressly declares that it is directed by a Fate, which guided 'the way upwards and downwards,' or successively produced and destroyed. Hence, he observes, 'The sun will not overstep its path; if it did, the Erinyes, the allies of justice would find it out.' He recognized in motion an eternal law, which was maintained by the supreme powers of the universe. In this respect the followers of Heraclitus appear to have departed from the wise example of their teacher; for, according to Plato, who calls them 'the runners,' the exaggerated Heraclitus aimed at proving a perpetual change and motion in all things.

Heraclitus, like most of the Greek philosophers, despised the popular religion. Their object was, by arguments derived from their immediate experience, to emancipate themselves from all traditional opinions, which included not only superstition and prejudices, but also some of the most valuable truths. Heraclitus boldly rejected the whole ceremonial of the Greek religion; saying, his countrymen 'worship images: just as if any one were to converse with houses.' The opinions of Heraclitus on the important question of the relation between mind and body, agreed with the popular religion, and with the prevailing notions of the Greeks. The primitive beings of the world were, in the popular creed, both spiritual powers and material substances; and Heraclitus conceived the original matter of the world to be the source of life.

Anaxagoras, soon after the age of Heraclitus, rejected all the popular notions on religion, and struck into a new path of speculation on sacred things. Similar opinions had, indeed, been previously entertained in the East, and, in particular, the Mosaic conceptions of the Deity and the world belongs to the same class of religious views. But among the Greeks these views, which the Christian religion has made so familiar in modern times, were first introduced by Anaxagoras, and were presented by him in a philosophical form; and having been, from the beginning, more opposed than the doctrines of former philosophers to the popular mythological religion, they tended powerfully, by their rapid diffusion, to undermine the principles upon which the entire worship of the ancient gods rested, and therefore prepared the way for the subsequent triumph of Christianity.

Anaxagoras, the disciple of Anaximenes, was born at Clazomenæ, in Ionia, 500 A.C. His father, Hegesibulus, left him in the possession of considerable property, but as he intended to devote his life to higher ends,

he gave it up to his relatives, as something which ought not to engage his attention. He is said to have gone to Athens at the age of twenty, during the contest of the Greeks with Persia, and to have lived and taught in that city for a period of thirty years. He became here the intimate friend and teacher of the most eminent men of the time, such as Euripides and Pericles; but while he thus gained the friendship and admiration of the most enlightened Athenians, the majority, uneasy at being disturbed in their hereditary superstitions, soon found reasons for complaint.

The principal cause of hostility towards him must, however, be looked for in the following circumstance:—As he was a friend of Pericles, the party which was dissatisfied with his administration, seized upon the disposition of the people towards the philosopher, as a favorable opportunity for striking a blow at the great statesman. Anaxagoras was, therefore, accused of impiety. His trial and its results are matters of the greatest uncertainty on account of the different statements of the ancients themselves. It seems probable, however, that Anaxagoras was accused twice—once on the ground of impiety, and a second time on that of partiality to Persia. In the first place it was owing to the influence and eloquence alone of Pericles that he was not put to death; but he was sentenced to pay a fine of five talents, and to quit Athens.

Anaxagoras, on leaving Athens, retired to Lampsacus, and it was during his absence that a second charge was brought against him, in consequence of which he was condemned to death. He received the intelligence of his sentence with a smile, and died at Lampsacus three years after, in the seventy-second year of his age, 428 A.C.

The only work of Anaxagoras of which we have any knowledge, was his *Treatise on Nature*. It was written at Athens, late in life, and was composed in the Ionic dialect, in prose, after the manner of Anaximenes. The copious fragments of this work extant, exhibit short sentences, connected by particles, without long periods. But though the style of Anaxagoras was loose, his reasoning was compact and well arranged. His demonstrations were synthetic, not analytic; that is, he subjoined the proof of the proposition to be proved, instead of arriving at his result by a process of inquiry. His philosophy began with his doctrine of atoms, which, contrary to the opinions of his predecessors, he considered as limited in number. He was the first to exclude the idea of creation from his explanation of nature. ‘The Greeks,’ he remarked, ‘were mistaken in their doctrine of creation and destruction; for nothing is either created or destroyed, but it is only produced from existing things by mixture, or it is dissolved by separation. They should, therefore, rather call creation a conjunction, and destruction a dissolution.’

It is easy to imagine that Anaxagoras, with this opinion, must have arrived at the doctrine of atoms which were unchangable and imperishable, and which were mixed and united in bodies in different ways. But,

since, from the want of chemical knowledge, he was unable to determine the component parts of bodies, he supposed that each separate body, as bone, flesh, wood, and stone, consisted of corresponding particles. But to explain the production of one thing from another he was obliged to assume that all things contained a portion of all other things, and that the particular form of each body depended upon the preponderating ingredient. As Anaxagoras, therefore, maintained the doctrine that bodies are mere matter, without any spontaneous power of change, he also required a principle of life and motion beyond the material world. This principle he called *spirit*, which, he says, is 'the purest and most subtle of all things, having the most knowledge and the greatest strength.' 'Spirit,' he farther remarks, 'does not deny the universal power of mixing with all things; for, though it exists in inanimate beings, yet it is not so closely combined with the material atoms as these are with each other.'

This spirit, according to Anaxagoras, gave to all those material atoms, which in the beginning of the world lay in disorder, the impulse by which they took the forms of individual things and beings. He considered this impulse as having been given by the spirit in a circular direction; and, according to his opinion, not only the sun, moon, and stars, but even the air and the æther, are constantly moving in a circle. He farther thought that the power of this circular motion kept all these heavenly bodies, which he supposed to be masses of stone, in their courses. This doctrine was extremely offensive to the Greeks, particularly the idea that the sun, the bountiful Helios, who shines upon both mortals and immortals, was a mass of red-hot iron.

How startling must these opinions have appeared at a time when the people were accustomed to consider nature as pervaded by a thousand divine powers! And yet these new doctrines rapidly gained the ascendancy, notwithstanding the severe opposition of religion, poetry, and even the laws, which were intended to protect the ancient customs and opinions. A century later, Anaxagoras, with his doctrine of *spirit*, appeared to Aristotle a sober inquirer as compared with the wild speculators who preceded him; although Aristotle was aware that his applications of his doctrines were unsatisfactory and defective. For as Anaxagoras endeavored to explain natural phenomena, and in this endeavor he, like other natural philosophers, extended the influence of natural causes to its utmost limits, he, of course, attempted to explain, as much as possible, by his doctrine of circular motion, and to have recourse, as rarely as possible, to the agency of spirit. Indeed it appears evident that he only introduced the latter when all other means of explanation failed.

Archelaus was the son of Myson, and was born at Athens about 473 A.C. He is frequently called *Physicus*, from having been the first *native* Athenian who taught in Athens the physical doctrines of the Ionian school of philosophy. Before the public trial of Anaxagoras, Archelaus

was settled in his profession at Lampsacus; but on the withdrawal of his great predecessor from Athens in 450 A.C., he returned to his native city, commenced giving philosophical instruction there, and is said to have numbered among his pupils both Socrates and Euripides.

The doctrine of Archelaus is remarkable as forming a point of transition from the older to the newer form of philosophy of Greece. In the mental history of all nations it is observable that scientific inquiries are first confined to natural objects, and afterwards pass into moral speculations; and so, among the Greeks, the Ionians were occupied with physics, the Socratic school chiefly with ethics. Archelaus is the union of the two: he was the last recognized leader of the former, and added to the physical system of his teacher, Anaxagoras, some attempts at moral speculations. He held that air and infinity are the principle of all things; and by this statement he intended to exclude the operations of mind from the creation of the world. If so, he abandoned the doctrine of Anaxagoras in its most important point; and it therefore seems safer to conclude, that while he wished to inculcate the materialist notion that the mind is formed of air, he still held infinite mind to be the cause of all things. This explanation has the advantage of agreeing very fairly with that of Simplicius; and as Anaxagoras himself did not accurately distinguish between mind and the animal soul, this confusion may have given rise to his pupil's doctrine.

Archelaus deduced motion from the opposition of heat and cold, caused, of course, if we adopt the above hypothesis, by the will of the material mind. This opposition separated fire and water, and produced a strong mass of earth. While the earth was hardening, the action of heat upon its moisture gave birth to animals, which at first were nourished by the mud from which they sprang, and gradually acquired the power of propagating their species. All these animals were endowed with mind, but man separated from the others, and established laws and societies. It was just from this point of his physical theory that he seems to have passed into ethical speculations, assigning the same origin to the principles of right and wrong that he assigns to man. Now, a contemporaneous origin with that of the human race is not very different from what a sound system of philosophy would demand from these ideas, though, of course, such a system would maintain quite another origin of man; and, therefore, assuming the Archelaic physical system, it does not necessarily follow, that his ethical principles are so destructive of all goodness as they appear. This view is made almost certain by the fact that Democritus taught, that the ideas of sweet and bitter, warm and cold, and other opposites, are by spirit, which can be accounted for only by a similar supposition. Of the other doctrines of Archelaus we need only mention, that he asserted the earth to have the form of an egg, the sun being the largest of the stars; and that he correctly accounted for speech by the

motion of the air. For this, according to Plutarch, he was indebted to Anaxagoras.

From this brief notice of *Ionian* philosophy, and of its principal teachers, we pass to the *Italic* sect, or school, which soon became much more celebrated than its eastern rivals. Pythagoras its founder was a native of the Island of Samos, but early went to Crotona, in Italy, where he established his school about 540 A.C. His pupils increased so rapidly that they soon numbered six hundred, all of whom resided in one public building, and held their property in common. They were divided into two classes, *probationers* and *initiated*—the latter only being admitted to all the privileges of the order, and made acquainted with the highest knowledge. After subsisting several years, the establishment was at length broken up by popular violence.

Under the name of philosophy the Italic school, like the Ionic, embraced every object of human knowledge. But Pythagoras considered music and astronomy of special value. He is supposed to have had some very correct views of astronomy, agreeing with the true Copernican system. The beautiful fancy of the music of the spheres is attributed to him. The planets striking on the æther, through which they pass, must produce a sound; this must vary according to their different magnitudes, velocities, and relative distances; these differences were all adjusted with perfect regularity and exact proportions, so that the movements of the bodies produced the richest tones of harmony; not heard, however, by mortal ears.

One of the distinguishing peculiarities of Pythagoras was the doctrine of *emanations*; or, that God is the soul of the universe, pervading all things incorporeal, and from him emanated four different degrees of intelligences—*inferior gods, dæmons, heroes, and men*. Another peculiarity was the doctrine of *transmigration of the soul*. As practical principles, general abstinence and self-denial were strongly urged.

Pythagoras was the son of Mnesarchus, and was born in the island of Samos, 570 A.C. He early evinced a great desire for knowledge; and having exhausted all the sources of information which his native island afforded, he, at the age of eighteen, set out to visit other countries. The fame of Pherecydes drew him first to the island of Syros; whence he passed to Miletus, where he spent some time with Thales. From Miletus, Pythagoras went to Sidon, and thence down into Egypt, where he devoted many years to close study with the priests of Heliopolis and Diospolis. Having left Egypt, the young philosopher next visited Jerusalem and Babylon; and from the latter city, with his mind stored with all variety of knowledge, he returned to his native place, and thence, after a short time, he went into Greece.

Passing through Peloponnesus, Pythagoras spent a short time at the

court of Leo, king of Phlius; and with his eloquence and wisdom that prince was both charmed and delighted. The sacredness of his situation as a distinguished guest, prevented Leo, for some time, from inquiring after his pursuits; but the prince, through admiration of his varied knowledge, at length ventured to ask him what profession he followed. 'None,' replied Pythagoras; 'for I am a philosopher.' Displeased with the lofty title of *sages*, and *wise men*, which his profession had hitherto assumed, he thus changed it into one more modest and humble—calling himself simply a *philosopher*, or a *lover of wisdom*. Leo then asked him what it was to be a philosopher, and in what respect they differed from other men; to which Pythagoras replied, that, 'this life might be compared to the Olympic games; for, as in that vast assembly, some came in search of glory, others in search of gain, and a third sort, more noble than the two former, neither for fame nor profit, but only to enjoy the wonderful spectacle, and to see and hear what passes in it: so we, in like manner, come into the world, as into a place of public meeting, where some toil after glory, others after gain; and a few contemning riches and vanity, apply themselves to the study of nature. These last,' says he, 'are they whom I call philosophers; for man was made to know and to contemplate.'

From Greece, Pythagoras went into the southern part of Italy; and finally settled at Crotona, where, as was before observed, he opened his school about 540 A.C. He was a politician, however, as well as a philosopher, and his political principles were evidently aristocratic: hence his opposition to the patrons and leaders of the growing democratic interests in that community. He and his followers soon gained an influence in the State, sufficiently powerful to enable them to impose an aristocratic constitution on Crotona and the neighboring States. The league which he established, although it was a religious and philosophical fraternity, admission into which was accompanied by mystical rites of initiation, constituted also a political bond of union, and its object was to propagate aristocratic principles. Hence it was a political tumult, originating with the popular party, which led to its suppression, and the consequent persecution of Pythagoras. In the revolution that succeeded, and which pervaded all the States of Magna Græcia, Pythagoras in vain sought safety in flight. The principles, and therefore the influence, of his enemies extended far and wide; and he was at length put to death at Metapontum, whilst Crotona, which had rejected his wise counsels, sank into decay as rapidly as it had, under his influence, risen to prosperity.

The principle upon which the Pythagorean system of philosophy seems to have been based, was the relation of numbers; but it is difficult to form a clear conception of the nature of that relation even generally, and in particular cases it is impossible. Probably in some of its applications,

no clear ideas existed in the minds of these philosophers themselves. At one time, the term number is used as though it merely signified the arithmetical proportion in which elements are combined, so as to produce different phenomena. Again, in discussing the theory of musical harmony, and that theory of harmony, or music of the spheres, which he applied to his astronomical system, number simply expresses the ratio which strings, producing musical tones, bear to one another; and of that relation of the several parts of the universe which constitutes order, regularity, and stability. In these cases, number is only used as representing, symbolically, the musical relation of things which have an existence independent of it. At another time, when this *unity* is spoken of as the principle of all being, it appears as though the perception which Pythagoras formed of it was that of something real and material.

The probability, however, is, that the symbolical sense of the term was the one adopted by Pythagoras himself; and that, by a forced analogy, number was afterwards made use of by his followers, to account for phenomena to which it was totally incapable of being applied. They committed the common error of confounding the symbol with the thing signified. Instead of being content with affirming that harmony depended on the proportion of the parts to one another; and that this proportion was the law, according to which the operations of nature were carried on, the followers of Pythagoras carried his theory farther, and considered that which was, in reality, only its symbolical representative, the material and efficient cause of all things. Harmony seems to have been the foundation of the Pythagorean system—the leading idea which at first took possession of his mind. Music had, at this time, begun to exercise an influence over poetry—it was a step to introduce it into the domain of philosophy. Its application to account for the order and regularity which reigned among the heavenly bodies, naturally suggested itself to an astronomer, whose studies had been directed to it in the abstract, and who, even in his medical studies, was led to make observations on its influence upon the human frame.

From these considerations, it is clear that the Pythagorean theory of numbers was reasonable, so far as it resolved all the *relations*, whether of space or time, into those of number or proportion, and asserted that the order of the universe was maintained by the laws of harmony; but it became arbitrary—mere words without meaning—when it assumed that mathematical quantities and ideas were not symbols of things, but the things themselves—the elements out of which material essences originated, and that even virtue, justice, and all other moral qualities, were defined by certain fixed and determined numbers.

The same mysticism and obscurity, which pervaded the doctrines just noticed, enter also into all the investigations of the Pythagoreans respecting the spiritual nature of man. The human soul they believed to be an

emanation from the Deity—eternal, personal, dwelling in other bodies successively, and punished or rewarded in its future state of being—able to energize only by means of its union with the body, the senses of which are its instruments and organs. They divided it into two parts, the rational and the irrational—the governing part being the peculiar property of man—the other, the seat of the passions and instinct, common to man with the lower animals.

But the most important feature of the Pythagorean philosophy was, that it had for its principal objects the enunciation of one great truth—the superiority of intellectual activity to corporeal organization. Arbitrary as its theory of numbers may have been, nevertheless, in teaching that all knowledge was resolvable into that of mathematical relations, it referred its origin, not to the operations of the bodily senses, but of pure intellect. Even in musical harmony the effects and phenomena alone are apprehended and appreciated by the ear; the theory and the principles of harmony must be investigated by the logical powers. Thus, the intellect was most made the judge of truth of every kind, without any necessary dependence upon the deceptive tendencies of the external senses. It was, doubtless, a yearning after this result, so seductive to contemplative minds, which led Pythagoras and his followers into the unsound application and illogical developments of a theory which, in its simplicity, appeared to rest upon no unreasonable foundation.

Of the numerous followers of Pythagoras, the principal were Empedocles of Agrigentum, who flourished about 444 A.C.; Ocellus of Lucania, Archytas of Tarentum, and Philolaus of Crotona; but our limited space will not permit us to particularize them.

From the two primitive schools of philosophy which we have thus noticed, sprang all the variety of sects into which Greece was afterwards divided; a brief notice of the principal of which will close our present remarks.

The first school that drew its descent from the *Ionic*, was the *Socratic*; so called from its founder Socrates, who was a pupil of the last public teacher of the *Ionic* school. Socrates is entitled to the praise of being the best man of pagan antiquity; the charges brought by some of his contemporaries against his purity being unsustained by evidence.

Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus, a statuary, and was born in Athens, 468 A.C. He was first trained to the manual employment of his father, but was afterwards patronized by Crito, a wealthy Athenian, and enjoyed the instruction of the most eminent teachers of the day. In the course of his life he served several times in war, as a soldier; and in one engagement he is represented to have saved the life of Alcibiades; in another, that of Xenophon. After he began to teach, most of his time

was spent in public, and he was at all times ready and free to discourse with all who might wish to hear him. In the latter part of his life he filled many civil offices with honor and dignity. His domestic relations were not happy. He was subjected by his wife to the most trying vexations; though doubtless, the account of them is very greatly exaggerated. His trial, condemnation, and death, are themes of intense interest to both the scholar and the philanthropist; and have fixed an indelible stain upon the character of the Athenians. At his trial, conscious of his innocence, he had no advocate, but made his own defence. Lysias, the most celebrated orator of the age, prepared an oration for his use, but Socrates declined to accept it; and Plato desired to speak in his behalf, but the court would not permit him to do so.

The Socratic mode of instruction was peculiar, being entirely dialogic, and consisting of an actual dialogue between the teacher and pupil. Socrates would begin with the simplest and most obvious truths, or admitted principles, and then advance step by step, with his disciple, hearing and answering his questions, removing his doubts, and thus conducting him imperceptibly to a conviction of what he designed to teach. One of the grand peculiarities of this great philosopher was that he confined the attention of his pupils chiefly to *moral* science. He considered the other subjects included in the studies of the old Ionic school as comparatively useless. He seems to have believed, but with some doubtings, in the immortality of the soul. Though he himself left nothing in writing, yet, in his *Memoirs*, by Xenophon, we have an authentic source of knowledge respecting his views. The writings of Plato cannot be so much depended upon for this object; for, being poetic by nature, everything assumed to him a poetic aspect; besides, he was himself the founder of a new sect.

Those disciples of Socrates, such as Æschines, Cebes, and Xenophon, who adhered to their master simply, without advancing any notions of their own, are sometimes denominated *pure Socratic*; but the Socratic school soon became divided into various branches. No less than *five* sects, headed by philosophers who had listened to Socrates, in a short time appeared; and two of these eventually gave birth each to a new sect, thus raising the number to *seven*. These may be divided into two classes, and with propriety designated as *Minor Socratic*, and *Major Socratic* sects—the original and proper school of Socrates being still called *pure Socratic*.

Of the Minor Socratic sect, the three principal schools were the *Cyrenaic*, the *Megaric*, and the *Eliac*. The *Cyrenaic* derived its name from Cyrene, in Lybia, the native place of its founder, Aristippus. One of the peculiarities of this sect was to favor indulgence in pleasure; its author being himself fond of luxury and ornament. This sect was of comparatively short duration, and never produced any men of particular eminence.

The *Megaric* sect was founded by Euclid, and took its name from Megara, the native place of its founder. It was called *Eristic*, from its disputative character, and *Dialectic*, from the form of discourse practiced by its disciples. This sect was famous for its subtleties in the art of reasoning. Some of these futile sophisms are recorded; such as, the Horned—*what you have never lost, you have; horns you have never lost, therefore you have horns*. These philosophers also agitated the controversy about *universals* and *particulars*—substantially the same as that which was so acrimonious in the middle ages, between the *nominalists* and the *realists*.

The *Eliac* sect was so called from Elis, the place where Phædo, its founder, was born, and where he delivered his lectures. This sect is sometimes called *Eretrian*, from the circumstance, that Menedemus, a disciple of Phædo, transferred the school to Eretria, the place of his own nativity. It opposed the fooleries of the Megaric philosophy, and the licentiousness of the Cyrenaic, but never acquired much importance.

The Major Socratic sects consisted of the *Cynic*, the *Stoic*, the *Academic*, and the *Peripatetic*.

The *Cynic* originated with Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates. He maintained that all the philosophers were departing from the principles of that master. He assumed in the character of a reformer, manners so severe, and such careful negligence of dress, as to provoke the ridicule of even Socrates himself. The Cynics were, however, rather a class of reformers in manners, than a sect of philosophers. The name is said to have been occasioned by their severity and sourness, which were carried to such excess as to bring upon them the appellation of *Dogs*. Their two distinguishing peculiarities were, that they discarded all speculation and science whatever, and insisted on the most rigid self-denial.

One of the most famous teachers of this sect was *Diogenes*. He carried the notions of Antisthenes to the greatest extravagance. Constitutionally eccentric, he was always a censor, and his opposition to refinement often degenerated into rudeness. He satirized the instructions of other philosophers in the following manner:—Having heard Plato define a man to be *a two-legged animal without feathers*, he stripped a cock of its feathers, and taking it into the academy, exclaimed, '*See Plato's man!*' The only writings of this sect extant, are a few fragments of Antisthenes.

The *Stoic* sect sprung from the *Cynic*. Zeno, its founder, was a native of the island of Cyprus; but being brought to Athens by the mercantile pursuits of his father, he was accidentally introduced to the school of the Cynics, and from them borrowed many of the notions of the sect that he established. Zeno, however, visited the other schools which at that time existed, and borrowed extensively from them all. The name of Stoic was derived from the Portico where he delivered his lectures.

The Stoics, unlike the Cynics, devoted themselves much to speculative

studies; but they resembled them in some degree in their general austerity of manners and character. Indifference to pleasure or pain, adversity or prosperity, they inculcated as the state of mind essential to happiness. The doctrine of *fate* was one of their grand peculiarities. They considered all things as controlled by an eternal necessity, to which even the Deity himself submitted; and this necessity was supposed to be the origin of evil. Their system of morals was in general strict, and outwardly correct, but it fostered a cold, self-relying pride. It approved of suicide, which was practised by both Zeno and Cleanthes; yet it stimulated to heroic deeds. In logic, the Stoics imitated the quibbles and sophisms of the Megaric sect. They divided all objects of thought or knowledge into four kinds—*substances, qualities, modes and relations*; and so pure were many of the views of some of the latter of them, that they are supposed to have borrowed much of their doctrine from Christianity. They speak of the world as destined to be destroyed by a vast conflagration, and succeeded by another new and pure. One of them, addressing a mother on the loss of her son, says, ‘The sacred assembly of the Scipios and Catos shall welcome the youth to the regions of happy souls. Your father himself (for there all are known to all) shall embrace his grandson, and shall direct his eyes, now furnished with new light, along the course of the stars, with delight explaining to him the mysteries of nature, not from conjecture, but from certain knowledge.’

Among the most eminent of the early disciples of the Stoical school, were *Cleanthes*, the celebrated poet and immediate successor of Zeno, and *Chrysippus*, who also became the public teacher in the school at Athens. The latter was celebrated as a disputant, and was wont to say, ‘Give me doctrines, and I will find arguments to support them.’ He is said to have been the author of many hundred treatises; but of these nothing now remains excepting a few scattered fragments. Neither have we any written productions from Zeno, nor any other of the early stoics. The principal authors of this school whose works remain, are Epictetus and Antoninus, both of whom lived after the beginning of the Christian era.

The *Academic* sect originated with *Plato*, one of the most eminent men of all antiquity. He was descended, on his father’s side, from Codrus, the last king of Athens, and on his mother’s, from the celebrated law-giver Solon. His birth occurred at Athens 428 A.C. In youth he devoted much time and attention to poetry and painting, and in the former so far excelled as to produce many poems of rare merit; but having compared the best of them with the poems of Homer, he was induced to commit them to the flames. Captivated by the lectures of Socrates, he abandoned the Muses, and thenceforward devoted himself to philosophy. After travelling extensively through the East and also in Magna Græcia, he returned to Athens, and opened his school in a public grove, from which the sect derived the name of the Academy. Over his door

he placed the inscription, *Let none enter here who is ignorant of Geometry*—so highly did he value mathematical science, as a foundation for more elevated studies. Plato's death occurred at Athens in the eighty-first year of his age, and 347 A.C.

The Platonic philosophy abounded with peculiarities, and of these one of the most remarkable respected the relations of matter to mind. The system recognized a supreme intelligence, but maintained the eternity of matter; and while matter receives all its shapes from the will of the intelligence, still it contains a blind refractory force which is the cause of all evil. The human soul consists of parts derived from both these—the intelligence and the matter; and all its impurity results from the inherent nature of the latter constituent.

A very striking peculiarity of the Platonic philosophy was the doctrine respecting *ideas*. It maintained that there exist *eternal patterns* or *types*, or *exemplars* of all things—that these exemplars are the only proper objects of science—and that to understand them is to know truth. On the other hand, all sensible forms—the appearances made to the several senses—are only shadows: the forms and shadows addressed to the senses—the exemplars or types, to the intellect. These exemplars were called *ideas*. This doctrine respecting *matter* and *ideas* essentially controlled the *system of study* in this sect, and their *practical morality*. To gain true science, one must turn away from the things around him and apply his mind in the most perfect abstraction, to contemplate and *find out* the eternal original patterns of things. And to gain moral purity, he must mortify and deny the parts of the soul derived from matter, and avoid all familiarity with shadows. Hence, probably, the readiness to embrace the Platonic system manifested among the Christians of the middle ages, when the mystic notion of cleansing the soul by solitude and penance became so common.

The Academic sect was very popular, and eminent philosophers successively taught its doctrines in the grove. Some adhered closely to the views of Plato, and were called disciples of the *Old Academy*, while others departed from them, and formed successively the *Middle* and the *New Academy*. The *Old* was begun by Plato himself 400 A.C.; the *Middle*, by *Arcesilaus*, about 300 A.C.; and the *New*, by *Carneades*, about 180 A.C. The distinguishing point of difference between these three branches was their opinion respecting the certainty of human knowledge. The *Old Academy* maintained that *certain* knowledge can be obtained, not of the *sensible forms*, but only of the eternal *exemplars*; the *Middle*, that there is a *certainty* in things, yet it is *beyond* the attainment of the *human mind*, so that positive assertion is improper; the *New* that man has the means of *knowledge*, not *infallible*, but *sufficiently certain* for all his wants.

The *Peripatetic* sect grew out of the Academic, *Aristotle*, its founder,

having long been a pupil of Plato. Born at Stagira 384 A.C., and inheriting from his father a considerable fortune, he spent his youth in dissipation ; but from the moment he turned his attention to philosophical studies, his devotion to learning was almost without a parallel. Having completed his course of study in the Academy, he was invited by Philip of Macedon to superintend the education of his son Alexander, afterwards the Great. When Alexander's studies were closed, he returned to Athens, and as Plato, his master, was now dead, he commenced his Lectures in the Lyceum, where he taught for twelve years. Accused, at length, by his enemies and rivals of impiety, he retired to Chalcis, in Eubœa, and there remained till his death, which occurred 322 A.C.

The Peripatetics, according to the established practice of the philosophers, had their public and their secret doctrine, or the *exoteric* and *esoteric*. In his morning walk Aristotle imparted the latter to his particular disciples, and in the evening he proclaimed the former to a mixed crowd of hearers. Very contradictory accounts have been given of the essential principles of Aristotle and his sect. But nothing, perhaps, was more distinctive than the *system of syllogistic reasoning*, which was introduced by its founder, and became so celebrated in subsequent ages, and for so long a period held the highest place in the plans of education. Of the early disciples of Aristotle, Theophrastus and Strato were the most eminent ; and each, in his turn, succeeded their master as teachers in the Lyceum.

Beth Plato and Aristotle were very voluminous writers. Plato, in his various *dialogues*, happily threw into a written form the oral discourses of his great master, and thus laid the foundation for a scientific treatment of philosophy. All antiquity united in bestowing upon him the epithet *divine*, and in modern times all have acknowledged his merit and admired his writings. His works embrace a great variety of subjects—*metaphysical, political, moral, and dialectic*. They are exceedingly valuable, both for style and matter—rich in thought, and adorned with beautiful and poetical images.

Aristotle's peculiar merit as a writer is discerned in the clearness and order with which he classified the objects of human knowledge, and the methodical manner in which he discussed them. By these means he imparted to them that scientific form which has ever since been regularly observed in their discussion. He, in this manner, reduced logic to a regular system, and laid the foundation of metaphysics. His works contain a great mass of clear thought and solid matter, although by his insatiable love of inquiry he was often betrayed into abstruse subtleties, as idle as they were dark. Aristotle's works embraced a vast variety of subjects, and may be classed under the heads of *Logic, Physics, Metaphysics, Mathematics, Ethics, Politics, Rhetoric, and Poetry*. His works on logic were published under the name of *Organum* ; and it was in ref-

erence to this title that Lord Bacon called his celebrated work *Novum Organum*.

A brief notice of the three principal sects derived from the *Italic* school will close our present remarks. These were the *Eleatic*, the *Epicurean*, and the *Skeptical*.

The *Eleatic* sect was founded by Xenophanes of Colophon, who early removed from his native country to Sicily, and thence passed over into Magna Græcia. Here he soon became a celebrated disciple in the Pythagorean school, but, in his own lectures, he advanced new and entirely different views from those of the school to which he was attached. This sect derived its name from Elea in Magna Græcia, the place where some of the founder's most distinguished followers belonged. Its doctrines were entirely atheistical. Matter, according to the Eleatic notion, is made up of infinitely small *atoms*, which have no other property than a tendency to move. By the eternally varying motions of the atoms, every existence and every effect in the universe is caused: yet there is no real change except to our senses. The soul of man is thus made material.

The most distinguished supporters of this sect were Parmenides, Zeno of Elea, Leucippus, who is said to have been the principal author of the *atomic* theory, and Democritus of Abdera, commonly called the *laughing philosopher*. Another eminent follower of this sect was Protagoras of Abdera, who acquired great power and wealth at Athens in the profession of sophist, but was finally banished, his writings having been publicly burned on account of his impiety.

The *Epicurean* sect derived its name and origin from Epicurus, a native of a small town near Athens. He first gave lectures at Mitylene, but afterwards opened his school at Athens, in a garden in which he lived, and often supported large numbers of young men who flocked to hear him. The doctrines of this sect were derived from the atomic theory of the Eleatics, and were on the whole atheistic, although not so fully and formally so as their source. They believed that all happiness was founded in pleasure; and this principle opened the way for the great licentiousness of the later disciples of this school. Epicurus explained and limited his language so as to recommend the practice of virtue. It might have been his pleasure to be chaste and temperate: we are told it was so; but others find their pleasure in intemperance and luxury; and such was the taste of many of his principal followers. This sect became popular, and existed to a very late period; but of their writings only a few trifling fragments remain, though Epicurus alone is said to have written several hundred treatises. Hermarchus succeeded Epicurus, and inherited both his books and garden.

The *Skeptical* sect received its appellation from its doctrines: from its founder it was also sometimes called *Pyrrhonic*. Pyrrho was educated in the Eleatic school, and particularly admired the notions of Democritus, from whom he drew the elements of his system. He was also instructed in the dialectic sophistries of the Megaric sect, and seems to have been disgusted with their frivolous disputes. The doctrines of this sect were very similar to those of the Middle Academy, and, as their own sect was rather unpopular, many real sceptics concealed themselves under that honorable name. Their essential peculiarity was, that nothing is certain, and that *no assertion can be made*. Happiness they placed in tranquillity of mind, and this could be obtained only by absolute indifference to all dogmas. They ridiculed the disputes and contradictions of the other sects, especially the boasted confidence of the Stoic, and the proud sophistries of the Megaric. But Seneca, in reference to this subject, well remarked, 'I prefer a man who teaches me trifles to him who teaches me nothing: if the Dialectic philosophy leaves me in the dark, the Skeptic puts out my eyes.' This sect had its professors and teachers down to the time of Sextus Empiricus, who lived in the first half of the third Christian century, and whose writings are the principal source of information respecting the views of the Skeptics.

Lecture the Seventeenth.

ORATORY. .

PISISTRATUS. — THEMISTOCLES. — PERICLES. — ANTIPHON. — ANDROCIDES. — LYSIAS. — ISOCRATES. — ISÆUS. — LYCURGUS. — DEMOSTHENES. — ÆSCHINES. — HYPERIDES. — DEMADES. — DINARCHUS. — DEMETRIUS PHALEREUS.

ORATORY, among the Greeks, was of later origin than other branches of prose composition. But, though it did not exist in form, as an art, at so early a period as some others, yet even in the heroic ages there was much of what may be called actual eloquence—practical skill in moving the feelings of assembled numbers in civil and military affairs. We have abundant evidence of this in the addresses made by the warriors of Homer, which, although doubtless the productions of the poet, are yet a direct proof of the existence, and even the success, of rude efforts to persuade.

The example of those historical writers, who were not indifferent to the beauties of style, seems to have first suggested to the Greeks the advantage of careful attention to the language and manner of their spoken addresses. From the time of Solon, 600 A.C., political eloquence was much practiced at Athens, and by the emulation of great speakers speedily advanced to high perfection. Rhetoric and oratory accordingly soon became objects of systematic study, and were indispensable in the education of such as wished to gain any public office, or any influence in the affairs of the State. Grecian oratory was not, however, either of early or sudden growth. It was not, indeed, till after Greece had adopted the popular forms of government, and the works of Homer had been collected and began to be studied, and after her general prosperity and independence allowed her citizens to attend to speaking as an art, that Greece exhibited any very eminent orators.

At the time of Solon, beyond which Grecian eloquence cannot be carried back, several of the States had existed much longer than Rome had, at the time of Cicero. While eloquence made its first appearance thus late, and gradually rose to perfection under the peculiar circumstances of the nation, it continued in power and splendor only for a short

period. Its real history must be considered as terminating with the usurpation of Philip and the supremacy of Macedon over Southern Greece; so that the whole space of time, during which Grecian oratory particularly flourished, includes less than three hundred years. This space coincides with the *third* period of Grecian literature, and extends from Solon to Alexander the Great, occupying the space of two hundred and sixty-four years. It was, however, the brightest in the annals of Greece—a glorious day, at the close of which her sun went down in clouds, and never again rose in its native splendor.

It is also worthy of remark, that whatever glory the Greeks have acquired for their eloquence, belongs almost exclusively to Athens. In the other States it was never cultivated with success. The orators of whose genius any monuments are still preserved, or whose names have been recorded as distinguished, were Athenians. Out of Greece proper, however, the study flourished, both in the islands and in the settlements in Ionia. The Greeks of Sicily were the first who attempted to form rules for the art, and the inhabitants of Rhodes had orators that might be compared with those of Athens.

Greek oratory, during the period just mentioned, presents itself under three different aspects successively. It exhibits *one* characteristic appearance, from the time of Pisistratus to the close of the Persian war; *another*, from the close of the Persian to the close of the Peloponnesian; and a *third*, from the close of the Peloponnesian war to the supremacy of Macedon. A glance at the peculiar character of the eloquence of these three portions, will give us, perhaps, the best general view of the whole.

Of the *first* portion of this period no monuments or fragments of the oratory now remain. Its character must be drawn altogether from the testimony of later periods, and from circumstantial indications. It was in this age that the poems of Homer were collected and published; which gave a new impulse to Grecian mind, and unquestionably exerted an influence on the language and oratory of the times. As the models of language and style were all in poetry and not in prose, the speeches and the compositions of this age were marked by a poetical structure, by something of the rhythm and measure of verse. Such, indeed, was the preference for metrical composition, that Parmenides taught his philosophy in verse, and Solon published his laws in the dress of poetry. Solon is ranked among the distinguished orators of the period; and the first circumstance that brought him into notice, was a poetical harangue to the populace of Athens.

Still, oratory as an art was, at this time, scarcely conceived. The orators were nothing more than the favorite leaders of the people—chiefly such as had been brave and successful in war—who gained popular influence by military enterprize, and were permitted to be powerful statesmen because they were fortunate generals. Their speeches were

brief, simple, and bold—adorned with few ornaments, and accompanied with little action. Such was *Pisistratus*, whose valor in the field and eloquence in the assembly raised him to an authority utterly inconsistent with the republican institutions of his country. Such, too, was *Themistocles*; in whom, however, predominated the bravery and art of the military chieftain. It was his policy and energy that saved Greece from the dominion of Persia. He acquired unlimited sway as a statesman and orator; because, in proposing and urging the plans which his clear and comprehensive mind had once formed, he could not but be eloquent; and because he never offered a plan, which he was not able and ready to execute with entire success. His eloquence, like his policy, was vigorous and decided, bordering on the severe, but dignified and manly. It was altogether the most distinguished of the age; and the name of Themistocles is therefore selected to mark this era in the history of Grecian eloquence.

Of the *second portion* of the period in view, as well as of the first, we have no remains that are acknowledged to be genuine, if we except the harangues of *Antiphon*. The number of public speakers was now, however, much increased; and there began to be more preparation, by previous study and effort, for the business of addressing the popular assemblies. In this age the orators were men who had devoted their early years to the study of philosophy, and whose attainments and political talents raised them to the place of statesmen, while this elevation still imposed on them the duties of the soldier and the general. The most celebrated of these orators were *Pericles*, *Cleon*, *Alcibiades*, *Critias*, and *Theramenes*. Pericles and Alcibiades exerted the greatest influence upon the condition of Athens. The latter, ambitious of glory and fearless of danger, ardent and quick in his feelings, and exceedingly versatile in character and principle, was able, notwithstanding a defective pronunciation and a hesitating delivery, so perfectly to control a popular assembly and mould their feelings according to his own will, that he was regarded as one of the greatest of orators.

Pericles, however, deserves the chief honor of giving a name to this era of eloquence. Born of distinguished parentage, about 495 A.C., and educated with every possible degree of care—with talents, also, of the very highest order, he qualified himself for public influence by long and intense study. When he began to appear in public, he disclosed his powers in the assemblies with great caution; and whenever he spoke he impressed his hearers with new convictions of his strength and greatness. His information was various and extensive, his views clear and elevated, and his feelings and purposes in general highly patriotic and generous. Cicero remarks of him, that even when he spoke directly against the will of the populace, and against their favorites, what he said was always popular. The comic satirists, also, while they ridiculed, and even cursed him, acknowledged his excellence; and so greatly did he shine in learn-

ing, wisdom, and eloquence, that he ruled Athens for forty years almost without a rival.

Among the various public orations of Pericles, was a funeral eulogium pronounced in honor of those who fell in the first battle of the Peloponnesian war. This oration Thucydides has given us with professed accuracy in his history; but it is more than probable that we have the mere fabrication of the historian, rather than the actual production of the orator. The piece may, however, and probably does, indicate the peculiarities of Pericles and the other speakers of the age; the distinguishing qualities of all of whose eloquence seem to have been simple grandeur of language, rapidity of thought, and brevity, crowded with matter to such an extent as even to create occasional obscurity. They appear to have had very little of artificial plan, or of rhetorical illustration and ornament. Their speeches are seldom marked by any of the figures and contrivances to produce effect, which the rules of *professed* rhetoricians brought into use among the latest orators. They have less of the air of martial addresses than the harangues of the first period we have noticed, but far more of it than appears in the third. Their character is such as to show that, while the orator was a statesman of influence in the civil council, he was also, at the same time, a commander in war. Such was the eloquence of the era which is designated by the name of *Pericles*.

But the *third* period forms the most glorious era of Grecian eloquence, and is marked by a name which has ever been allowed to stand preëminent in the whole history of human eloquence—that of *Demosthenes*. It was an age fruitful in orators, of whose talents many rich and splendid monuments still remain. The orator was now no longer necessarily united with the general, but was able to control the deliberations of the people, although he never encountered the perils of the camp. Oratory now became a regular study, and numbers devoted themselves to the business of teaching its rules. These teachers, known by the name of Sophists and Rhetoricians, made the most arrogant and ridiculous pretensions, professing to communicate the art of speaking copiously and fluently on any point whatever. But we must not attach to all, who went under this name, the idea of a vain and pompous declaimer; for there were some honorable exceptions, such as Isocrates, who taught the art, and whose influence upon the oratory of that period was so great, that Cicero gives him the credit of forming its general character. His school was the resort of all who aimed at the glory and rewards of eloquence.

Isocrates, *Lysias*, *Isæus*, *Æschines*, and *Demosthenes*, are the bright names in the constellation which marks this era. But besides these, though of less eminence, the names of Andocides, Dinarchus, Hyperides, and Lycurgus, are also recorded, as distinguished speakers. These, with Antiphon of the preceding era, form the illustrious company of the *ten* Athenian orators. They could have been, however, only a small part of

the number in the profession in this period, as we might judge, even had no names been recorded, from the fact that at its very close there were at least *ten*, and according to some authorities, *thirty*, whom the Macedonian conqueror demanded to be delivered up to him as hostile to his supremacy.

The general characteristics of these orators are to be found, rather in the state and circumstances of the profession, than in the form or nature of the eloquence itself. Each of the more eminent orators had his distinguishing peculiarities; and this makes it difficult to mark the prominent traits which might be stamped upon all. It is, notwithstanding, easy to notice the influence of the system of art, to which the speakers of this age thought it necessary to attend. Their orations contain too little of the plain and direct simplicity of former times, and much, often far too much, of the ambush and artifice of logic—the flourish and sound of mere rhetoric. We discover, also, frequently the orator's consciousness of influence, arising from his skill in speaking. It was an age when the populace flocked to the assemblies and the courts of justice for the sake of hearing and being affected—when even the unprincipled demagogue could, by the spell of his tongue, raise himself to the archonship of Athens.

This period furnished also a greater number and a greater variety of occasions for the display of oratorical talents, than almost any other in the whole history of ancient Greece. Numerous State prosecutions, similar to that in which Lysias engaged against Eratosthenes, grew out of the disturbances and revolutions connected with the Peloponnesian war, and these necessarily drew forth the genius of opposing advocates. Public discussions likewise became frequent upon different subjects relating to war, politics, and government, which opened a wide field, not merely for harangue, but for studied and labored composition. At the close of the period too, the encroachments of Philip of Macedon on the Grecian rights, afforded an ample theme for both the ambitious demagogue and the zealous patriot. This circumstance was, perhaps, the cause of the peculiar energy and warmth of feeling, which distinguished much of the oratory of the period. Although the writers and speakers differed in opinion as to the true policy of the Greeks, their orations breathe a common spirit of national attachment, and national pride and confidence. Indeed, the patriotism and the genius of Greece seem to have exhausted themselves in the efforts of this last day of her independence and her glory. In Demosthenes she heard the last tones of her favorite art, as she did the last remonstrance against her submission to servitude.

Such is a glance at the rise and progress of Grecian eloquence. Late in its origin, confined chiefly to Athens, flourishing only for a comparatively short time, marked successively by the eras of Themistocles,

Pericles, and Demosthenes, it ended its career when the country lost its independence, but with a glory that is gone out into all lands, and will survive through all ages. It should be observed, however, that Cicero and other ancient writers speak of the eloquence of the period immediately subsequent to Philip and Alexander; and this we shall here briefly notice.

True eloquence, says Schöll, a distinguished German critic—that which speaks to the heart and passions of men, and which not merely convinces, but carries away the hearer, ceased with the fall of liberty. Under the successors of Alexander, not finding any object worthy of its exertions, it fled from the scenes of politics to the retreats of the schools. Athens, degraded from her eminence, no longer was the exclusive residence of an art, which had once thrown such lustre over her name and history. From this time, instead of the orators of Attica, we hear only of the *orators of Asia*. In reality, however, instead of orators at all among the Greeks anywhere, we find, after this time, only rhetoricians. Of the various Asiatic schools just alluded to, that of Rhodes, founded by Æschines, was the most famous. In these institutions the masters gave out *themes*, on which the young pupils exercised their talents. These were frequently historical subjects—often the questions which had exercised the great orators of the previous age. But such performances had not for their object to convince judges, or force an assembly to action: the highest aim now was to awaken admiration in hearers, who wished not to be moved, but to be entertained. The noble simplicity of the old orators was exchanged for a style overcharged with rhetorical ornaments.

Hegesias of Magnesia is regarded as the father of the new style of eloquence and composition which now appeared, and which, as has been already observed, was termed Asiatic. But the principal name worthy of notice, after the time of Alexander, is *Demetrius Phalereus*, who was appointed governor of Athens, by Cassander, king of Macedonia. He was the last of the great orators of Greece; and Cicero speaks of him with considerable commendation, as the most learned and polished of all after the ancient masters. But he describes his influence as substituting softness and tenderness instead of power—cultivating sweetness rather than force—a sweetness which diffuses itself through the soul without stirring the passions—forming an eloquence which impressed on the mind nothing but its own symmetry, and which never left, like the eloquence of Pericles, a sting along with the delight.

Here our general view of Grecian oratory closes; because everything pertaining to the subject after the fall of Corinth, 146 A.C., belongs rather to the departments of Sophists and Rhetoricians. It is important, however, to allude to the *three branches*, into which Grecian oratory was divided by the teachers. These were the *deliberative*, the *legal* or *judicial*, and the *demonstrative* or *panegyrical*. Demosthenes is the unrivalled master in the first: Lysias and Isæus present rich specimens of

the second; and the best performances of Isocrates belong to the third. But it must be remarked that no orator was exclusively confined to either branch: according to his preference, he might thunder in the assembly of the people, argue in the court of justice, or declaim before the occasional and promiscuous concourse.

From these general remarks we now proceed to notice more particularly each individual orator of whom any particular remains still exist. These are *Antiphon*, *Andocides*, *Lysias*, *Isocrates*, *Isæus*, *Lycurgus*, *Demosthenes*, *Æschines*, *Hyperides*, *Demades*, *Dinarchus*, and *Demetrius Phalereus*.

Antiphon, the most ancient of the ten Attic orators contained in the Alexandrine canon, was the son of Sophilus the Sophist, and was born at Rhamnus in Attica, 480 A.C. He possessed very eminent talents, and a firm character; and is said, by some of his contemporaries, to have been educated partly by Pythodorus, though, according to others, he owed his education entirely to himself.

When Antiphon was a young man, the fame of Gorgias was at its height. The object of Gorgias' sophistical school of oratory was more to dazzle and captivate the hearer by brilliancy of diction and rhetorical artifices, than to produce a solid conviction based upon sound arguments; it was, in short, a school for show-speeches; and the practical purposes of oratory, in the courts of justice and the popular assembly, lay beyond its sphere. Antiphon perceived this deficiency, and formed a higher and more practical view of the art to which he devoted himself; that is, he wished to produce conviction in the minds of the hearers by means of a thorough examination of the subjects proposed—and this not with a view to the narrow limits of the school, but to the courts and the assembly. Hence, the ancients call Antiphon the inventor of public oratory, or say that he raised it, at least, to a high position.

Antiphon was thus the first who regulated practical eloquence by certain theoretical laws, and he opened a school in which he taught rhetoric. Thucydides, the historian, a pupil of Antiphon, speaks of his master with the highest esteem, and many of the excellences of his style are ascribed by the ancients to the influence of Antiphon. At the same time, Antiphon occupied himself with writing speeches for others, who delivered them in the courts of justice; and as he was the first who received money for such orations—a practice which subsequently became quite general—he was severely attacked and ridiculed, especially by the comic poets, Plato and Pisander. These attacks may, however, have been owing to his political opinions, for he was a strenuous opposer of democracy. This unpopularity, together with his own reserved character, prevented him from ever appearing as a speaker, either in the courts or the assembly; and the only time he spoke in public was in 411 A.C.,

when he defended himself against the charge of treachery. His defence proved, however, unavailing; for he, like Socrates, was publicly executed at Athens, being then in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

As an orator, Antiphon was highly esteemed by all antiquity. Hermodenes says of his orations, that they were clear, true in the expression of feeling, faithful to nature, and consequently convincing. Other authorities say, that his orations were beautiful but not graceful, or that they had something austere or antique about them. The want of freshness and gracefulness is very obvious in the orations still extant, but more especially in those actually spoken by Antiphon's clients. His language is pure and correct, and generally of remarkable clearness. The treatment and solution of the point at issue are always striking and interesting.

Sixty orations of different kinds were attributed by the ancients to Antiphon; but Cæcilius, a rhetorician of the Augustan age, declared twenty-five of them to be spurious. We now possess only fifteen of his orations, and three of these were written by him for others. The remaining twelve were written as specimens for his school, or exercises on fictitious cases. They are a peculiar phenomenon in the history of ancient oratory; for they are divided into three *tetralogies*, each of which consists of four orations—two accusations and two defences on the same subject. The subject of the first tetralogy is a murder, the perpetrator of which is yet unknown; that of the second, an unpremeditated murder; and that of the third, a murder committed in self-defence. The clearness which distinguishes his other three orations is not perceptible in these tetralogies, which partly arises from the corrupt and mutilated state in which they have come down to us.

A great number of the orations of Antiphon, and in fact all those still extant, have for their subject the commission of a murder. The genuineness of these orations has, however, been the subject of much discussion, though the best critics at present pretty generally agree that all are really the works of Antiphon. As to the historical or antiquarian value of the three real speeches—the tetralogies must be left out of the question here—it must be remarked, that they contain more information than any other ancient work respecting the mode of proceeding in the criminal courts of Athens. All the orations of Antiphon are printed in the collections of the Attic orators, edited by Aldus, Stephens, Reiske, Dobson, and others, though perhaps the best editions are those of Baiter and Sauppe.

In addition to these orations, the ancients ascribe to Antiphon a work on Rhetoric, in three books, and a collection of model speeches, or exercises for the use of himself or his scholars; though it is probable his tetralogies belonged to the latter. His treatise on Rhetoric is said to have been the first work ever written on that subject; but this statement must be limited to the theory of oratory in the courts of justice, and in the assembly; for treatises on the art of composing show-speeches had been

written by several sophists before his time. The work is occasionally referred to by ancient rhetoricians and grammarians, but it is now lost.

Andocides was the son of Leogoras, and was born at Athens 467 A.C. His family was so ancient as to be able to trace their pedigree up to Odysseus and the god Hermes. Being a noble, he, of course, joined the oligarchical party at Athens, and through their influence obtained, in 436 A.C., the command of a fleet of twenty-five sail, the design of which was to protect the Coreyræans against the Corinthians. He was afterwards employed on various occasions as ambassador to Thessaly, Macedonia, Molossia, Thesprotia, Italy, and Sicily; and although he was frequently attacked for his political opinions, yet he sustained himself until 415 A.C., when he became involved in the charge brought against Alcibiades, for having profaned the mysteries and mutilated the Hermæ. It appeared the more probable that Andocides was an accomplice in the latter of these crimes, which was regarded as a preliminary step towards overthrowing the democratic constitution, since the Hermes standing near his own house was among the very few that had not been injured.

Whether an accomplice or not in the impiety of Alcibiades, Andocides was seized, cast into prison, tried, condemned, and suffered the sentence of disfranchisement. He now left Athens, and passed some years in exile; but when, in 411 A.C., the oligarchical government of the Four Hundred was established, he returned to Athens; but, being suspected even by his own party, he was brought to trial for his malpractices abroad, and only saved his life by flying to the altar as a sanctuary. So vacillating was his character, and so faithless his conduct, that he was banished from his native land five times, and at last died in exile. The life of this truly great man was chequered by misfortunes, numerous even for the troubled times in which he lived; but they were chiefly attributable to his own improper personal conduct, and his political insincerity.

The orations of Andocides have little to recommend them in point of style and oratorical skill; but for the historical and political information which they contain, they are invaluable. Of these orations four are still extant, the best of which is the one entitled 'On my Return,' and which was delivered 411 A.C., on his return to Athens after his first banishment. Besides this oration we have his own defence against the charge of impiety, delivered in 415 A. C., an oration against Alcibiades in 416 A.C., and one on peace with the Lacedæmonians in 393 A.C.

Lysias was born at Athens, 458 A.C. He was the son of Cephalus, a native of Syracuse, who had removed to Athens on invitation of Pericles. In 443 A.C., when Lysias was little more than fifteen years of age, he and his two brothers joined the company of Athenians who went as colonists to Thurium in Italy. He there completed his education under the

instruction of two Syracusans, Tisias and Nicias, and afterwards enjoyed great esteem among the Thurians, and even seems to have taken part in the administration of the government of the young republic. From a passage in Aristotle, we learn that he devoted some time to the teaching of rhetoric, though it is uncertain whether he entered upon this profession while yet at Thurium, or did not commence it until after his return to Athens, where we know that Isæus was one of his pupils.

In 411 A.C., when Lysias had attained the age of forty-seven, after the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, all persons, both in Sicily and in the south of Italy, who were suspected of favoring the cause of the Athenians, were exposed to persecution; and Lysias, together with three hundred others, was exiled by the Spartan party from Thurium, as a partisan of the Athenians. He now returned to Athens; but there, too, great misfortunes awaited him—for, during the rule of the Thirty Tyrants, after the battle of Ægospotami, he was looked upon as an enemy of the government, his large property was confiscated, and he was thrown into prison with a view to be put to death. But he escaped from Athens, and took refuge at Megara. His attachment to Athens, however, was so great, that when Thrasybulus, at the head of the patriots, marched from Phyle to liberate their country, Lysias joyfully sacrificed all that yet remained of his fortune, and sent to the assistance of the patriots two thousand drachmas and two hundred shields, and engaged a band of three hundred and two mercenaries. Thrasybulus procured him the Athenian franchise, as a reward for his generosity; but Archinus afterwards induced the people to declare it void, because it had been conferred without a probuleuma; and Lysias henceforth lived at Athens as an isoteles, occupying himself, as it appears, solely with writing judicial speeches for others, and died 378 A.C., in the eightieth year of his age.

Lysias was one of the most prolific writers of orations that Athens ever produced—antiquity attributing to him no less than four hundred and twenty-five productions of this kind, though the ancient critics were generally of opinion that no more than two hundred and thirty of them were genuine productions of Lysias. Of these orations thirty-five only are extant, and even among these some are incomplete, and others are probably spurious. Of fifty-three others we possess only a few fragments. These orations were chiefly written after his return from Thurium to Athens; and of the whole number that against Eratosthenes only, composed in 403 A.C., was delivered by himself in court. Some among them, doubtless, belong to an earlier period of the author's life, when he treated his art more from a theoretical point of view; and they must be regarded, therefore, as rhetorical exercises. But from the commencement of his speech against Eratosthenes, we must conclude that his real career as an orator began about 403 A.C.

Among the lost works of Lycias, a manual of rhetoric may be mentioned—probably one of his early productions.

The only criticism upon Lycias of any importance, which has come down to us, is that of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, together with a few remarks of Photius. According to the judgment of Dionysius, and the occasional remarks of others, all of which are sustained by a careful examination of the orations still extant, the diction of Lycias is perfectly pure, and may be looked upon as the best canon of the Attic idiom; his language is natural and simple, but at the same time noble and dignified: it is always clear and lucid; the copiousness of his style does not injure its precision: nor can his rhetorical embellishments be considered as impairing the charming simplicity of his style. His delineations of character are always striking and true to life. But what characterizes his orations above those of all other ancients, is the indescribable gracefulness and elegance which pervade all of them, without, in the least, impairing their power and energy; and this gracefulness was considered as so peculiar a feature in all Lysias' productions, that Dionysius thought it a fit criterion by which the genuine works of Lysias might be distinguished from the spurious pieces that went by his name. The manner in which he treats his subjects is equally deserving of high praise; and it is, therefore, no matter of surprise that, among the many orations he wrote for others, two only are said to have been unsuccessful.

Isocrates was the son of Theodorus, and was born at Athens 436 A.C. His father was a man of considerable wealth, and owned a manufactory of flutes or other musical instruments, on account of which Isocrates was often ridiculed by the comic poets of the age; but Theodorus made good use of his property, in procuring for his son the best education that could be obtained. The most celebrated instructors of the age are mentioned among his teachers; such as Tisias, Gorgias, Prodicus, and also Socrates and Theramenes.

Isocrates was naturally timid, and of a weakly constitution, on account of which he abstained from taking any direct part in the political affairs of his country, but resolved, by teaching and writing, to contribute towards the development of eloquence, and thus to guide others in the path for which his own constitution unfitted him. According to some accounts, he devoted himself to the teaching of rhetoric for the purpose of ameliorating his circumstances, as he had lost his paternal inheritance in the war against the Lacedæmonians. Isocrates first established a school of rhetoric in the island of Chios, but his success does not appear to have been very great, since he is said to have had only nine pupils. While in Chios he, however, exerted himself in another direction, and regulated the political condition of that island after the model of Athens.

His ill success in Chios, induced Isocrates to return to his native place; and having opened in Athens a school of rhetoric, such was his success that his school soon contained a hundred pupils, each of whom paid him one thousand drachmas. In addition to this he made a large

income by writing orations; thus Plutarch relates that Nicocles, king of Cyprus, gave Isocrates twenty talents for a single performance of this kind. In this manner he gradually acquired a considerable property, and he was several times called upon to undertake the expensive trierarchy. This happened first in 355 A.C., on which occasion he was excused on account of ill health; but when, in 352 A.C., he was again called upon, he performed the duty in the most splendid manner. One of his finest orations refers to this event.

Isocrates has the great merit of being the first who clearly saw the great value and importance of oratory in its practical application to public life and the affairs of the State. At the same time he endeavored to base public oratory upon sound moral principles, and thus to rescue it from the influence of the sophists, who used and abused it for any and every purpose; for Isocrates, although educated by the most eminent sophists, was himself the avowed enemy of all sophistry. He was not, however, altogether free from their influence; and what is most conspicuous in his political discourses, is the absence of all practical knowledge of real political life, so that his fine theories, though they were unquestionably well meant, bear a strong resemblance to the visions of an enthusiast. The influence which he exercised on his country by his oratory must have been limited, since his exertions were confined to the school; but through his school he had the greatest possible influence upon the development of public oratory; for the most eminent statesmen, philosophers, orators, and historians of the time, were trained in it, and afterwards developed, each in his particular way, the principles they had imbibed in his school.

Of all the rhetoricians of antiquity, none had so many disciples that afterwards shed lustre on their country as Isocrates. Whether the political views he entertained were practical and wise, or not, it must be confessed that he was a sincere lover of his native land, and that the greatness and glory of Athens were the chief objects for which he was laboring; and hence, when, in 338 A.C., the battle of Chæronea had destroyed the last hopes of freedom and independence, Isocrates put an end to his own existence—unable to survive the downfall of his beloved country.

The language of Isocrates is the purest and most refined Attic dialect, and in this respect forms a great contrast with the natural simplicity of Lysias, as well as with the sublime power of Demosthenes. His artificial style is more elegant than graceful, and more ostentatious than pleasing; the carefully-rounded periods, the frequent application of figurative language and figurative expressions, are features which remind us of the sophists; and although his sentences flow very melodiously, yet they become wearisome and monotonous by the perpetual occurrence of the same over-refined periods, which are not relieved by being interspersed with shorter and easier sentences. It should be remembered, however,

that Isocrates wrote his orations to be read, and not to be recited in public. The immense care he bestowed upon their composition, and the time he spent in elaborating and polishing them, may be inferred from the statement of Quintilian, who assures us that he spent ten years on his Panegyric oration alone. To this very care and labor in the arrangement and treatment of his subjects, is to be attributed the superiority of Isocrates to Lysias and the other orators of the age.

Antiquity possessed sixty orations that were attributed to Isocrates, but Cæcilius, a rhetorician of the age of Augustus, recognized but twenty-eight of them as genuine; and of these only twenty-one have come down to us. Eight of these were written for judicial purposes in civil cases, and intended to serve as models for this species of oratory—all the others are political discourses or show-speeches, intended to be read by a large public; they are particularly characterized by the ethical element on which his political views were based. Besides these entire orations, we have the titles and fragments of twenty-seven other orations, which are referred to under this author's name. Ten letters also are attributed to Isocrates, said to have been written to friends on political questions of the day; and also a scientific manual of rhetoric. Of the latter, however, only a few fragments have been preserved—not sufficient to enable us to form any correct judgment of the general merits of the work.

Isæus was the son of Diagoras, and was born at Calchis, in Eubœa; but at what precise date is uncertain. He early removed to Athens, and there flourished between 400 A.C. and 348 A.C.; and is represented to have been instructed in oratory by both Lysias and Isocrates. He was afterwards engaged in writing judicial orations for others, and finally established a rhetorical school at Athens, in which Demosthenes is said to have been one of his pupils. Suidas states that Isæus instructed him gratuitously, but Plutarch says that he received ten thousand drachmas for his instruction; and also remarks that Isæus composed for Demosthenes the speeches delivered against his guardians, or at least assisted him in their composition. All farther particulars about his life are unknown, and were so even in the time of Dionysius, by whom his name even is not mentioned among the disciples of Isocrates.

Antiquity contained sixty-four orations which bore the name of Isæus, but the ancient critics recognized fifty only of them as genuine. Of these only eleven have come down to us; but we possess fragments and the titles of fifty-six speeches ascribed to him. The eleven extant orations are all on subjects connected with disputed inheritances; and Isæus seems to have been particularly well acquainted with the laws relating to inheritance. Ten of these orations had been known from the revival of letters; but the eleventh was first published from a Florentine manuscript in 1785.

The oratory of Isæus resembles, in many respects, that of his teacher, Lysias. The style of both is pure, clear, and concise; but while Lysias is at the same time simple and graceful, Isæus evidently strives to attain a higher degree of polish and refinement, without, however, in the least injuring the powerful and impressive character of his oratory. The same spirit is visible in the manner in which he handles his subjects, especially in their skilful division, and in the artful manner in which he interweaves his argument with various parts of the exposition, whereby his orations become like a painting in which light and shade are distributed with a distinct view to produce certain effects. It was chiefly in consequence of this mode of management that Isæus was envied and censured by his contemporaries, as if he had tried to deceive and misguide his hearers. He was one of the first orators who turned the attention of his countrymen to a scientific cultivation of political oratory; but excellence in this department of the art was not attained till the time of Demosthenes.

Lycurgus was born at Athens 396 A.C., and was the son of Lyco-phron, who belonged to the first order of Athenian nobility. In his early life Lycurgus devoted himself to the study of philosophy in the school of Plato, but he afterwards became one of the disciples of Isocrates, and entered upon public life at a comparatively early age. He was appointed three successive times to the office of manager of the public revenue, and held his office each time for five years, beginning with 337 A.C. The conscientiousness with which he discharged the duties of this office enabled him to raise the public revenue to the sum of twelve hundred talents. This, as well as the unwearied activity with which he labored both for increasing the security and splendor of the city of Athens, gained for him the universal confidence of the people to such a degree, that when Alexander the Great demanded, among other opponents of the Macedonian interest, the surrender of Lycurgus also, who had, in conjunction with Demosthenes, exerted himself against the intrigues of Macedonia even as early as the reign of Philip, the people of Athens clung to him, and boldly refused to deliver him up.

Lycurgus was also entrusted with the superintendence of the city, and the preserving of public discipline; and the severity with which he watched over the conduct of the citizens, became almost proverbial. He had a noble taste for everything that was beautiful and grand, as he showed by the buildings he erected or contemplated, both for the use of the citizens and the ornament of the city; and such was his integrity, that even private persons deposited with him large sums of money, which they wished to be kept in safety. He was also the author of several legislative enactments, of which he enforced the strictest observance. One of his laws forbade women to ride in chariots at the celebration of the mysteries; and when his own wife transgressed this law, she was fined; another ordained that bronze statues should be erected to Æschy-

lus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and that copies of their tragedies should be made and preserved in the public archives.

The 'Lives of the Ten Orators,' ascribed to Plutarch, contain many and characteristic features of Lycurgus, from which we infer that he was one of the noblest specimens of old Attic virtue, and a worthy contemporary of Demosthenes. He often appeared as a successful accuser in the Athenian courts, but he himself was as often accused by others, though he always, and even in the last days of his life, succeeded in silencing his enemies. At his death, which occurred 323 A.C., he held an important office connected with the theatre of Dionysus. A fragment of an inscription, containing the account which he rendered to the State, of his administration of the finances, is still extant. Among the various honors which were conferred upon him was one by the archon Anaxicrates which ordered that a bronze statue should be erected to his memory in the Ceramicus, and that he and his eldest son should be entertained in the prytaneum at the public expense.

The ancients mention fifteen orations of Lycurgus as extant in their day; but the titles of at least twenty have been preserved. With the exception, however, of one entire oration against Leocrates, and some fragments of others, all the rest are lost, so that our knowledge of his skill and style, as an orator, is very incomplete. Dionysius and other ancient critics draw particular attention to the ethical tendency of his orations, but they censure the harshness of his metaphors, the inconsistency in the arrangement of his subject, and his frequent digressions. His style is noble and grand, but neither elegant nor pleasing. Besides his orations two declamations are mentioned by Theon, as the works of Lycurgus; but the author must have been a different personage from Lycurgus, the Attic orator.

Demosthenes, the prince of orators, was the son of Demosthenes, a sword manufacturer, and was born in one of the boroughs of Athens 385 A.C. His father, at his death, which occurred when Demosthenes was only seven years of age, left his family and his property, which amounted to fourteen talents, under the care of Aphobus, his nephew, a son of his brother, and an old friend, Therippides, on condition that the first should marry the widow, and receive with her a dowry of eighty minæ; the second, marry the daughter on her attaining the age of maturity, and receive at once two talents; and the third receive the interest of seventy minæ, till Demosthenes, the son, should come of age. But the first two of the guardians refused to comply with the stipulations of the will, and all three, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the family, united in squandering, or appropriating to their own purposes, a great portion of the property, which, by a prudent administration, might easily have been doubled during Demosthenes' minority.

When Demosthenes, accordingly, became of age, only one-twelfth of

his father's large property was left; and the shameful conduct on the part of his own relations and guardians which had wasted it, unquestionably exercised a great influence on the mind and character of Demosthenes; for it was probably during that early period that, suffering as he did through the injustice of those from whom he had a right to expect protection, his strong feeling of right and wrong was planted and developed in him—a feeling which characterized his whole subsequent life. He was thus thrown upon his own resources, and the result was great self-reliance, independence of judgment, and his oratory, which was the only art by which he could hope to get justice done to himself.

Although Demosthenes passed his youth amidst such troubles and vexations, we are not hence to infer with Plutarch, that he grew up neglected and without any education at all. The very fact that his guardians are accused of having refused to pay his teachers, shows that he received some kind of education at least; and this idea is confirmed by Demosthenes' own statement, though it cannot be supposed that his education was anything more than elementary. The many illustrious personages that are mentioned as his teachers, must be supposed to have become connected with his studies after he had attained the age of manhood. He is even said to have been instructed in philosophy by Plato; but while we admit that he may have known and esteemed Plato, it is more than doubtful whether he was ever one of his scholars. He is also said to have been instructed in oratory by Isocrates; but, according to the most accurate information that we can obtain, he merely studied Isocrates' treatise on rhetoric.

That Demosthenes was, however, instructed in oratory by Isæus, is more than probable; for at that time Isæus was the most eminent orator of Athens in all matters connected with the laws of inheritance—the very thing which Demosthenes needed. This idea is farther sustained by the fact, that the earliest of Demosthenes' orations—those against Aphobus and Onetor, bear so strong a resemblance to those of Isæus, that the ancients themselves believed that they were either composed by Isæus for Demosthenes, or that the latter had written them under the direction of the former. We may therefore suppose, without much hesitation, that during the latter years of his minority, Demosthenes privately prepared himself for the career of an orator, to which he was urged on by his peculiar circumstances, no less than by the admiration he felt for the orators of his time, and that during the first years after he had attained the age of manhood, he availed himself of the instructions of Isæus.

In 366 A.C., immediately after Demosthenes became of age, he called upon his guardians to render him an account of their administration of his property; but by intrigue they contrived to defer the matter for two years, which was, perhaps, the less disagreeable to him, as it afforded him an opportunity to acquire the legal knowledge and oratorical power

which he required to enable him to come forward in his own cause with any hope of success. In the course of these two years, however, the subject was twice investigated by the magistrates, and was decided each time in favor of Demosthenes. At length, in the third year after he became of age, Demosthenes, in 364 A.C., brought his accusation against Aphobus before the archon Timocrates, reserving to himself the right to bring similar charges against Demophon and Therippides; which, however, he appears, for some reason, never to have done. Aphobus was condemned to pay a fine of ten talents; notwithstanding he resorted, during the trial, to every intrigue possible, for the purpose of preventing the judgment from going against him. The extant orations of Demosthenes against Aphobus, who still endeavored to prevent him from taking possession of his property, all refer to these transactions.

Demosthenes had thus gained a signal victory over his enemies, notwithstanding all the extraordinary disadvantages under which he labored; for his physical constitution was weak, and his organ of speech defective—whence, probably, he derived the nickname of stammerer—and it was only through the most unwearied and persevering exertions that he eventually succeeded in removing the obstacles and overcoming the difficulties which nature had placed in his way. These exertions were probably made by him after he had attained the age of manhood; and in this manner, and by speaking in various civil cases, he prepared himself for the career of a political orator and statesman. Whether Demosthenes, like most of his predecessors, engaged in the business of teaching rhetoric or not, is rather uncertain, though some of his Greek biographers seem to think that he did.

The suit of Demosthenes against Aphobus, made the formidable Midias his implacable enemy; and the danger to which he thus became exposed was the more fearful, since, except his personal powers and virtues, he had nothing to oppose to Midias, who was the most active member of a faction, which, though yet without any definite political tendency, was preparing the ruin of the republic by violating its laws and sacrificing its resources to personal and selfish interests. The first acts of open hostility were committed in 361 A.C., when Midias forced his way into the house of Demosthenes and openly insulted the members of his family. This led Demosthenes to bring two successive actions against him; but such was the influence of Midias and his friends, that they found means to prevent the decision being given for a period of eight years. The resolute and determined spirit of Demosthenes at length so irritated Midias, that he resolved to seek the first opportunity to take revenge upon him; and this opportunity presented itself in 354 A.C., as Demosthenes had, in that year, voluntarily undertaken the choregia. Midias, on this occasion, not only endeavored in all possible ways to prevent Demosthenes from discharging his office in its proper form, but attacked him with open violence during the celebration of the great

Dionysia. Such an act, committed in the presence of the whole community, demanded reparation, and Demosthenes, accordingly, brought a suit against him for this purpose. Public opinion condemned Midias, and it was in vain that he used every possible effort to intimidate Demosthenes, who remained firm in spite of all his enemy's machinations, until at length Midias was compelled to propose an amicable arrangement, which Demosthenes accepted, and withdrew his accusation.

Demosthenes had, some years before this event, appeared as a speaker in the public assembly; for, in 355 A.C., he had delivered his orations against Leptines and Androtion, and in 353 A.C., the oration against Timocrates. The general esteem which Demosthenes, at that early period, enjoyed, is sufficiently attested by the fact, that in 354 A.C., notwithstanding all the intrigues of Midias, he was elevated to a most honorable position by the suffrages of his fellow citizens, and in the year following he conducted, in the capacity of *architheoros*, the usual *theoria*, which the State of Athens sent to the festival of the Nemean Zeus. The active part he took in public affairs is farther attested by the orations which belong to this period. In 354 A.C. he spoke against the projected expedition to Eubœa, though without success, and he himself joined in it under Phocion. In the same year he delivered an oration, in which he successfully dissuaded the Athenians from their foolish scheme of undertaking a war against Persia; and in 353 A.C. he spoke for the Megalopolitans, and opposed the Spartans, who had solicited the aid of Athens to reduce Megalopolis.

All these individual efforts of Demosthenes were, however, but preparatory to his great public career, which properly commenced 356 A.C., as one of the leading statesmen of Athens; and henceforth the history of his life is closely mixed up with that of his country; for there is no question affecting the public good, in which he did not take a most active part, and support with all the power of his oratory what he considered right and beneficial to the State.

Philip of Macedon had, two years previous to that time, deliberately commenced the operations, the ultimate design of which was to enslave southern Greece; and in every step he took he found the vigilant eye of Demosthenes upon him, exposing his hypocrisy and thwarting his purposes. His patriotic feelings and convictions against Macedonian aggrandizement, drew forth his *Philippics*—perhaps the most splendid series of orations ever delivered. They did not, it is true, produce the desired result, but the fault was not his, and the cause of their failure must be sought in the state of general dissolution in the Greek republics at the time; for, while Philip occupied his threatening position, the Phocians were engaged in a war for life and death with the Thebans; the States of Peloponnesus looked upon one another with mistrust and hatred; and it was only with great difficulty that Athens could maintain a shadow of her former supremacy. Under all these disadvantages the surpassing

eloquence of Demosthenes protracted the contest for twenty long and tedious years; but at length, in the fatal battle of Chæronea, all was lost, and thenceforth

Greece, was living Greece no more.

The death of Philip, 336 A.C., revived among the Greeks the hope of shaking off the Macedonian yoke. All Greece rose, and especially Athens, where Demosthenes, though weighed down with domestic grief, was the first joyfully to proclaim the tidings of Philip's death, to call upon the Greeks to unite their strength against Macedonia, and to form new connections in Asia. But the sudden appearance of Alexander before Thebes damped their ardor and enthusiasm, and Athens sent an embassy to him to sue for peace. Demosthenes was chosen one of the ambassadors; but his feelings against the Macedonians were so strong, that he preferred to expose himself to the ridicule of his enemies by returning, after having gone half way, than act the part of a suppliant before the youthful king. The destruction of Thebes, 335 A.C., put an end to all farther attempts of the Greeks for independence. Athens submitted to the necessity, and sent Demades to the king as mediator. Alexander demanded that the leaders of the popular party, and among them Demosthenes, should be delivered up to him; but he at length yielded to the entreaties of the Athenians, and did not persist in his demand.

Alexander's departure for Asia left Greece in such a state, that a spark only from without was required to make it blaze forth throughout the land. That spark eventually came from Harpalus, who had been left by Alexander at Babylon, while the king proceeded to India. When Alexander had reached the easternmost point of his expedition, Harpalus, with the treasures entrusted to his care, fled from Babylon and came to Greece. In 325 A.C. he arrived at Athens; and purchased the protection of the city by distributing his gold among the most influential demagogues. The reception of so open a rebel gave great offence to the Macedonians, and they immediately called upon the Athenians to deliver up the rebel and the money they had received of him, and to put to trial those who had accepted his bribes. Harpalus was allowed to escape, but the investigation concerning those who had been bribed by him was instituted, and Demosthenes was among those who were suspected of the crime.

The accounts of Demosthenes' conduct during the presence of Harpalus at Athens are so confused, that it is almost impossible to arrive at any certain conclusion about it; but Pausanias expressly acquits him of all participation in the offence. The power of the Macedonian party was at that time in the ascendant at Athens, and Demosthenes was sentenced to banishment. He was at once cast into prison, from which, however, he escaped, and retired to Ægina, looking daily, it is said, across the sea,

towards his native land. His exile did not, however, last long; for, on the death of Alexander, which occurred in 323 A.C., Demosthenes was recalled from banishment, to aid, by his counsels, the rising struggle of the Grecian States that immediately followed. The struggle, however, proved ineffectual: Greece was re-subdued by Antipater; and Demosthenes was condemned to death. Previous to his sentence he retired to Calauria, and took refuge in the temple of Poseidon. When Archias, who pursued the fugitive everywhere, arrived, Demosthenes, who was summoned to follow him to Antipater, took poison, which he had for some time kept about his person, and died in the temple of Poseidon, 322 A.C., and in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Thus terminated the career of a man who has, in all ages, been ranked amongst the greatest and noblest spirits of antiquity; and his fame will remain undiminished as long as sterling sentiments and principles, and a consistent conduct through life, are regarded as the standard by which a man's worth is measured, and not simply the success—so often merely dependent upon circumstances—by which his exertions are crowned. The very calumnies which have been heaped upon Demosthenes by his enemies and detractors, more extravagantly than upon any other man—the coarse and complicated web of lies which was devised by Æschines, and in which he himself was caught, and the odious insinuations of Theopompus, the historian, which are credulously repeated by Plutarch—have only contributed to bring forth the political virtues of Demosthenes in a more striking and brilliant light.

There are, it is true, some minor points in his life that, in consequence of the distorted accounts which have come down to us about them, will, perhaps, never be cleared up. Many of these are, however, beneath contempt; such as that he took flight at the battle of Chæronea, and that, notwithstanding a severe domestic calamity—having lost his daughter, by death, seven days before—he publicly rejoiced at Philip's death, and also that he shed tears on going into exile. To the first of these charges we would reply, though, in a soldier, this is no justification, that a thousand others fled with him; to the second, that the act only shows the predominance of his patriotic feelings over his personal and selfish ones; and for the third act, if it be true, he deserves to be beloved and honored, rather than blamed. The charge of tergiversation, which is so frequently brought against him by Æschines, has never been substantiated by the least evidence; and in his administration of public affairs he is perfectly spotless.

As a statesman, Demosthenes' career received its greatest lustre from his powers as an orator—powers in which he was never, perhaps, equalled by any other orator of the world. Our own judgment on this point must necessarily be partial, as we can only *read* his orations; but among his contemporaries there was scarcely one who could point out any definite fault in his oratory. By far the majority looked upon him as the great-

est orator of the time; and it was only men of such over-refined and hypercritical tastes as Demetrius Phalereus who thought him either too plain and simple, or too harsh and strong; though some found these features more striking in reading his orations, while others were more impressed with them when they heard him speak. These peculiarities, however, so far from being faults, will appear, in fact, if we consider the temptations which natural deficiencies hold out to an incipient orator to pursue the opposite course, proofs of his extraordinary genius. The obstacles which his physical constitution threw in his way when he commenced his career, were such, that one less courageous and persevering than Demosthenes would at once have been intimidated and entirely shrunk from the arduous career of a public orator. Those early difficulties with which he had to contend, doubtless, led him to bestow more care upon the composition of his orations than he would otherwise have given them, and produced, eventually, the impossibility of speaking extempore, at least the habit of never venturing upon it; for he never spoke without preparation, and he sometimes refused to speak in the assembly, when called upon, merely because he was not prepared.

It may be interesting to notice the causes of the extraordinary impression which the speeches of Demosthenes made upon the minds of his hearers. The first cause was, evidently, their pure and ethical character; for every sentence in them exhibits him as the friend of his country, of virtue, truth, and public decency: and as the struggles in which he was engaged were right and just, he could, without scruple, unmask his opponents, and wound them where they were vulnerable, though he never resorted to sycophantic artifices. The second cause was his intellectual superiority. By a wise arrangement of his subjects, and by the application of the strongest arguments in their proper places, he brought the subjects before his hearers in the clearest possible form; any doubts that might be raised in advance he anticipated, and thus he proceeded calmly but irresistibly towards the end. The third and last cause was the magic force of his language, which being majestic and simple—rich, yet not bombastic—strange, and yet familiar—solemn, without being ornamented—grave, and yet pleasing—concise, and yet fluent—sweet, and yet impressive—carried away the minds of his hearers. That such orations should, notwithstanding these exalted qualities, sometimes have failed to produce the desired effect, was owing only to the spirit of the times.

Sixty-five orations of Demosthenes are mentioned by the ancients, though only sixty-one, including the *Letter of Philip*, have come down to us under his name. Besides these orations, there are fifty-six *Exordia* to public orations, and six letters also, which bear his name; their genuineness, however, is very doubtful.

Æschines, the great rival of Demosthenes, was born in Athens, 389 A.C. He was the son of Tromes, who, according to Demosthenes,

was not a free citizen of Athens, but had been a slave in the house of Elpias, a schoolmaster. After the return of the Athenian exiles under Thrasybulus, Tromes himself kept a small school, and Æschines, in his youth, assisted his father, and performed such services as were unworthy of a free Athenian youth. After having assisted his father for some time, he left the school, and being of a strong and athletic constitution, he engaged himself for a regular compensation to a gymnasia, to contend with other young men in their exercises. He next served the distinguished orator and statesman, Aristophon, as scribe, and subsequently performed the same office for Eubulus, a man of great influence with the democratic party, with whom he formed an intimate friendship, and to whose political principles he remained faithful to the end of his life.

Æschines next turned his attention to the stage as an actor; but being entirely unsuccessful in that calling, he resolved to enter the army. After several less important engagements in other parts of Greece, he greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Mantinea, which was fought 362 A.C. In 358 A.C., he took part in the expedition of the Athenians against Eubœa, and fought in the battle of Tamynæ with such bravery as to be praised by the generals on the spot; and after the victory was gained, he was sent to carry the news of it to Athens. Temenides, who was sent with him, bore witness to his courage and bravery, and the Athenians honored him with a crown.

Two years before this campaign—the last in which he took part—Æschines had come forward at Athens as a public speaker, and the military fame he had now acquired established his reputation. His former occupation as a scribe had rendered him familiar with the laws and constitution of Athens, and his acting on the stage had been a useful preparation for public speaking. During the early part of his public career he was, like all other Athenians, zealously engaged in directing the attention of his fellow citizens to the growing power of Philip, and exhorted them to check it before it became too late.

In 347 A.C., ten commissioners, among whom were Æschines and Demosthenes, were sent from Athens to Philip to negotiate a treaty of peace. The artful and insinuating address of Philip completely beguiled the majority of these commissioners, Æschines with the rest; and thenceforward he would think of nothing but peace with the king of Macedon. This course necessarily placed him antagonistic to Demosthenes, and hence, during the remainder of the life of Philip, the two great orators were diametrically opposed to each other. The patriotism of Demosthenes, through the whole of this struggle, was so universally acknowledged, that Ctesiphon at length proposed that the Athenians should reward him, for the services he had rendered to his country, with a golden crown in the theatre at the great Dionysia. Æschines availed himself of some informal technicality in the manner in which this reward was proposed to be given, to bring a public charge against Ctesiphon.

The speech in which he accused Ctesiphon, and which is still extant, is so skilfully managed, that, if he had succeeded, he would have totally destroyed all the political influence and authority of Demosthenes. The latter answered Æschines in his celebrated oration on the Crown; and such was the power of his argument and brilliancy of his oratory, that even before the speech was closed, Æschines acknowledged himself conquered, withdrew from the court, and quitted his country.

Having thus gone into voluntary exile, Æschines took up his abode in Asia Minor, and for many years taught rhetoric in Ionia and Caria, anxiously awaiting the return of Alexander to Europe. When, however, in 324 A.C., the report of the conqueror's death reached him, he retired into Rhodes, where he established a school of eloquence, which subsequently, as has been already observed, became very celebrated, and occupies a middle position between the grave manliness of the Attic orators, and the effeminate luxuriance of the so-called Asiatic school of oratory. On one occasion he read to his audience in Rhodes his speech against Ctesiphon; and when some of his hearers expressed their astonishment that he should have been defeated, notwithstanding his brilliant oration, he replied, 'You would cease to be astonished, if you had heard Demosthenes.' Æschines died in Samos, 314 A.C., and in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Of all the orations of Æschines only three were published—the one against Timarchus, the one on the Embassy, and the one against Ctesiphon. He was endowed by nature with extraordinary oratorical powers, and, as a public speaker, Demosthenes only was his superior. The facility and felicity of his diction, the boldness and vigor of his descriptions, carry away the reader now, as they must have carried away his audiences. The ancients, as Photius remarks, designated these three orations as the *Graces*, and the nine letters which were extant in the time of Photius, as the *Muses*. Besides the three orations, and the nine letters, just mentioned, we have twelve other letters ascribed to Æschines, which were probably the work of some late sophists.

Hyperides was the son of Glaucippus, and was a native of Athens; but the exact period of his birth has not been preserved, though it is supposed to have been about 396 A.C. He was a friend of Demosthenes, and with him and Lycurgus, he was at the head of the anti-Macedonian party. Throughout his public career he joined the patriots with the utmost determination, and remained faithful to them to the last, even through all the dangers and catastrophes by which Athens was weighed down successively, under Philip, Alexander, and Antipater. This steadfast adherence to the good cause may be attributed to the influence which his friends Demosthenes and Lycurgus exerted over him, for he seems to have been naturally a person of vacillating character; and Plutarch states, that he sometimes gave way to his passions, which were not always

of the noblest kind. In philosophy he was the pupil of Plato, and Isocrates trained and developed his oratorical powers. Of his life little is farther known; and after the battle of Crannon, 322 A.C., when all hopes of the liberty of his country had vanished, he fled to Ægina, whither he was pursued by the emissaries of Antipater, and put to death in the most cruel manner.

Though Hyperides must have appeared before the public on many occasions, both in the courts of justice and in the assembly of the people, yet nothing of his orations have been preserved but a few brief fragments. Though his delivery is said to have been wanting in liveliness, yet his style and diction were pure Attic, and his oratory both graceful and powerful, thus observing a medium between the ease and elegance of Lysias, and the overwhelming power of Demosthenes. According to Cicero, he treated the subjects under discussion with great skill and ready wit; and although he sometimes had the appearance of carelessness, yet the exposition of his subject, and his argumentation, were worthy of imitation. The elegance and gracefulness of his orations were, however, such as were calculated to produce a momentary, rather than a lasting and moral, impression.

Demades was a native Athenian, but the time of his birth is not known. He was of very low origin, and in early life followed the pursuit of a common rower; but by his extraordinary talents, his demagogic artifices, and his treachery, he finally rose to a very prominent position at Athens. He used his influence, however, in such a manner, that Plutarch justly terms him the shipwreck or ruin of his country. He belonged to the Macedonian party, and entertained a deadly hatred of Demosthenes, against whom he came forward as early as the time of the war against Olynthus, 349 A.C., and to whom he continued vindictively hostile to the end of his life. His vileness of character, eventually, however, met a just retribution; for, being sent by the Athenians in 318 A.C., ambassador to Antipater, that prince discovered his gross treachery even to himself, and immediately ordered that both he and his son who had accompanied him, should be put to death.

Demades owed his influence in the public affairs of Athens to his natural skill and his brilliant oratorical powers, which were the pure offspring of nature, and which he never cultivated according to any rules of art. He always spoke extempore, and with such irresistible force and abundance of wit, that he was a perfect match for even Demosthenes himself; and Quintilian does not hesitate to place him by the side of Pericles. As he left no written orations, however, we have at present no other means of judging of the character of his eloquence, than the reports of his contemporaries.

Of Dinarchus and Demetrius Phalereus no extended notice is, in this

connection, required. The former was a native of Corinth, but passed his youth chiefly at Athens. He studied philosophy under Theophrastus, and as an orator became celebrated after the death of Demosthenes. Three of his orations still remain; and by composing for others, he is said to have acquired very considerable wealth. The latter was more remarkable as a politician than as an orator, and, in the course of a very chequered life, filled many high and important stations.

Lecture the Eighteenth.

HISTORY.

PHERECYDES—CADMUS—HECATÆUS—ACUSILAUS—CHARON—XANTHUS—HELLANICUS—HERODOTUS—THUCYDIDES—XENOPHON—CTESIAS—THEOPOMPUS—POLYBIUS—DIODORUS SICULUS—DIONYSIUS HALICARNASSUS—PLUTARCH—ARRIAN—APPIAN—DION CASSIUS—ÆLIAN.

IN the earlier ages of antiquity, the Greeks, in common with most other ancient nations, possessed scarcely anything that might be called regular historical records. The art of writing was not yet brought into that frequent and general use which is requisite for such purposes. Oral traditions, visible monuments, and commemorative festivals, were the principal means used for transmitting a knowledge of important events and interesting facts from one age to another. The oral traditions were commonly thrown into the form of verse or song; and in this manner, poets became the first historians. Their poems, in the epic, the lyric, or the dramatic form, presented the story of the fabulous and heroic ages in the most attractive garb and were impressed upon the memory in early education: they were sung also at the festivals and the funeral celebrations of heroes, and afterwards, by means of written copies, extensively circulated. In later ages, when the use of writing became more common, and prose composition began to be cultivated, its first, and for some time, its principal application, was to historical narration.

Pherecydes, of the island of Leros, and *Cadmus* and *Hecataeus*, of Miletus, all of whom flourished about 550 A.C., are uniformly named as the earliest writers of history in prose. It was at this period that truth and fable first began to be carefully distinguished from each other—the former being now selected as the proper material for prose and history, and the latter still left to the exclusive use of the poets. Afterwards writers began to record the history of their own times, and connect it with the traditionary accounts of former ages. As the art of writing was now more sedulously cultivated, and thought extended, the theory of historical

composition began to be thoroughly investigated and fixed on philosophical principles.

Most of the early Grecian writers of history were natives of Asia Minor, or of the neighboring islands, and were called *logographers*. These authors, besides drawing their materials from traditionary accounts and the works of poets, consulted also all the monuments of antiquity; such as, inscriptions, altars, statues, and edifices erected or consecrated in connection with particular events. The *logographiæ* were the first fruit of this spirit of investigation: they were a kind of writing holding an intermediate place between epic poetry and veritable history. Of them, no entire specimen remains; but we have many fragments for which we are indebted to quotations made by historians and writers on mythology in later periods, by the scholiasts, and by some of the Christian Fathers. The works of the three prose writers just named belonged to this class; and Pliny informs us that Cadmus was the most ancient author of this kind. Of *Acusilaus* of Argos, *Charon* of Lampsacus, *Xanthus* of Sardis, *Hellanicus* of Mitylene, there are also very considerable fragments still extant. These writers are, however, scarcely entitled to the name of historians.

Herodotus was the earliest Greek author to give a finished and connected form to the narration of interesting events, and was, therefore, by Cicero, with much justice, styled the *father* of history. He was soon followed, however, by *Thucydides* and *Xenophon*—two writers of equal genius with himself. Of all the Greek historians these three are the most eminent, and their works are among the most valuable remains of Greek prose composition. They all belong to the most brilliant period of Grecian literature; they wrote chiefly upon Grecian affairs, and are the principal source of our knowledge respecting the Grecian States, in the period to which they relate. Several other historians soon followed these eminent writers; but they are known to us only by a few fragments of their works, or by the judgment passed upon them by ancient writers. The most celebrated of these were *Ctesias*, a contemporary of *Xenophon*, and *Theopompus*, who lived a short time after. We have a few brief fragments also, of *Philistus* of Syracuse, and *Ephorus* of Cumæ.

Besides these general historians, it may be well here to notice a class of writers who confined their attention entirely to the history and antiquity of Athens. Their works are usually cited under the common name of *Treatises on Attica*. As the materials for these works were drawn, not merely from loose traditions, but from various authentic sources, their loss is to be deeply regretted, although they were, no doubt, abundantly charged with fable, and full of pictures of imagination. Of this class of writers, *Demo*, *Androtion*, *Philocorus*, and *Ister* are the most distinguished.

Of the historians who flourished after the death of Alexander the Great, and previous to the final subjection of Greece by the Romans, *Po-*

lybius, of Megalopolis, was the principal. Polybius published several historical works, which unfortunately are now all lost, with the exception of a part of his *Universal History*. This work, in its kind, was without a rival. In style and eloquence it may be greatly inferior to the historical works of the great masters of the preceding era; but it was the first successful attempt to exhibit, in a philosophical manner, the principles of morals and politics as developed in the changes of human society. Polybius may, therefore, be justly ranked among the most distinguished of ancient historians. In the same age there were numerous other writers who composed historical performances, relating chiefly to the life and exploits of Alexander, although often including much other matter. Scarcely anything from their pens has, however, been preserved. Of these writers, *Hieronymus*, *Calisthenes*, *Diodotus*, *Nearchus*, and *Nymphis* were the most important.

The same age produced other historical writers upon whom we must here bestow a passing notice. Of these, *Berosus*, the Chaldean priest, *Abydenus*, his disciple, and *Manetho*, of Diospolis in Egypt, are the most prominent. We may also mention, in this connection, *Timæus* of Tauromenium, who, after being banished from Sicily, resided for a long time at Athens, and is quoted by Cicero as a model of the Asiatic style of eloquence. *Aratus* of Sicyon, whom we have already particularly noticed among the Grecian poets, *Phylarchus*, his contemporary, and *Polemo Periegetes* belong also to this period. The most important fragments that remain of the writings of all these authors are those that belong to *Berosus* and *Manetho*.

Under Roman supremacy in Greece a great number of historians were produced, but they were all of secondary rank. Of those who wrote before the Christian era, the two most important were *Diodorus Siculus* and *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*. These two writers flourished almost immediately before the new era, and a very considerable part of their works are still extant. There were several other authors of the same age, whose works are now lost; such as *Castor* of Rhodes, a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, *Theophantes* of Mitylene, the friend and biographer of Pompey the Great, *Timagenes* of Alexandria, selected by Augustus as his historiographer, but discarded for certain imprudent sallies of wit, *Posidonius* the stoic, and *Juba*, a son of the king of Numidia, who was taken captive by Julius Cæsar, and educated at Rome. We may, also, here mention *Nicolaus* of Damascus, and *Memnon* of Heraclea, both of whom lived in the time of Augustus, and of whose writings some considerable fragments still remain.

Of the historians who immediately followed the commencement of the Christian era, one of the most interesting and important was the Jewish writer, *Flavius Josephus*. His history of the destruction of Jerusalem, of which he was an eye-witness, is full of tragic interest, and is, on many other accounts, a work of great value. It was originally written in the

Hebrew language, and was afterwards translated by himself into the Greek. *Plutarch* also, who flourished in the first Christian century, must be included among the Greek historical writers, not only because his *Lives* partake so much of an historical character, but because he wrote several other works upon historical topics. After *Plutarch*, the most important historical writers were *Arrian*, *Appian*, *Dion Cassius*, and *Herodian*. *Ælian*, also, usually occupies a place among the historians, but it must be confessed that he holds a very low rank. The historical work of *Polyænus* entitles him, also, to a passing notice in this place, and in this connection.

To some other historical writers of the period of which we are now speaking, it may be proper simply to allude. *Herennius Philo* of Biblus, in the second century, is said to have written several historical works, and also to have translated into the Greek language from the Phœnician, the *Antiquities of Sanconiathon*. *Eupraxides* lived in the time of the emperor Nero, and was the author of the historical work usually ascribed to *Dictys Cretensis*. *Phlegon*, of Tralles in Lydia, was the author of numerous historical works, among which was a sort of universal chronology; most of which is now, however, unfortunately lost. In a fragment of this curious performance is mentioned an eclipse of the sun in the eighteenth year of the reign of the emperor Tiberius, which has been supposed, by some writers, to refer to the darkness that attended the crucifixion of Christ.

In the long period that extended from the age of Constantine, before whose era all the historians hitherto mentioned flourished, to the taking of the city of Constantinople by the Turks, the first historian that we meet with is *Eusebius*, the celebrated bishop of Cæsarea, and one of the most distinguished men of the age. The only work of this author which strictly belongs to classical literature, is his *Chronicle, or Universal History*—a work of rare, and even extraordinary merit. After *Eusebius* we have a long list of historical writers; but of this vast number *Zosimus* and *Procopius* are the only two names of much importance, until we come down to the mass of writers still less celebrated, and usually grouped together under the name of the *Byzantine historians*. This series of authors, beginning with the seventh century, extends to the final overthrow of Constantinople. ‘They have,’ in the language of Gibbon, ‘little merit, except that they are the only sources whence we can derive the history of the middle ages. A few among them exhibit a degree of purity and elegance in style; but most of their works are destitute of taste and of method, and degraded by superstition and abject flattery.’

These Byzantine writers have usually been divided into four classes. The first class includes *Zonaras*, *Nicetas Acominatus*, *Nicephorus Gregoras*, and *Laonicus Chalcondylas*, and form what, properly speaking, is termed the *Body* of Byzantine historians. Taken together, they give a complete history of the period from Constantine to the capture of Con-

stantinople by the Turks. The *second* class includes the writers that have been termed *Chroniclers*, and who attempted to give general histories, or annals extending from the beginning of the world to their own times. Schöll mentions fifteen or sixteen names belonging to this class. The *third* class consists of such writers as confined themselves to the history of a short period, or particular event, or to certain individuals: these last should rather be called *biographers* than historians. More than twenty names are given in this class, of whom *Agathias* was one of the most eminent. The *fourth* class is composed of authors who occupied themselves rather with antiquities and statistics than with history. Of the ten or twelve included in this number, *Constantine Porphyrogenitus* was the most eminent. *Lydus*, whose treatise on the Roman magistrates, discovered in 1784, is considered by Niebuhr as a very valuable source of information, was also of this class.

Biography, we may remark, as a department of composition, was almost entirely overlooked by the early Greeks; but between the age of Augustus and that of Constantine, it received more attention. The *Lives of Plutarch*, already alluded to, are the most valuable productions of this kind in Grecian literature. In the third century we find two biographical works, the *Lives of Diogenes Laertius*, and the *Lives of Philostratus*, both of which are important sources of information respecting the ancient philosophers. The *Lives of Moses and the Patriarchs*, by *Philo*, the Jew, of Alexandria; and likewise the biographical work of *Porphyry*, may also be mentioned in this connection. After the age of Constantine, we have the *Lives of Eunapius*, and the works of a large number of the Byzantine writers, one class of them being, as we have just remarked, emphatically denominated biographers.

From these general remarks on the origin and progress of Grecian historical composition, we pass to a more particular notice of some of the most eminent of the Grecian historians.

Pherecydes was a native of the little island of Leros; but having early removed to Athens, and thenceforth resided in that city, he is frequently called an Athenian. The time of his birth is uncertain, but it is evident that he lived during the Persian war.

The writings of Pherecydes comprehend a great portion of the mythical traditions; and, of the ancient times of Athens, he gave, in a separate work, a copious account. He was extensively consulted by the later mythographers, and his extensive fragments must still serve as the basis of many mythological inquiries. By following a genealogical line, he was led from *Philæus*, the son of *Ajax*, down to *Miltiades*, the founder of the sovereignty in the Chersonesus; and this afforded him an opportunity of describing the campaign of *Darius* against the *Scythians*, concerning which a very valuable fragment of his history still remains.

Cadmus, probably the earliest of the Greek historians or logographers, was a native of Miletus, in Asia Minor, and flourished about 540 A.C.; but of the history of his life nothing farther is, with any degree of certainty, known.

Cadmus was the author of a history of the foundation of Miletus; and extending the work through four books, he embraced in it the whole history of Ionia. The subject of this work lay back in the dim period of uncertain knowledge, from which only a few oral traditions of an historical kind, but intimately connected with mythical notions, had been preserved. The genuine work of Cadmus appears to have been lost at a very early period; for Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, expressly informs us, that the work known in his time, and passing under the name of Cadmus, was universally regarded, among the well-informed, as a forgery. We have no means, therefore, of judging of this author's merits as a writer.

Hecataëus was also a native of Miletus, and was one of the most distinguished of the early Greek historians and geographers. He was the son of Hegesander, and belonged to a very ancient and illustrious family. The time of his birth is unknown, though Larcher and others think that he must have been born about 550 A.C., as he took a very active part in the Ionian Revolt, which occurred in 503 A.C. As Hecataëus, according to Suidas, survived the Persian war a few years, he probably died about 476 A.C., shortly after the battles of Platæa and Mycale.

At the time of the Ionian revolt, Hecataëus was a man of very great consideration; and in the council of Aristagoras, in reference to that subject, he boldly dissuaded the undertaking, assigning as his reason for so doing that the various nations, subject to the will of Darius, and his numerous warlike forces, rendered his power irresistible. When, however, he found they were determined to revolt, he advised them to endeavor, above all things, to maintain the supremacy at sea by a large fleet; and for the purpose of providing such fleet, to take the treasures from the temple of Branchidæ. This advice certainly shows that Hecataëus was a prudent and sagacious man, and well understood the true situation of all things relating to the approaching contest.

Instead of devoting himself, as his contemporary historians did, to the primitive history of his own country, Hecataëus directed his attention to passing events, and to the nature of the countries and kingdoms with which Greece began to entertain intimate relations. He had, like Herodotus, travelled much, and had devoted particular attention to the affairs of Egypt. It is true that Herodotus often corrects his statements; but by so doing he recognizes Hecataëus as the most important of his predecessors. Hecataëus perpetuated the results of his geographical and ethnographical researches in a work entitled *Travels round the Earth*, by which a description of the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, and of

southern Asia, as far as India, was understood. The author began with Greece, proceeding in a book, entitled *Europe* to the west, and in another, entitled *Asia* to the east. Hecataeus also improved and completed the map of the earth, sketched by Anaximander; and in all probability this was the same map which Aristagoras, of Miletus, brought to Sparta before the Ionian revolt, and upon which he pointed out to the king of Sparta the countries, the rivers, and principal cities of the East.

Besides this important work, another is ascribed to Hecataeus, and which is sometimes called *Histories*, and sometimes *Genealogies*; and of which four books are cited. Into this work Hecataeus admitted many of the genealogical legends of the Greeks; and, notwithstanding his contempt for old fables, he laid great stress upon genealogies ascending to the mythological period: thus he made a pedigree for himself, in which his sixteenth ancestor was a god. Genealogies afforded opportunities for introducing accounts of different periods; and Hecataeus certainly narrated many historical events in this work, although he did not write a connected history of the period comprised in it.

Hecataeus wrote in the pure Ionic dialect, in a style of great simplicity; and he is sometimes extremely vivid and animated in his descriptions.

Acusilaus, a contemporary of Hecataeus, was the son of Scabrus, and a native of Argos. He is said by Suidas to have written his *Genealogies* from bronze tablets, which his father dug up in his own house.

Although a Dorian by descent, Acusilaus wrote in the Ionic dialect, because the Ionians were the founders of the historical style—a practice universally followed in Greek literature. He confined his attention entirely to the mythical period; and his object appears to have been to collect into a short and connected narrative, all the events, from the formation of Chaos to the end of the Trojan war. It was said of him that he translated Hesiod into prose—an expression which serves to characterize his work. He appears, however, to have related many legends differently from Hesiod, and to have adopted the tone of the Orphic theologies of his own time. He wrote nothing which can properly be called history, though three books of his logography are quoted by the ancients.

Charon was a native of Lampsacus, and was born about 504 A.C. He continued the researches of Hecataeus into eastern ethnography, though little else is known of his history. He wrote separate works, as was the usual custom of these early historians, upon Persia, Libya, and Ethiopia. He also subjoined the history of his own time, and he preceded Herodotus in narrating the events of the Persian war, though Herodotus nowhere mentions his name, or makes any allusion to him. From the fragments of his writings that remain, it is manifest that his

relation to Herodotus was that of a dry chronicler to an historian, under whose hands everything acquires life and character. Charon also wrote a chronicle of his own country, as several other of the early historians did; and from this circumstance they were called *chorographers*. Probably most of the ancient historians, whose names are enumerated by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, belonged to this class.

Xanthus was a native of Lydia, and was born at Sardis about 500 A.C. His father, Candaules, early sent him into Ionian Greece, where he remained until he had completed his education.

The work of Xanthus upon Lydia, written in the Ionian dialect, bears, in the few fragments which remain, the stamp of great excellence. Some valuable remarks upon the nature of the earth's surface in Asia Minor, which pointed partly to volcanic agency, and partly to the extension of the sea; and precise accounts of the distinctions between the Lydian races are cited from it by Strabo and Dionysius. The passages quoted by these writers bear unquestionable marks of genuineness; in later times, however, some spurious works were attributed to Xanthus. Of these spurious works, a work upon magic, and healing, at the same time, of the religion and worship of Zoroaster, was the principal.

Hellanicus, the most eminent of the Greek logographers, was the son of Andromenes, and was born at Mytilene, in the island of Lesbos, about 496 A.C. At the commencement of the Peloponnesian war he was sixty-five years old, and his death, according to Lucian, occurred in 411 A.C., when he had reached nearly the age of eighty-six.

The character of Hellanicus, as a mythographer and historian, is essentially different from that of the early chroniclers whom we have just noticed. He has far more the character of a learned compiler, whose object is, not merely to note down events, but to arrange his materials in their proper order, and to correct the errors of others. Besides a number of writings upon particular legends and local fables, he composed a work entitled, *The Priestesses of Hera of Argos*; in which the women who had filled this priesthood were enumerated, though on doubtful authority, up to a very remote period; and various striking events of the heroic age were arranged in chronological order, according to this series. Hellanicus could, however, hardly have been the first who ventured to make a list of this kind, and to dress it up with chronological dates. Before his time the priests and temple-attendants at Argos had, perhaps, employed their idle hours in compiling a series of the priestesses of Hera, and in explaining it by monuments supposed to be of great antiquity. The *Carneonica* of Hellanicus was a much more important work than the Priestesses, as it contained a list of the victors in the musical and poetical contests of the Carneia at Sparta from 676 A.C., down to the

author's own age. This work may, therefore, be regarded as one of the first attempts at literary history.

The writings of Hellanicus contain a vast mass of matter; since, besides the works already mentioned, he wrote accounts of Phœnicia, Persia, and Egypt, and also a description of a journey to the renowned oracle of Jupiter Ammon in the desert of Libya; though we should, perhaps, remark, that the genuineness of this last work has been doubted. He also descended to the history of his own time, and described some of the events between the Persian and Peloponnesian wars; but very briefly, and, as Thucydides asserts, without chronological accuracy.

All the productions of Hellanicus are now lost, with the exception of a considerable number of fragments. Although he belongs, strictly speaking, to the logographers, still he holds a much higher rank among the early Greek historians than any other of those who are designated by the name of logographers. He properly forms the transition point from that class of writers to the real historians; for, he not only treated of the mythical ages, but, in several instances, he carried history down to his own times. But, as far as the form of history is concerned, he had not emancipated himself from the custom and practice of other logographers; for, like them, he treated history from local points of view, and divided it into such portions as might be related in the form of genealogies. Hence he wrote local histories and traditions; and this circumstance, together with the many differences in his statements from those of Herodotus, renders it highly probable that, though these two writers were contemporaries, yet they could have had no intercourse respecting each other's historical plans.

The six historians whom we have just noticed were the worthy precursors of the three great historical writers, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and *Xenophon*, who immediately succeeded them; and yet they were as far below them in point of merit, as the dramatic poets who originated the drama, were below *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*.

Herodotus, the father of what may be properly called history, was the son of *Lyxes*, and was born at *Halicarnassus*, in *Caria*, 484 A.C. His family was one of the most distinguished of the Doric colony of *Caria*, and hence they became involved in the civil commotions of the country. *Caria* was at that time governed by *Artemisia*, the princess who fought so bravely for the Persians in the battle of *Salamis*, that *Xerxes*, while witnessing her exploits, declared that she was the only *man* among many women. *Lygdamis*, the grandson, and successor of *Artemisia* in the government of *Caria*, was hostile to the family of *Herodotus*; and he, accordingly, put *Panyasis*, the epic poet, and probably the maternal uncle of *Herodotus*, to death, and compelled *Herodotus* himself to leave the country. This event occurred in 452 A.C., when the future historian was in the thirty-third year of his age.

Thus forced to leave his native country, Herodotus took refuge in the island of Samos, probably with some relative or kinsman who resided there; and to this Ionian island he eventually became so attached, that thenceforth it was regarded by him as a second home. In many passages of his history he exhibits the most minute acquaintance with the island and its inhabitants, and seems to take great pleasure in incidentally mentioning the part it played in events of importance. In Samos, Herodotus acquired his familiarity with the Ionic dialect, and imbibed the Ionian spirit which pervades his history.

After having resided some time in Samos, Herodotus returned to Caria for the purpose of undertaking to deliver his native country from the yoke of Lygdamis. In this attempt he was entirely successful; but the contest between the nobles and commons which immediately followed, placed such obstacles in the way of his plans and arrangements for securing the permanent happiness of Caria, and particularly of its capital city, Halicarnassus, that Herodotus now left his native country forever.

Having returned to Samos, Herodotus, feeling, perhaps, unsettled in regard to his future course of life, finally resolved to travel abroad for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the history of other countries besides his own. He did not, however, visit those countries from the accidents of commercial business, or political missions, but from the pure spirit of inquiry; and for that early age his travels were certainly very extensive and important. He visited Egypt, and penetrated as far up into the country as to Elephantine; Libya, as far, at least, as the vicinity of Cyrene; Phœnicia, Babylon, and probably Persia—the Greek states on the Cimmerian Bosphorus; the contiguous country of the Scythians, as well as Colchis: besides which he had resided in several States of Greece, and had visited many temples, even the remote one of Dodona. The circumstance of his being a Carian, and consequently a subject of the king of Persia, must have greatly assisted him in these travels—an Athenian, or a Greek of any of the States which were in open revolt against Persia, would be treated as an enemy, and sold into slavery. From this consideration it has been inferred that the travels of Herodotus, at least those to Egypt and Asia, were performed in his youth, and while he still resided at Halicarnassus.

Herodotus did not, of course, perform these long journeys, and make these extensive inquiries, as a matter of mere idle curiosity, but with the view of imparting their result to his countrymen. It is rather doubtful, however, whether he had, at that time, formed the plan of connecting his information concerning Asia and Greece with the history of the Persian war, and of uniting the whole into one great work. When we consider that an intricate and extensive plan of this sort had hitherto been unknown in the historical writings of the Greeks, it can hardly be doubted that the idea occurred to him at an advanced stage of his inquiries, and that in his earlier years he had not raised his mind above

the conception of such works as those of Charon, Hellanicus, and others of his predecessors and contemporaries. Even at a later period of his life, when he was engaged in composing his great work, he is said to have contemplated writing a separate book upon Assyria; and some suppose that this work was not only composed, but was actually in existence down as late as the time of Aristotle. In fact, Herodotus might have made separate books out of the accounts of Egypt, Persia, Scythia, given in his history; and, had he been contented to tread in the footsteps of the logographers who preceded him, he would doubtless have done so.

Herodotus, having completed his travels abroad, returned into his native country, and finally passed over into Lower Italy, settling quietly down at Thurium, where, it is generally supposed he, in the leisure and quiet of his latter years, composed his great work. Hence he is, in reference to the composition of his history, frequently called by the ancients a Thurian. From this statement it is not to be inferred that we suppose Herodotus to have been amongst the first settlers of Thurium; for, doubtless, the numbers of the original colonists received subsequently many additions. It is entirely certain that Herodotus did not go to Thurium till after the beginning of the Peloponnesian war; for, at the beginning of that war he must have been at Athens. As evidence of this, we have only to remark that he describes a sacred offering, which was on the Acropolis of Athens, by its position with regard to the Propylæa; but the Propylæa was not finished till the year the Peloponnesian war began. Herodotus, likewise, evidently appears to adopt those views of the relations between the Greek States, which were diffused in Athens by the statesmen of the party of Pericles; and he gives it as his opinion that Athens did not deserve, after her great exploits in the Persian war, to be so envied and blamed by the rest of the Greeks, which we all know was eminently the case just at the time of the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. The time of Herodotus' death is uncertain; but it is generally supposed that he lived to an advanced age.

Herodotus having, as we have remarked, completed his history at Thurium, it is stated that he returned to Greece, and recited the work at different public Grecian festivals. This statement is in itself perfectly credible, as the Greeks of this period, when they had finished a composition with care, and had given it an attractive form, depended more upon oral delivery than upon solitary reading. Thucydides, blaming the historians who preceded him, describes them as courting the transient applause of an audience, instead of depending upon the intrinsic merit of their work. The ancient chronologists have also preserved the exact date of a recitation, which took place at the great Panathenæa at Athens, in 446 A.C., and when Herodotus was thirty-eight years of age. The collections of Athenian decrees, also, contained a decree proposed by Anytus, from which it appeared that Herodotus received a reward of ten talents from the public treasury.

There is less authority, however, for the story about Herodotus reciting his history at the Olympic games, and least authority of all for the well-known anecdote, that Thucydides, a boy of sixteen, was present, and that he shed tears copiously, drawn forth by his own intense desire for knowledge, and his deep interest in the narrative. To say nothing of the many intrinsic improbabilities of this story—Thucydides being Herodotus' junior by only thirteen years—so many anecdotes were invented by the ancients, in order to bring eminent men of the same pursuits into connection with each other, that it is impossible to give any faith to it, without the testimony of more trustworthy witnesses than any we have.

We are not to suppose, however, that the public readings of Herodotus, such as those at the Panathenæic festival, embraced his whole work: they were rather confined to detached portions of his subject, which he afterwards introduced into his history; such as the history and description of Egypt, or the accounts concerning Persia. Indeed, his great work could not have been completed till the commencement of the Peloponnesian war; for the four last books of it are so full of references and allusions to events which occurred during the earlier parts of that war, that he appears to have been diligently occupied with the composition or final revision of it at that time. The probability, therefore, is, that Herodotus did not live to the second period of the Peloponnesian war, and that he was occupied with his work till his death; for the closing parts seem to have been left by him in an unfinished state.

The plan of the work of Herodotus is founded upon the idea of an ancient enmity between the Greeks and the nations of Asia. The learned of the East considered the insults offered to Io, Medea, and Helen, and the wars which grew out of those events, as single acts of this great conflict; and their main object was to determine which of the two parties had first resorted to violence. Herodotus, however, soon drops these legendary stories, and turns his attention to Cræsus, king of Lydia—a prince whom he knew to have been the aggressor in his war against the Greeks. He then proceeds to give a detailed account of the enterprises of Cræsus, and the other events of his life, into all of which are interwoven as episodes, not only the early history of the Lydian kings, and of their conflicts with the Greeks, but also important passages in the history of Sparta and Athens.

In this manner Herodotus, in describing the first subjugation of the Greeks by an Asiatic power, at the same time points out the origin and progress of these States, by which the Greeks were to be liberated. Meanwhile the attack upon Sardis, by Cyrus, brings the Persian power on the stage in the place of the Lydians, and the narrative then proceeds to explain the rise of the Persian from the Median kingdom, and to describe its increase by the subjugation of the nations of Asia Minor and the Babylonians. Whenever the Persians come in contact with other nations, an account, more or less detailed, of their history and peculiar

usages were given. Herodotus evidently strives to enlarge his plan by episodes: it is manifestly his object to combine with the history of the conflict between the East and the West, a vivid picture of the contending nations. Thus, to the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses, he annexes a description of the country, the people, and their history, the copiousness of which was caused by his fondness for Egypt, on account of its early civilization, and the stability of its peculiar institutions and usages. The history of Cambyses, of the false Smerdis, and Darius, is continued in the same detailed manner; and an account is given of the power of Samos, under Polycrates, and of his tragical end, by which the Persian power began to extend to the islands between Asia and Europe. The Scythian expedition, the Ionian revolt, the expedition against Eretria and Athens, with the rapid rise and power of the young republic of Athens, are all described in the same vivid and rapid manner; and although the work seems to be unfinished, still it closes with a sentiment which cannot have been placed casually at the end—‘It is not always the richest and most fertile country which produces the most valiant men.’

By pursuing this course Herodotus has given to his history characteristic unity; for, notwithstanding the extent of his subject, which comprehends nearly all the nations of the world at that time known, the narrative is constantly advancing. His work has also an epic character; not only from the equable and uninterrupted flow of the narrative, but also from certain pervading ideas, which gave an uniform tone to the whole. The principal of these is the idea of a fixed destiny, of a wise arrangement of the world, which has prescribed to every being his path; and which allots ruin and destruction, not only to crime and violence, but to excessive power and riches, and the over-weening pride which is their companion.

As Herodotus thus saw the working of a divine agency in all human events, and considered the exhibition of it as the main object of his history, his aim was entirely different from that of an historian who regards the events of life merely with reference to *man*. Herodotus was, in reality, a theologian and a poet, as well as an historian. The individual parts of his work are treated entirely in this spirit. His aim was not to give the results of common experience in human life; for his mind turned mainly to the extraordinary and the marvellous. In this respect his work bears an uniform color. The great events which he relates—the gigantic enterprises of princes, the unexpected turns of fortune and other marvellous occurrences—harmonize with the accounts of the astonishing buildings and other works of the East, of the multifarious and often singular manners of the different nations, the surprising phenomena of nature, and the rare productions and animals of the remote regions of the world. In thus presenting a picture of strange and astonishing things to his mobile and curious countrymen, Herodotus was guided by

the strictest truth and integrity whenever the things related fell within the range of his own observation; but as, in many cases, he was under the necessity of depending upon information received from others, we may adopt his own remark with regard to such statements: 'I must say what has been told to me; but I need not, therefore, believe all; and this remark applies to my whole work.'

Herodotus must have completely familiarized himself with the manners and modes of thought of the Oriental nations. The character of his mind, and his style of composition, also resemble the Oriental type more than those of any other Greek author; and, accordingly, his thoughts and expressions often remind us of the writings of the Old Testament. It cannot, indeed, be denied that he has sometimes attributed to the eastern princes ideas which were essentially Greek; such as making the seven grandees of the Persians deliberate upon the respective advantages of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. But, on the whole, Herodotus, seizes the character of an Oriental monarch, like Xerxes, with striking truth; and transports us into the very midst of the satellites of a Persian despot.

After all, however, no dissertation upon historical researches or the style of Herodotus, can convey any idea of the impression made by reading his work. To those who have read it, all description would be superfluous. It is like hearing a person speak who has seen and lived through an infinite variety of the most remarkable events; and whose greatest delight consists in recalling the images of the past, and perpetuating the remembrance of them. He had eager and unwearied listeners, who were not impatient to arrive at the end of his narration; and he could therefore complete every separate portion of the history, as if it were an independent narrative. He always knew that he had in store other more attractive and striking events; yet, as he dwelt with equal pleasure on everything that he had either seen or heard, he never hurried his course. In this manner, the stream of his Ionic language flows on with a charming facility.

The character of his style, as is natural in mere narration, is diffuse and easy, with many phrases for the purpose of introducing, recapitulating, or repeating a subject. These phrases are characteristic of oral discourse, which requires such contrivances, in order to prevent the speaker, or the hearer, from losing the thread of the story. In this, as in other respects, the language of Herodotus closely approximates to oral narration—of all varieties of prose, it is the farthest removed from a written style. Long sentences, formed of several clauses, are, for the most part, confined to speeches, where reasons and objections are compared, conditions stated, and their consequences developed. But it must be confessed that where the logical connection of different propositions is to be expressed, Herodotus generally shows a want of skill, and produces no distinct conception of the mutual relations of the several mem-

bers of the argument. But with all these defects, his style must be considered as the perfection of the *unperiodic style*—the only style employed by his predecessors, the logographers. The tone of the Ionic dialect—which Herodotus, although by birth a Dorian, adopted from the historians who preceded him—conspires, with the various other elements that we have noticed, to render his work as harmonious and as nearly perfect in its kind, as any human production can be. Herodotus brings the history of Greece down to the battle of Mycalé.

Thucydides, the son of Olorus was a native of Athens, and was born 471 A.C. His family were of Thracian origin, and connected with the Miltiades who first established a principality in the Thracian Chersonese. Noble in descent and splendid in genius; and surrounded by all the advantages of education that the age afforded—with Aristagoras for his instructor in philosophy, and Antiphon, in oratory—a most brilliant career invited Thucydides onward, in whatever path he chose to move. Whether he ever entered into political life or not, is uncertain; but that he was well qualified to shine as an orator, is abundantly evident from the various orations interspersed throughout his history.

In 423 A.C., the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war, Thucydides obtained the command of a small fleet, and was ordered to the coast of Thrace. While he lay off the island of Thasos, Brasidas, the Spartan general, marched against the city of Amphipolis, on the river Strymon. He feared even the small fleet commanded by Thucydides, because he knew that the admiral possessed gold mines in the adjacent district of Thrace, had great influence with the principal inhabitants of the country, and would therefore find no difficulty in getting together a body of native troops to reinforce the garrison of Amphipolis. Accordingly, Brasidas granted the Amphipolitans a better capitulation than they expected, in order to gain possession of the place without delay; and Thucydides having come too late to raise the siege, was obliged to content himself with the defense of Eion, a fortified city near the coast.

The Athenians, who were always in the habit of judging their generals and statesmen according to the success of their plans, condemned Thucydides for neglect of duty; and he was consequently compelled to go into exile, in which state he continued for twenty years, living the greater part of the time in the vicinity of his gold-mines in Thrace. He was not permitted to return to his native country even after the peace between Sparta and Athens, but was finally recalled by a special decree, when Thrasybulus had expelled the Thirty Tyrants and restored the Athenian democracy. After his restoration, Thucydides, as his history clearly evinces, must have lived some years at Athens; and, according to the most current account of antiquity, eventually perished by the hand of an assassin.

From this account of the career of Thucydides it appears that he spent only the early part of his life, up to his forty-eighth year, in intercourse

with his countrymen of Athens. After this period he was, indeed, in communication with all parts of Greece; and he himself informs us that his exile enabled him to mingle with the Peloponnesians, and to gain accurate information from them on all subjects pertaining to the war. But he was out of the way of the intellectual revolution which took place at Athens between the middle and the end of the Peloponnesian war; and when he returned home he found himself in the midst of a new generation, with novel ideas, and an essentially altered taste, with which he could hardly have amalgamated so thoroughly in his old age as to change his own notions in accordance with them. Thucydides, therefore, is altogether an old Athenian of the school of Pericles: his education, both real and formal, was derived from that grand and mighty period of Athenian history: his political principles were those which Pericles inculcated; and his style is, on the one hand, a representative of the native fulness and vigor of Periclean oratory, and on the other hand an offshoot of the antique, artificial rhetoric taught in the school of Antiphon.

As an historian, Thucydides is so far from belonging to the same class with Herodotus and the Ionian logographers, that he may rather be considered as having himself commenced an entirely new class of historical writing. He was acquainted with the works of several of these Ionian writers, but whether or not with the works of Herodotus, is uncertain; but he regarded them all as uncritical, fabulous, and designed rather for amusement than instruction. Thucydides directed his attention to the public speeches delivered in the public assemblies and the law courts of Greece; and thence derived the foundation of his history, with respect both to its form and its materials. While the earlier historians aimed at giving a vivid picture of all that fell under the cognizance of the senses, by describing the situation and productions of different countries, the peculiar customs of different nations, the works of art found in different places, and the military expeditions which were undertaken at different periods; and, while they endeavored to represent a superior power ruling with unlimited authority over the destinies of people and princes, the attention of Thucydides was directed to *human action*, as it is developed from the character and situation of the individual, as it operates on the condition of the world in general. This design gives a *unity of action* to his work, and renders it an historical drama—a great law-suit, the parties to which are the belligerent republics, and the object of which is the Athenian dominion over Greece.

It is very remarkable, that Thucydides, who created this kind of history, should have conceived and carried out the idea more clearly and vigorously than any of those writers who followed in his steps. His work was designed to be the history of the Peloponnesian war alone, and not the history of Greece during that war; and consequently, he excluded everything pertaining either to the foreign relations or the internal policy of the different States, which did not bear upon the great contest for the

chief power in Greece. On the other hand, he admitted everything, to whatever part of "Hellas" it referred, which was connected with this strife of nations.

From the very first, Thucydides had considered this war as a great event in the history of the world—as one which could not be ended without deciding the question, whether Athens was to become a great empire, or whether she was to be reduced to the condition of an ordinary Greek republic, surrounded by many others equally free and equally powerful. He could not but see that the peace of Nicias, which was concluded after the first ten years of the war, had not really put an end to it—that it was but interrupted by an equivocal and ill-observed armistice, and that it broke out afresh during the Sicilian expedition. With the zeal of an interested party, and with all the power of truth, he shows that all this was one great contest, and that the peace was not a real one.

Thucydides has distributed and arranged his materials according to this conception of his subject. The whole history is divided into eight books; and in his introduction, which occupies the first book, the author begins with asserting that the Peloponnesian war was the greatest event that had happened within the memory of man, and establishes this position by a retrospective survey of the more ancient history of Greece, including the Persian war. He goes through the oldest period, the traditions of the Trojan war, the centuries immediately following that event, and, finally, the Persian invasion, and shows that all previous undertakings wanted the external resources which were brought into requisition during the Peloponnesian war, because they were deficient in two things—money and a navy—which did not arise among the Greeks until a late period, and developed themselves by slow degrees.

In this way Thucydides applies, historically, the maxims which Pericles had practically impressed upon the Athenians—that money and ships, not territory and population, ought to be made the basis of their power; and the Peloponnesian war itself appeared to him a strong proof of this position, because the Peloponnesians, notwithstanding their superiority in extent of country, and in the number of their free citizens, so long fought with Athens at a disadvantage, till their alliance with Persia had furnished them with abundant pecuniary revenues, and thus enabled them to collect and maintain a considerable fleet.

Having, by this comparison, shown the importance of his subject, and having given a short account of the manner in which he intended to treat it, the historian proceeds to discuss the causes which led to the war. These he divides into two classes:—the immediate causes, or those which lay on the surface, and those which lay deeper and were not alleged by the parties. The first consisted of the negotiations between Athens and Corinth on the subject of Coreyra and Potidæa, and the consequent complaint of the Corinthians in Sparta, by which the Lacedæmonians were induced to declare that Athens had broken the treaty. The second lay in the fear

which the growing power of Athens had inspired, and by which the Lacedæmonians were compelled to make war as the only pledge of security to the Peloponnese. This leads the historian to point out the origin of that power, and to give a general view of the military and political occurrences by which Athens, from the chosen leader of the insular and Asiatic Greeks against the Persians, became the absolute sovereign of all the Archipelago and its coasts.

The war itself is divided, according to the mode in which it was carried on, and which was regulated among the Greeks by the seasons of the year. The campaigns were limited to the summer, while the winter was spent in preparing the armaments, and in negotiations. As the Greeks had no general era, and as the calendar of each country was arranged according to some peculiar cycle, Thucydides takes his chronological dates from the sequence of the seasons, and from the state of the corn-lands, which had a considerable influence on the military proceedings; such expressions as, 'when the corn was in ear,' or, 'when the corn was ripe,' were sufficient to mark the coherence of events with all needful accuracy.

In his history of the different campaigns, Thucydides endeavors to avoid interruptions to the thread of his narrative; and hence, in describing any expedition, whether by land or sea, he tries to keep the whole together, and prefers to violate the order of time, either by going back, or by anticipating future events, in order to escape the confusion resulting from continually breaking off and beginning again. That long and protracted affairs, such as the sieges of Potidæa and Plataea, must recur in different parts of the history is unavoidable: indeed it could not be otherwise, even if the distribution into summers and winters could have been relinquished. For such transactions as the siege of Plataea cannot be brought to an end in a luminous and satisfactory manner, without a complete view of the position of the belligerent powers, which prevented the besieged from receiving succor. The individual event, the most momentous in the whole war, and which the author has invested with the liveliest interest—the Athenian expedition to Sicily, with its happy commencement and its ruinous termination—is told with but few, and very short, digressions.

The style of Thucydides is remarkable for its conciseness, fervor, and power. In descriptive talent, so peculiarly requisite in an historian, he was, perhaps, never excelled. The descriptions of the siege of Plataea, and of the expedition to Sicily, still live and breathe upon his pages. Indeed, Thucydides did not gather the materials for his history from books, but obtained them by personal researches and observations made by himself where the events recorded by him transpired. Hence the whole work bears the aspect of the narrative of an eye-witness. He lived, however, to complete the history of the first nineteen years only of the war—the history of the remaining eight years being reserved for the pen of Xenophon, his accomplished historical successor.

Xenophon was a native of Athens, and was born 447 A.C., but of what condition of parentage is uncertain. He was the son of Gryllus, but of the manner in which the first part of his life was passed we have no knowledge. In the twenty-third year of his age, 424 A.C., we hear of him in the battle of Delium, in the retreat that followed which, Socrates is represented to have saved his life. From that period Xenophon devoted himself for many years to the instructions of the great philosopher, and eventually became one of the most devoted and accomplished of his disciples. The first literary labor of Xenophon, of which we have any knowledge, was the editing of the history of Thucydides, which was published in 402 A.C., probably immediately after Thucydides' death.

In 401 A.C. Xenophon joined the army of Cyrus the younger, in the expedition of that prince against his brother Artaxerxes, but in what capacity is unknown. To aid him in the daring enterprise of dethroning his brother, Cyrus had engaged an army of thirteen thousand Greek auxiliaries, under the command of the Spartan general Clearchus, between whom and Xenophon a close intimacy had long subsisted. Clearchus, when he arrived at Sardis, requested Xenophon to join him in that city, which was the head-quarters of the army, in order that he might introduce him to the personal acquaintance of Cyrus before the expedition commenced.

The real object of this expedition was concealed from the Greeks in the army of Cyrus; but Clearchus, their leader, knew, and the rest doubtless suspected what it was. Cyrus himself announced that he was going to attack the Pisidians, but the direction of his march must have very soon shown that he was going elsewhere. He led his forces through Asia Minor, and over the mountains of Taurus to Tarsus, in Cilicia. From thence he passed into Syria, crossed the Euphrates, and met the vast army of Persians in the plain of Cunaxa, about forty miles from Babylon. In the battle that followed Cyrus lost his life, his barbarian troops were dispersed, and the Greeks were left alone on the wide plains between the Tigris and the Euphrates, at a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles from their native country. It was not, however, till after the treacherous massacre of Clearchus and the other Greek commanders, by the Persian satrap Tissaphernes, that Xenophon became at all conspicuous.

Xenophon had hitherto held no command in the army, nor does it appear that he had served even as a soldier. In the commencement of the third book of the *Anabasis* he informs us how he came to take a part in conducting the hazardous retreat of the ten thousand Greeks that still survived, back to their own country. Instead of attempting to return by the road by which they had entered Persia, where they could expect to find no supplies, at least till they should reach the Mediterranean, the new Greek leaders conducted their army along the Tigris, and over the high table lands of Armenia to Trapezus, now Trebizond, a

Greek colony on the south-east coast of the Black Sea. From Trapezus the troops were conducted to Chrysopolis, opposite Byzantium; and as they were now comparatively destitute, the division under the command of Xenophon entered the service of Seuthes, king of Thrace, who needed their aid, and who promised to reward them for it. The Greeks performed their part of the engagement, but Seuthes was unwilling to pay them; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Xenophon obtained from the king even a part of what he had promised. The description which Xenophon gives of the manners of the Thracians is very curious and amusing.

The Lacedæmonians were at this time at war with the Persian satraps Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus; and Thimbron, the Spartan general, invited Xenophon and his troops to join them. This event occurred 399 A.C., the same year in which Socrates was put to death; and it gave such offence to the Athenians that they immediately passed upon Xenophon the sentence of banishment. Thus exiled from his native country, Xenophon remained in Asia Minor with the Lacedæmonian army until 396 A.C., when Agesilaus, the Spartan king, took the command; and when, in 394 A.C., that prince was recalled to defend his own country, Xenophon accompanied him to Sparta. The battle of Coronea, between the Spartans and the Athenians, immediately followed; and as in that conflict Xenophon took part with the Spartans, his exile became thenceforth permanently fixed.

Xenophon now took up his residence at Scillus, in Elis, not far from Olympia; and here he was soon after joined by his wife and children. In this quiet retreat he remained for twenty years, during which he is supposed to have written most of his works; but in 371 A.C., when the Eleans took Scillus, Xenophon retired to Corinth, where he probably remained until his death, which occurred in 359 A.C.

As a writer, Xenophon had, perhaps, no superior in all antiquity. So exquisite is his style, that Plato, the great philosopher, said, 'The Graces dictated his language, and the Goddess of Persuasion dwelt upon his lips.' His works were very numerous, and, happily, the most important of them have been preserved. Of these, the principal are the *Anabasis*; the *Hellenica*; the *Cyropædia*; the *Memorabilia*; the *Agesilaus*; the *Hipparchicus*; the *Cynegeticus*; the *Symposium*; the *Hiero*; and the *Æconomicus*.

The *Anabasis*, or the History of the Expedition of the Younger Cyrus, and of the Retreat of the Greeks, who formed a part of his army, has alone immortalized the author's name. It is a clear and pleasing narrative, simple and unaffected in style; and it imparts much curious and valuable information of the country which was traversed by the retreating Greeks, and of the manners of the natives, through whose territory they passed. It was the first work which acquainted the Greeks with

certain portions of the Persian empire, and it thoroughly exhibited the extreme weakness of that extensive monarchy. The skirmishes of the retreating Greeks with their enemies, and the battles with some of the barbarian tribes, are not such events as elevate the work to the character of a military history, nor can it, as such, be compared with Cæsar's Commentaries. Indeed, those passages in the *Anabasis* which relate directly to the military movements of the retreating army are not always clear, nor have we any evidence that Xenophon possessed any military talent for great operations, whatever may have been his skill as the commander of a division.

The *Hellenica* comprehends the space of forty-eight years, commencing with the period at which the history of Thucydides closes, and ending with the battle of Mantinea, 362 A.C. It is simply a narrative of events, with little ornament, and contains nothing in the treatment of them which gives special interest to the work. Some events of importance are briefly treated, and a few striking incidents, with particularity and much beauty. Indeed, it comprehended the days of the commencement of Grecian degeneracy, and, therefore, presented little to elicit the feelings, or to stir up the enthusiasm of the historian.

The *Cyropædia* may be regarded as a kind of political romance, the basis of which is the history of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire. It exhibits the manner in which citizens may be made virtuous and brave; and Cyrus is the model of a wise and virtuous ruler. As a history it has, perhaps, little value. Xenophon adopted the current stories concerning Cyrus, and the principal events of his reign, without any intention of subjecting them to a critical examination; nor have we any reason to suppose that his picture of Persian morals and Persian discipline is anything more than a fiction. But still the whole performance is so exquisitely executed, that our admiration is elicited from every page. The dying speech of Cyrus is worthy of the pupil of Socrates, and Cicero has used the substance of it to enforce his argument for the immortality of the soul. This passage alone is sufficient evidence of Xenophon's belief in the immortality of the soul, independent of the organized being in which it acts. 'I never could be persuaded,' says Cyrus, 'that the soul lives so long as it is in a perishable body, and that it dies when it is released from it.' This argument of Xenophon bears a striking resemblance to the argument of Bishop Butler, where, in his *Analogy*, he treats of a future state.

The *Memorabilia* of Socrates was designed by Xenophon as a defence of the memory of his master, against the charge of irreligion, and of corrupting the Athenian youth. In this work Socrates is represented as holding a series of conversations, in which he develops and inculcates moral doctrines in a manner peculiar to himself. It is entirely a practical work, and professes to exhibit Socrates as he actually taught. The whole treatise was evidently intended as an answer to the charge upon

which Socrates was executed, and it is, therefore, in its nature, not designed as a complete exhibition of Socrates himself. That it is a genuine picture of the man, is indisputable; and it is by far the most valuable memorial we have of Socrates' practical philosophy.

The *Agésilas* is a panegyric on Agesilaus, king of Sparta, the friend and protector of Xenophon after his banishment from Athens. The *Hipparchicus* is a treatise on the duties of a commander of cavalry, and contains many valuable precepts. The *Cynegeticus* is a treatise on hunting—an amusement of which Xenophon appears to have been passionately fond—on the training of the dog, on the various kinds of game, and the mode of taking them. The *Symposium*, or Banquet of Philosophers, delineates the character of Socrates in the midst of his philosophic associates. The *Hiero* is a dialogue between Hiero, king of Syracuse, and the poet Simonides. In this dialogue the king dwells upon the dangers and difficulties of an exalted station, and the superior happiness of a private man; while the poet, on the other hand, enumerates the advantages which the possession of power gives, and the means which it affords of obliging others, and of doing them services. The *Œconomicus* is a dialogue between Socrates and Critobulus in relation to the administration of a man's household affairs, and to the care of his property. These minor productions of Xenophon require, however, no farther notice.

We have lingered so long with the three great Grecian historians, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, that upon their successors we can bestow only a passing glance. This circumstance we cannot, however, upon reflection, regret, as it is to the former, exclusively, that we are indebted for our knowledge of Grecian affairs from the remotest period in their history, down to the death of Epaminondas, 362 A.C.; and, doubtless, much of the interest which these affairs have always excited among refined nations, is attributable more to the brilliancy with which they are delineated, than to their intrinsic importance.

Ctesias was a native of Cnidus, in Caria, and was a contemporary of Xenophon; but neither the period of his birth, nor the time of his death, has been preserved. He belonged to a family of physicians, and was himself bred to that profession; and being taken prisoner by the Persians during the reign of Artaxerxes, he was conveyed to that monarch's court, where his medical skill soon raised him to the position of royal physician. After having remained some years in Persia, Ctesias was sent by Artaxerxes into Greece, to concert measures with Conon, the Athenian commander, for humbling the pride of Sparta; and from that period nothing more is known of him.

During his residence at the Persian court, Ctesias collected all the information that was there attainable for writing the history of Persia, the design of which was to give his countrymen a more accurate knowledge

of that empire than they then possessed, and to refute the errors current in Greece, concerning it. The materials for this history, so far as he did not describe events that fell under his own observation, he derived from the official history of the Persian empire, kept in accordance with a law of the country. His history commences with the foundation of the Assyrian empire, and comes down to 398 A.C. The form and style of this work were highly commended by the ancients, and its loss may therefore be regarded, so far as the history of the East is concerned, one of the most serious that we could have sustained. Of the original work of Ctesias nothing has been preserved but a meagre abridgment by Photius.

Ctesias wrote a brief work also on the natural history of India, of which Photius has left us an analysis. As this work is derived principally from Persian records and traditions, and not from original researches, and thus contains a mixture of truth and fable, it could never have been of any great value. Ctesias wrote in the Ionic dialect, and his style is said to have been easy, full, and flowing. With Ctesias the early school of Grecian historians closed, and thenceforward Greece produced no other historian for two hundred years.

Polybius, the next historical writer to be noticed, was the son of Lycortas, and was born at Megalopolis, in Arcadia, 204 A.C. Lycortas, being one of the most eminent men of Arcadia, Polybius enjoyed every advantage of education, and in early manhood became one of the most distinguished men of the Achæan league. When that league was dissolved by the Romans in 168 A.C., one thousand of the most conspicuous of the Achæans, among whom was Polybius, were ordered to Rome to answer the charge of not assisting the Romans in their recent war with Perseus, the last king of Macedon. These Achæan exiles, instead of being carried to Rome, were distributed among the Etruscan towns in the vicinity of the city; but Polybius having previously formed the acquaintance of Æmilius Paulus, was taken by that distinguished commander into his own family, and there became the teacher of his two sons, Fabius and Scipio. The relation thus formed between these two young noblemen and the future historian soon ripened into the most intimate friendship; and when Polybius, therefore, made known his design of writing the history of the Punic wars, Scipio afforded him every possible facility for collecting the necessary materials. Polybius continued to reside at Rome, with occasional journeyings into his native country, until his death, which was occasioned by a fall from his horse, in the eighty-third year of his age, and 122 A.C.

The history of Polybius was comprised in forty books, and embraced the entire period from the commencement of the Second Punic war 220 A.C., to the fall of Carthage and Corinth 146 A.C. It consisted of two distinct parts, which were probably published at different times, and after-

wards united into one work. The first part comprised a period of fifty-three years, beginning with the second Punic war, the Social war in Greece, and the war between Ptolemy Philopator in Asia, and ending with the conquest of Perseus and the downfall of the Macedonian kingdom, 168 A.C. This was in reality the main portion of the work, and its great object was to show how the Romans had, in this brief period of fifty-three years, conquered the greater part of the world. The second part, which formed a kind of supplement to the first, comprised the period of twenty-two years, from the conquest of Perseus to the fall of Corinth. To prepare himself for the composition of this great work, Polybius traversed every country over which the scenes of his history would carry him—from Carthage through Africa, Spain, Gaul, and Italy—and thus, like Thucydides, made himself an eye-witness of every scene which he designed to describe. Of this great work the first five books only, and a few fragments, have been preserved.

The characteristic feature of the history of Polybius, and the one which distinguishes it from all other histories that have come down to us from antiquity, is its *didactic* nature. He did not, like most other historians, write to afford amusement to his readers, or to gratify an idle curiosity respecting the migration of nations, the foundation of cities, or the settlement of colonies; but his object was to teach by the past a knowledge of the future, and to deduce from previous events, lessons of practical wisdom. In style, it is true, the great historical writers of the earlier Grecian period were far superior to Polybius; but in every other quality of an historian, no other writer, either ancient or modern, has surpassed him.

Diodorus Siculus was a native of the town of Agyrium in Sicily, and a contemporary of Julius Cæsar; but the period of his birth is unknown. Little farther is recorded of the history of his life than that he early conceived the design of writing a universal history; and in order to acquire the requisite knowledge for the proper execution of this important task, he spent thirty years in travelling through the different countries of Europe and Asia, and in examining public documents and particular localities.

The work of Diodorus consisted of forty books, and embraced the period from the earliest mythical ages down to the beginning of Cæsar's Gallic wars. It was also divided into three great sections; the first of which occupied the first six books, and embraced the history of the mythical times previous to the Trojan war. The second section consisted of eleven books, and contained the history of the period from the Trojan war down to the death of Alexander the Great; and the third section, which contained the remaining twenty-three books, treated of the history of the world from the death of Alexander down to the author's own age. Of this elaborate work the first five books, and from the eleventh to the

twentieth inclusive, are perfect; and of the remaining books, very considerable fragments have been preserved.

The style of Diodorus is clear and lucid, but not always equal—a peculiarity attributable to the different character of the works which he, in his own compilation, used or abridged. His diction holds a medium between the refined Attic and the vulgar Greek which was spoken in his time.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, was born at Halicarnassus, in Caria, about 68 A.C., but early removed to Rome, where he remained until his death, which occurred 7 A. C., in the sixty-second year of his age. His life was that of a man devoted purely and exclusively to literature; and hence it affords few incidents.

The works of Dionysius were very numerous, and may properly be divided into two classes—the first of which embraces his rhetorical and critical treatises, and were probably written soon after his settlement in Rome—and the second, his historical works. Of the latter, the principal performance is the history of Rome from its foundation down to the commencement of the second Punic war. This work was divided into twenty books, the first nine of which are still complete, while of the tenth and the eleventh we have the greater part; but of the remaining nine books nothing excepting a few fragments remains. The style of Dionysius is good, and his language is pure; but both appear to greater advantage in his rhetorical and critical works than in his history.

Plutarch was a native of Chæronea, in Bœotia, and was born about 50 A.D. Though his grandfather, Lamprias, and his two brothers, Timon and Lamprias, are mentioned by him, yet neither his father nor his mother is anywhere alluded to. From this circumstance critics are generally inclined to believe that he was of low origin; but the manner in which he was educated does not sustain this idea. He studied philosophy at Athens, and afterwards removed to Rome, where he, for many years, filled high and important offices of State; and in advanced life he returned to his native place, and there passed the remainder of his days. The time of his death is uncertain, though it is generally believed that he lived to an advanced age.

The work which has immortalized Plutarch's name is his *Parallel Lives of forty-six Greeks and Romans*. The forty-six Lives are arranged in pairs, each pair containing the life of a Greek and a Roman, and is followed by a comparison of the two men; though in some pairs the comparison is omitted. The author seems to have considered each pair of Lives and the Parallel as composing a book; for when he speaks of the Lives of Demosthenes and Cicero, he mentions them as the fifth book of his work. By this remark he must have meant, however, the fifth in the order in which he wrote them; for, if each pair composed a book, it could not be the fifth in any other sense.

Plutarch's style is harsh and dry; and of this quality in his writing he himself was perfectly conscious, for when reminded of it he replied, "I am aware of what you say; but it is not my business to please the ear, but to instruct and charm the mind." This is the secret of the success of his great work. It is, and will remain, in spite of all the fault that may be found with it by plodding collectors of facts, and small critics, the book of those who can nobly think, and dare, and do so. It is the book of all ages, for the same reason that good portraiture is the painting of all time; for the human face and the human character are ever the same. It is a mirror in which all men may look at themselves.

Arrian was a native of Nicomedia, in Bithynia, and was born towards the end of the first Christian century. He was a pupil and friend of Epictetus, and bore the same relation to that philosopher that Xenophon had borne to Socrates. In 124 A.D. he gained the friendship of the emperor Adrian, and received from the emperor's own hands "the broad purple"—a distinction which conferred upon him not only the privileges of Roman citizenship, but the right to hold any of the great offices of State in the Roman empire. In 136 A.D. Arrian was appointed prefect of Cappadocia, and in the following year that province was invaded by the Alani, whom the prefect defeated in a decisive battle, and thus added to his reputation of a philosopher that of a brave and skilful general. Under Antoninus Pius, Arrian was promoted in 146 A.D. to the consulship; and a few years after he retired to his native town, and there passed the remainder of his life in study, and in the composition of his historical works. He died at an advanced age in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and Dion Cassius soon after wrote his life; but unfortunately no fragment of the work has reached us.

Of the historical productions of Arrian, the principal is *Alexander's Asiatic Expedition*. This great work is still almost entirely complete, and it strikingly reminds the reader of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. It is true, the work is not equal to the *Anabasis* as a composition; and what work is! It does not possess either the thorough equality and noble simplicity, or the vividness of Xenophon; but Arrian was, nevertheless, one of the most excellent writers of his time. As an expression of the highest mark of their admiration, the Athenians called Arrian the Younger Xenophon. Arrian wrote another historical work also, on India, not dissimilar to the work of Ctesias on the same subject.

A word about Appian, Dion Cassius, and Ælianus, will close our present remarks.

Appian was, as we learn from various passages of his writings, a native of Alexandria, in Egypt, but early removed to Rome, and resided in the imperial city during the reigns of Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus Pius. He wrote, amongst other things, a Roman history in twenty-four books,

on a plan differing from that of most historians. Instead of treating the Roman empire as a whole in chronological order, he gave a separate account of the affairs of each country from the time that it became connected with the Romans, till it was finally incorporated in the Roman empire. The work is not, however, either in matter or manner, of any great importance.

Dion Cassius was born at Nicæa, in Bithynia, about 155 A.D. He early removed to Rome, and was eventually raised to the position of senator, in which, and various other positions, he passed a long life; but the time of his death is not known. Though Dion wrote a history of Rome, from the earliest periods down to his own times, yet his principal compositions were biographical. In the formation of his style, Dion endeavors to imitate the classical writers of ancient Greece; but his language is, nevertheless, full of peculiarities, barbarisms, and Latinisms—probably the consequence of his long residence in Italy.

Ælian, though of Greek parentage, was a native of Italy, and was contemporary with the two last writers mentioned. His principal historical work is entitled *Varia Historia*, and contains short narratives and anecdotes, historical, biographical, and antiquarian, selected from various authors, generally without their names being given, and on a variety of subjects. Its chief value, however, arises from its containing many passages from older authors whose works are now lost.

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